

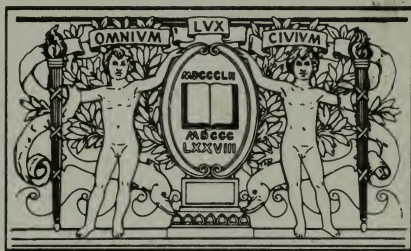
A LITTLE MAID  
OF  
BOSTON TOWN



1773

MARGARET SIDNEY

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THE  
LITTLE MAID OF BOSTON TOWN

BY  
MRS. J. W. B. BROWN  
AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE MAID OF BOSTON TOWN"  
AND "THE LITTLE MAID OF BOSTON TOWN"

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 1898.

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THE MARKET-PLACE IN ST. BOTOLPH'S TOWN.—Page 17.



# A LITTLE MAID OF BOSTON TOWN

BY

MARGARET SIDNEY

*ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK T. MERRILL*



BOSTON  
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

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PUBLISHED, AUGUST, 1910.

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A LITTLE MAID OF BOSTON TOWN.

Norwood Press

J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.  
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

To  
**The Citizens of Boston Town**  
IN THE GOOD OLD COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS



## PREFACE

FOR many years this story has been slowly growing in the author's mind. Thrust one side for other matters of immediate interest, it has accepted its enforced background, biding its time with what patience it could command. During one of the interims in which the author's quill was busy on other work, she paid one of her periodical visits to Old England. Here was its opportunity, and it gladly asserted itself. Old Boston should have speedy attention from a mind determined to omit no detail requisite for the well-being of this volume. The setting in which the "Little Maid" should first meet her public was naturally the Old English home, there to be early nurtured and equipped for entrance into the new life beyond the sea. Accordingly, St. Botolph's Town called the author, and thither she went to absorb the atmosphere and conditions of life governing the "Little Maid" and her family.

Once having them safely ensconced in their New England home, the author (coolly grasping the privilege of her craft) took some liberties with

their friends, solely as to the various times of certain events. For instance, for the purposes of the story she antedated the marriage of John Hancock and Dorothy Quincy some three years; also the date, in the matter of a year or so, of the nuptials of General Henry Knox and the sprightly Lucy Flucker. The little belle required both these notable households as arenas in which to play her part. Aside from these impertinences on the part of the author, the main facts and characterizations of these historic personages are correct. To prove which, the author, after a toilsome search, can refer to an exhaustive array of tomes presiding in unquestioned probity of reputation on the reference shelves of our best equipped libraries.

Even the "Hole in the Great Elm" is vouched for by Samuel Adams Drake's "Landmarks," etc., for which the author renders him hearty thanks. It fits so beautifully into a boy's idea of an appropriate setting for a bloodthirsty plan of combat, besides lending itself hospitably to a pen longing for a picturesque point.

Although "A Little Maid of Boston Town" is by no means a sequel to "A Little Maid of Concord Town," the period is the same, and some of the characters from the last-named volume appear at the bidding of Anastasia Tulley. She

must be held responsible to whom men rendered homage by swift obedience. When she called them from the old town by the North Bridge, they had nothing to do but to answer in person.

To have historic data and descriptions accurate was the author's first aim, and a hard and painstaking task it was. The purely imaginative part of the story was vastly easier, and neither limped nor halted. Anastasia and the other creations of the author's fancy had a good time of it among themselves. They made enjoyment for the author, who forgot in their presence the drudgery enforced by the pen. That the same pleasure, unaccompanied by the implement of toil, may be the reader's in threading the paths between the covers of this book is the wish of

MARGARET SIDNEY.





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# A LITTLE MAID OF BOSTON TOWN

## I

### IN ST. BOTOLPH'S TOWN

**A** NASTASIA ran on swift and angry feet. They carried her along bravely, dashing past the dominie's house and the point of the little back garden of his next neighbor, where Tom usually popped out with, "Where are you going, Taisie?"

It was no time to think of Tom. He could wait; he was always on hand or easily to be obtained. Such news as her angry bosom held, just gleaned where it was common talk in the market-place! How did they dare to speak it! She wouldn't believe it. Her bosom panted up and down beneath her bodice, and she threw one clenched hand across it to temper its throbbing.

Under shadow of the Old Boston Stump that looked benignly down from its stately height over the Witham on its sleepy way to the sea, she ran on and on. Past the old red-tiled warehouses, leaving most of them behind, her angry feet carried her, till at last she found herself in the narrow crooked lane that meant home. Lucky she was not to meet Simeon; that boy was always in the way.

She dashed into the house-place with its border of stunted hollyhocks and ragged poplars, and into the brick-tiled kitchen. Yes, there sat the dominie, as she feared, in the high, rush-bottomed chair by the fireside, having fast hold of the absorbed attention of Grandsir Tulley's ear, and even capturing gentle Mother Tulley from her busy household tasks, to hover over the ministerial chair. Afterwards, how she would have to work to make up the lost minutes! And there was father — new and strange must be the tale that would keep him in-doors of a morning.

Anastasia, with a pang at her heart that hurt like a knife-thrust, felt blindly, "it must be true — the cruel thing they said. And the parson has done it all."

She ground her strong little teeth together to keep back the cry of dismay, when the dominie's sharp blue eye caught hers, and he paused in his speech. Every one looked then at her.

"Daughter," her father began sternly. He was pacing the old brick-tiled floor as if strongly moved. And now he stopped and faced her. Anastasia was possessed with helpless terror. Her head, with its yellow waves, dishevelled by her run, drooped to her panting bosom.

"It is unseemly to enter in this abrupt fashion." He saw that she had heard the news, and he must at

once exercise parental authority, and be firm about it. His tone was harsh. "You have disturbed our conversation. Retire to your room." He pointed to the loft stairs.

"Oh, husband," said gentle Mrs. Tulley, forgetting her years of long training enough to grasp his coarse woollen sleeve, — "let Anastasia stay. What harm" — she kept on rapidly ere her courage should ooze away. "It is all decided, and she must know soon."

Mr. Tulley, in his astonishment at this interruption, held his breath. The parson, over in the high-backed chair, cleared his throat. "Yes, it is better that the child should learn it, Brother Tulley," although he, too, recognized the fact that Anastasia already was the possessor of the news. And Grand-sir, over in another rush-bottomed seat, cracked out, "It's all decided — yes, 'tis."

"It is well." Father Tulley waved a stern finger to a stool over by the chimney corner. Anastasia, her heart full of a nameless dread that sent the blood colder and colder along her young veins, stumbled over and collapsed in a miserable little heap where she had been told to sit.

The dominie's sharp blue eyes now fixed themselves, yet not unkindly, on her miserable little face. "Yes, child," he said, "you do well to know it now. God has singled out this family." He took his

gaze off for an instant to allow it to rove over the oaken rafters, along whose beams depended many household comforts that he had sampled through long years of ministerial friendship. "It will be yours and Simeon's, as the next generation, to carry the work of the Lord forward in the New Country to which — the Lord's name be praised — your parents have devoted the remainder of their lives."

Anastasia stared at him widely as he went on. "Their hands are strong, God knows, and their hearts are brave."

The mother put her blue-checked apron above her head. The girl on the stool could see its folds tremble, as she tore off her gaze from the parson's face. A low word from the father who gained his wife's side made the apron drop. But the face could hardly be said to have lost the expression it carried under it.

"Where — what?" Anastasia could only stammer two words. Then she stared again at the minister's face. And while she looked, she felt her anger rise; and strength coming with it, although she knew quite well what he was going to say, she screamed out, "Oh, what dreadful thing is it you are going to make us do?" She leaned forward on her stool and her eyes gleamed. Her little brown hands were clasped fast.



“Peace!” commanded the dominie, and an anger such as came from the sacred desk while its occupant of a Sabbath day thundered down the anathemas the Lord never meant one of His children to hurl at another, struck her now. But Anastasia in her horror of what she knew was to be told to her, and her feeling that on her depended perhaps the last chance to protect her gentle timid mother from this awful sacrifice, was lost to all fear of explosion of wrath, ministerial or any other.

“Oh, it isn’t peace. I know what you are going to say. I can’t keep still! You are going to send us to that horrible place — away from our home!” It all ended as it had begun, her speech. And its echo was absorbed by the thunderous reply of the spiritual father, who saw his duty only too plainly.

The old kitchen now became full of the sonorous sentences that seemed to engulf the girl before him on the stool. She did not tremble; she was past that, being lost in that greater distress where one sees home and friends wrenched away. They were to be sent to America; that was all that possessed her. Life and hope were dead within her breast. Nothing else mattered.

It was over at last. Anastasia was dimly conscious that she was being ordered off to her room by an angry father, no appeals availing from a pitiful

## 6 A LITTLE MAID OF BOSTON TOWN

mother, now unable to control the tears that gained her a stern rebuke from her husband. Supperless was the daughter to be. On the morrow it was hoped that she would recognize the Divine will that had foreordained her and her family to cast off the old home; to throw in their lives to the support of the Colonists fighting for liberty in struggling America.

Down below, while she lay panting with rage and grief on the patched quilt of her small bed, the talk ran on.

“The rebellious child! Oh, that a daughter of mine,” declared Job Tulley, smiting his strong brown hands together, pacing up and down to pause as he spoke, “should so listen to the carnal promptings of her earthly nature! But it shall be subdued. Work — for there will be plenty of it in the new home — will tame her and bring her to reason.”

“You say well,” said the parson. “And it is a blessed thing for one of Anastasia’s nature that the Lord’s work will be put in her hands in full measure. But I shall miss the child.” The controlling forces of his stern training relaxed, and his brow furrowed, — he passed his hand a moment across his eyes. “Yes, I shall miss the child.” He could say as much now that the girl was above stairs safe beyond his words. Then he sat straight and looked for a moment shamefacedly into his parishioners’ faces.

Job Tulley regarded him with astonishment. The mother's face broke into sudden light. She leaned forward in her chair, and clasped her hands across her knee, holding him with her imploring eyes.

"The Lord's will be done!" exclaimed the parson, catching his breath to recover himself, and regarding Mrs. Tulley reproachfully. "Glad am I that as spiritual adviser I could show you the way to uphold the cause of liberty." He was himself again, and the intrenchments of habit were stronger than ever as he found himself once more behind them. "And I am rejoiced that the good ship is to sail so soon. The servants of the Lord and of Liberty need you there."

The pale hands in Mrs. Tulley's lap trembled, and she sank hopelessly back in her chair. Her husband clenched his palms, and drew a long breath of stern exhilaration as he straightened his broad shoulders and now stood before the minister.

"May God blight us!" he cried, his black eyes gleaming, "if we do not enter into this consecration of ourselves to His work. As for that girl," he raised his right hand and pointed to the rafters. His voice, if he willed it, could reach to the little room in the loft above, and he meant it should.

"Husband—husband!" Mrs. Tulley sprang from her chair and imploringly seized his arm.

“Let the child alone,” said the dominie hoarsely. “Anastasia will throw herself into the blessed work when once she is there in the New Country, and be a veritable Daughter of Liberty.”

“She will have to, being a daughter of mine,” said Mr. Tulley bluntly. A strange savageness seemed to possess him, that held his wife’s eyes in pained astonishment. “But she is rebellious now. A wicked thing it is to mock God thus when He leads the way.”

“Do you follow His bidding yourself, Job Tulley, and leave the child’s spiritual training to me,” said the minister, dryly.

“I have given up all,” Job spread his brawny hands; “it is fitting that I hold nothing back—even my daughter.”

“Leave the child to me,” commanded the parson again; this time more decidedly.

“*Taisie.*”

No answer. It was an easy thing to achieve a whisper from the midst of the old poplar tree that waved its scraggly branches close to the lattice window under the red tiles. But for all the good it did, the boy hanging to them, his legs wound securely around such as served him best, heard no response.

“Very well, then,” he said distinctly; “if you don’t

want to hear, why you needn't. And what is more, Anastasia Tulley, you may go to America, and I won't ever have another word with you."

He unwound his legs, and made elaborate and noisy preparations to slide down the trunk.

There was a rustle within the tiny room beneath the eaves. A girl's face appeared at the lattice. "Go away," she said.

"I'm going," said the boy, cheerfully. Yet he whipped his legs once more around the branches, and held fast.

"Well, why don't you, Tom Horne?"

"I *am* going. I mean it." Tom's chubby, freckled face, with its square jaw and pleasant, though rather wide mouth, was set determinedly toward her. "And once gone, I won't come again to talk to you, Anastasia Tulley."

Taisie, back of her lattice, shivered at the name. When Tom used it, things were getting into bad shape between them. She broke into a sob. "To think I'm — I'm going off so far, and you never'll see me again. And you can call me *that*."

"Taisie," Tom leaned quickly over the scraggly branches till he could grasp the edge of the old window-sill, "don't cry; I never'll say Anastasia again."

"Why, you've just said it," mumbled Taisie, wanting dreadfully to laugh, but preserving a stern front. "And you know how I hate it."

"I mean I won't call you it. You know what I mean, Taisie. But there's one thing I must say. You're not to feel badly at going to America."

"Is that what you've come to say?" Taisie's blue eyes flashed. She tried to push off the brown hand grasping the window-sill. "Go away — I'll scream," she threatened.

"No, you won't, Taisie," declared the boy, defiantly; "'cause if you do, you know I'll be put in the stocks, and like enough much worse will happen to me." Taisie gave a smothered little cry.

"Best hear me out, when I've taken the only way I could to make you listen to reason. Now, then, you are going to America next week. *Hush!* that's settled, so there's no use to fret over it. It'll only make it harder for you. Your father" — the boy set his lips firmly together, and for a minute dropped speech. Then he took another tack. "The parson told me to bid you be of good comfort."

"The parson!" she ejaculated in great scorn and a greater passion; "to send you here — when he is the very one who is making us go!"

"And he wants you to come up to the parsonage and see him, as soon as you get out of here." Tom hurriedly finished his message. "And don't say that it's his doing, your going to America. He isn't making you. It's God does it," said the boy, simply.

“Well, I hate God then!” exploded Taisie, with sudden rage. Then she drew a long breath and ducked her head, really expecting a quick punishment from a vengeful Creator. Perhaps the house would tumble in. Then it would kill all the family besides herself — “*Oh!*”

It was Tom who saved her from the loud scream by a sudden thrust of his strong brown hand over her mouth. Yet he recoiled in horror. The wickedness of it so overwhelmed him, he had no words at his command. At last, “Taisie,” he glanced over his shoulder at the quiet sky, almost expecting a thunderbolt to descend upon him as well as on the girl. Then his hand dropped to the other, gripping the sill.

“I didn’t mean it,” she said, and a rain of tears fell on the old window-sill; some of the drops splashing on the brown hands. And she laid her head down and sobbed.

“I know you didn’t,” he managed to gasp, and he released one of his hands to stroke the yellow hair. “I know — know — just *know* you didn’t!” he kept repeating, till the last exclamation was a joyful note.

“There, don’t cry,” he was awkwardly smoothing her hair all the while. “I’m going, too, as soon as I can, to America, Taisie.”

Still she cried on. “To leave everybody, and — home!” she brought out gustily.

The round freckled face above hers turned white. "If I could only go now!" he breathed.

"Yes, that's just it. You want to go." She brought her head up. "And I don't. Shame, — shame that I must be made to go, and you can be let to stay at home! Oh, that's a coward's part!"

"But my father won't let me go." The boy's white cheek burned red. "Don't call me a coward, Taisie."

"Well, you can go even if your father won't let you," she flung it out. "You believe in what those people are fighting for over there." She tossed her head in the direction in which she supposed lay the New World. "Now you ought to go and help them."

"You don't understand, Taisie; how wild you are. I can't disobey my father." He tried to get the words in, but she impatiently tossed them off.

"And don't you talk to me about my duty," she plunged passionately on. The boy, realizing that here was no chance to be heard, and that his message had been delivered, wisely dropped his hold on the old window-sill, and regained his balance on the poplar branches, slipping from thence to the ground.

"Tom — Tom!" cried Anastasia, coming to her senses. But he was out of sight, and apparently out of hearing.



## II

### THE MARKET-PLACE

THE Square of St. Botolph's Town was a-bustle with life and activity. It was Wednesday morning, and the day of the "Big" Market. It was well after the early dawn, and the principal stir of the arrangements of the stalls and the space reserved for the sale of cattle, was over. Yet some large vans were yet being pushed into the Square, and the canvas awnings of the belated ones, straggling in from the neighboring villages, were hurriedly being set into place. The large irregular space under the old Stump was alive with its many-colored interests, and throbbing with life. All were looking forward to a good day of trade, and the hard, toil-worn palms were already tingling in anticipation of the feel of good shillings and pence.

The farmers in their rough smocks were exchanging talk with their neighbors and the St. Botolph folk; critically examining each other's live stock, and complacently showing off their own, and passing the time of day generally with all in their vicinity. Their wives, on hard wooden stools by the sides of

the long boards under the awnings that stretched down the length of the Market-place, were neat in stuff gowns and blue-checked aprons, quite dressed up for the gala day. Their heavy shoes rested on the uneven cobblestones; they sat up stiffly with an important air, keen eyes for business gleaming above their ruddy cheeks. It was a bit early for trade, and those who had their wares well set up were knitting on coarse blue woollen stockings, rapidly lengthening under their nimble fingers.

It was the one day — this, and Saturday, the day of the smaller market — when tongues could be permitted full sway. The only other visiting time of the week was the Sabbath-day hour between the two long sermons. Happy was the Market on which a new topic could be found! This day there was one — and a good one, too! And even before the butter, eggs, and cheese, the homespun linen, the wool, and rolls of coarse blue stuff, and other wares could be arranged to show off to the best advantage that might coax the money out of the jealously guarded pocket-books, the tongues began to wag right busily.

“They do say as th’ parson had it all fixed Michaelmas as Job Tulley was to go,” one buxom woman suddenly dropped her knitting and addressed the keeper of the next stall. “Do ee hear that now, Mis. Pulling?”

"Ay — ay — an' he'd do it, th' parson would, an' he found it his duty, Mis. Dee," the tall, angular woman calmly replied.

"It be an awful thing to put upon a body to send 'em over th' sea." Mother Dee sank her voice to a nervous whisper, with a glance over her broad shoulder at the dominating old church, as if it might betray her free speech. She took up a roll of butter in its cool wet cloth to transfer it in a flurried way to another place on her stall, simply for the sake of diverting her mind in the moving of it.

"Don't ee fret yourself ower that, Mis. Dee. Th' parson, he'll tak keer o' it. An' if he thinks Job ought to go — why it must be. I hope it'll be a good day," squinting out of her sharp black eyes at the morning sky.

"'Tain't Job as I'm sorry for," buxom Mrs. Dee took up her roll of butter to set it back in its first position; "it's Mis. Tulley that's on my mind. Lord save an' keep us, Mis. Pulling, to go off there!" She transferred the butter once more to a new place, and patted the cloth with trembling fingers.

"I wouldn't tetch it so much," said Mrs. Pulling, with critical disfavor, "it won't do it no good, an' that you know, to harry butter that way, Mis. Dee."

"An' there's that pritty girl o' Job's," Farmer Pound's wife spoke up in breezy tones, elbowing her

way in between. "You ought to hear my man go on about th' hull thing. It's a danged peety, now he do say, as th' parson don't go hisself, an' let th' folk alone."

This audacious speech stopped all tongues, Mother Dee's face alone showing pleasure as the group of women thickened around the speaker. Her high cheek-bones displayed a dangerous color, and her eyes snapped. It was the first daring utterance against ministerial authority, for ministers were supreme in those days, and ruled with a high hand. What they said, enforced, if not conviction, at any rate, obedience.

Voices raised unusually high, in gruff tones of various keys, showed the farmers were tossing the topic back and forth.

"Hear 'em now," admiringly announced Mrs. Pound, her arms akimbo; "there's my man; he's a-givin' it same's I told you, an' dangin' it, too."

But it is one thing to speak in the centre of an admiring circle in a quiet farmhouse, that listens open-mouthed; and quite another to be responsible in the public eye for new and radical opinions. Farmer Pound was this moment delivering himself. "Well, an' we must tak it as it cooms. If th' parson says as Job ought to go, why, he's got to go."

"*Hush!* here comes Job's girl!" The women's

clatter fell to a sudden silence. They turned to their respective stalls, and commenced to scabble at the various things thereon, as if life depended on their nice rearrangement. Anastasia Tulley and the bevy of girls always trooping along in her wake came swarming down the Market-place. All eyes eagerly scanned the girl in the midst of her young mates.

Anastasia, all these days, had been made enough of by all the young people of St. Botolph's Town to satisfy even her demands as their leader; with a single exception. That was the very one whose attention she craved, without which the others were all as nothing. Tom Horne did not apparently care whether or no she existed. He did not even attempt to interview Simeon on her movements, when he ran across that lively youth as he careered about the town. By skilful engineering on Taisie's part as to questions, she found this out. Tom had not spoken to her since he slid down the ragged poplar tree when he had the only word that had been possible after the awful blow had struck her. And it looked as if the Tulley family would depart without any addition to that word. Tom ground his strong white teeth together and clenched his brown fists whenever his paths crossed those of Anastasia's, longing for a glance, or possibly a smile; anything to break down the barrier.

But Anastasia could not forget that she had called Tom twice in a relenting voice, as he deserted the poplar tree. He must have heard her; of that there could be no reasonable doubt. Very well; she could do without that boy's friendship. He should see that it was his turn to call her now, and pretty loudly too, while he humbly begged her pardon. Even when that was done, she was not at all sure that she should notice him, much less forgive him. So, whenever she saw Tom coming in lane or market-place, her slender back would stiffen, and her little cap, with the distracting curls blowing away from its border around her temples, was held high while she gazed steadfastly off to a distant tree-top.

But Tom had not the slightest intention of asking pardon. The idea had never occurred to him. So, although the grinding of teeth and clenching of fists went on, and the girl, with her little head held high, passed him with her sympathizing mates clinging to her, he gave no sign how his boy-heart was turning to stone.

It was hard lines for Tom in these days in more ways than one. The boy's father stood forth prominently as against, in every sense of the word, any sympathy with this proposed emigration to link fortunes with the rebellious Colony in America. England was good enough for him. Her King he'd

sworn by, right or wrong; it mattered not. Affairs had prospered with this citizen of St. Botolph's Town. Money somehow or other had come his way. It puzzled the good people among whom he lived to understand exactly how this carpenter had acquired, as the years went by, one piece of property after another, till one day they all woke up to the fact that Zebedee Horne was an influential man in the public eye. Actually he was one of the pillars in old St. Botolph's Church, that mighty bulwark of staunch and independent religion, known and respected all over England.

Personally, he wasn't liked. Knuckle to him with outward respect as they might, no one pointed to him with a pleasant finger, or responded with a happy smile to his word. He was a great, strapping figure on the streets of Old Boston, coarse and rough of speech, and domineering in manner. His cold black eye meant business every time; and woe be to an unlucky tenant backward at rent day. No children except his son Thomas lived in the house with him, next to the dominie's. This last-named personage would willingly have had it otherwise, except for the boy, between whom and the parson there was a goodly bond of affection. Tom's mother, a gentle, uncomplaining soul, had slipped away, some few years back, to the coveted rest in the corner of the

churchyard; the first bit of comfort she had known since Zebedee brought her home as a bride.

Tom had imbibed the teaching of Parson Witherbee, grown from the seed sown by the sainted Cotton; and having all a boy's love for a brave fight, he was mightily drawn by the resolute and intrepid souls of the Colonists in America, against the King and his Parliament. He was, therefore, greatly taken with this plan of migration; and his ardor grew with each detail of the preparations. He had kept his own counsel until the defection of the Tulley family, and their plan became an open secret. Then his longing burst bonds, and he begged his father to let him go too. At this, Zebedee Horne's rage ran high. Dire tales were thrown upon the town; how Tom had already spelled persecution, without so much as going to the aid of an oppressed people. It wasn't a pleasant tale as it ran from mouth to mouth. No doubt the power to exaggerate was as much exercised in those days as in recent ones. The tongue once given to man, it was surely understood by him that it was for use. It was well employed in this instance, Thomas Horne's plight ranking as a topic of importance, second only to the misguided action of Job Tulley.

The boy, from being simply a hearty lad of seventeen, chubby-faced and stalwart, going in and out



to the Blue-coat School, graduating within the past year to work at his father's carpentry bench, and liked by all the townspeople, old as well as young, suddenly appeared before them with a new expression on his round face. He squared his shoulders as he walked or ran about the streets of the old town. He began to talk, and that quite boldly, about his own views on the matter; and when his good friends put in a bit of advice (knowing his father) to hold up on the exercise of his tongue, Tom would smile, although his face paled a bit, as he declared he should say what he thought.

One thing the persecution he endured (and of that he never talked) was unable to drive him to — that was to run away from home, and join the venture into the Colony over the sea. Obedience to parents in those days was about as strong a duty as obedience to God. And Tom, believing in this as a fundamental principle, simply held out the whip handle to his father. So the matter stood. No wonder amid all this that the Market Square of St. Botolph's Town was a lively place, where the women buzzed about as well as the men, and the children dodged around to catch the drippings of the gossipy, excited talk.

Meanwhile, Anastasia had obeyed Parson Witherbee's command to go to see him, as soon as she was

let out of the prison of her little room under the eaves. She went on sullen feet — but who would dare to even think of disobeying a minister. And although what he said was tempered by an extraordinary gentleness and restraint, it did not ease the weight at her young heart. Outwardly submissive, she bore away from the parsonage the same cold and rebellious conviction of the cruelty of this emigration to which she was doomed. And she actually slammed the parsonage gate as she ran off.

These closing days of her home life here could not go on forever. The day of the sailing was drawing cruelly near, and no reconciliation between these staunch little comrades since pinafore days had taken place. And now the Big Market Day!

“And I’m going to be eaten up by Injuns,” Anastasia was mourning to her bevy of girl friends drawn up in front of the old Peacock Inn on the Square, the open-mouthed farmers and their wives all dropping talk to stare at her.

“Or perhaps a bear, Taisie. I’d rather have that than an Injun,” one girl proposed.

Anastasia viewed her with disfavor. “Anybody could have a bear,” she said coldly. It was only people going to America who had the distinction of attracting Indians. Martha ought to know that.

“Your hair is good and long for them to get a hold

of," said another girl, cheerfully, with a look at Taisie's abundant yellow locks, little ripples of which escaped from the small close cap.

Taisie shivered and shrank away from her, putting up both hands to her head.

"For shame, Joanna!" exclaimed Martha, throwing her arm around Taisie's waist, and glaring at the other girl.

"But they do. My father's uncle who is in America said so in a letter. The Injuns are after folks just awful, he said. They grab your hair, and the top of your head comes off with it."

"Oh — *oh!*" screamed the whole bevy. Taisie clapped both hands to her cap, and clutched it down tightly. Her blue eyes roved in fright underneath.

"Don't mind what that bad Joanna says," interrupted Martha, with a comforting pat on as much of the cap surface as showed between the two little frantic hands. "And you must always push your hair up under your cap, Taisie," she advised, still keeping a protecting arm around her. "And pretend you haven't got any hair. Then those old Injuns won't want you."

"And tie the cap on tight," said Joanna, dreadfully frightened at the effect of her words. "Maybe th' Injuns won't get you." But her fatal capacity for the truth and nothing but the truth obliged her

to add, "I 'most know they will, for my father's uncle says they're after folks dreadfully."

"I'm going to be killed and eaten up, anyway, and my head pulled off, and Tom doesn't care," Taisie rocked herself back and forth on unsteady feet upon the old cobblestones of the Market-place, as she wailed on steadily.

"Well, as for Tom, I wouldn't care for *him*," said Martha, who had secretly worshipped at the boy's shrine through hopeless Sabbath days when he wouldn't look at her across the meeting-house.

"I don't — I don't," declared Taisie, vehemently. "But I'm going away for ever and ever." At all this the girls wailed with her.

"Just hear them poor creeters cry," the women were saying in gusty whispers — "oh, my soul an' body!"

"Dang it!" ejaculated Farmer Pound, clenching his brawny fists that hung by his blue smock, at the sound of these combined wails.

But the Market-place suddenly began to swarm with life. The people poured into the Square from all points — big baskets on their arms, stout leather pocket-books, or a stocking, maybe, tied around the top to hold the coins, tightly clutched in hands destined to give up the hard-earned contents only after the most strenuous trading struggles. Children

pushed their way in between; fortunate ones with a penny or two for sweets, or ginger-bread figures of men and animals with currants for eyes. These purchases must be selected only after the most painstaking round among all the stalls had been made.

Anastasia and her group were borne down by the throng that now engulfed them. And the farmers and their wives turned to business at once. Emigration and the distress occasioned thereby could wait. This was no time to waste on wailing girls. Shillings and pence was all that absorbed them now. And the shrill bartering began, that drowned every other noise. The Market was fairly opened.

Down the Square ran Anastasia, the girls at her heels. Suddenly she turned a corner and threw her arms about the two nearest, and gathered them close to her.

"Let me — I'm her best mate," Martha struggled and even began to kick her way in between, but made small progress. The arms were locked fast.

"You are all my mates," said Anastasia impartially.

"I'll bite you, Joanna Fassett." Martha's lip rolled back over her strong teeth. "Let me in; Taisie is my mate. I sit next to her at school — you know I do." Her heavy shoes were battering all the legs unfortunately in her vicinity.

But the other girls were as well shod for a struggle; and they now used their feet to such advantage, that Taisie presently stood quite alone, and watched the contest for her favor.

“For shame!” she cried with pink cheeks. Yet she smiled on them. All such demonstrations in her honor were sweet to her. “Now I shan’t lock arms with any of you,” she said with a superb air. The young princess, by common consent, of St. Botolph’s Town thus drawing off her favor, the girls suddenly fell apart, viewing each other with venom.

“Well, *you* don’t get her anyway, Martha Bondle,” Joanna thrust out a spiteful tongue.

“Neither do *you*,” rejoined Martha, stamping her heavy shoe on the cobblestones in defiance.

“That’s not polite,” Taisie now withered them both, having enough of the doubtful honors of such popularity. “I’m going to tell you something. Come near, all of you,” she bade them, condescendingly.

The entire group rushed up with eager eyes and flaming faces.

“In the first place, I just hate America, and that awful, horrid Boston Town.” The color of her blue eye deepened, as it always did when she was roused, to a violet hue. Her cheeks glowed, and she pushed back her little cap with an impatient hand, till the

rippling waves beneath asserted themselves in freedom.

"Anastasia Tulley, your cap's coming off," screamed Joanna.

"I don't care; it's no time to think of caps." Taisie tossed her head free, shaking back her yellow hair from her eyes. The cap fell to the cobblestones. Martha picked it up and smoothed it out, but she didn't attempt to put it on Taisie's head. "I tell you I just *hate* that perfectly dreadful Boston Town we're going to. Listen — I'll tell you what Parson Witherbee told me." She drew the girls into a closer knot around her to hang greedily upon her words, their breath fanning her cheeks, as they crowded upon her.

"He made me go to see him," Taisie told off each word solemnly. "I didn't want to, 'cause he is the one who is driving my father to take us all away."

The girls shivered. It wasn't the thing to criticise the minister, and an uncomfortable little chill ran over the circle. Taisie rushed impetuously on. "It is very wicked of him to send us off to that awful place."

Even her popularity didn't warrant that to be taken silently. "Oh, Taisie!" several arms clutched her now — "why he is th' *parson!*"

"I don't care!" With prophetic soul Taisie was

already on the way to the American Colony and the battle for free thought and speech! "I'm going to say what I've a mind to. It is real mean of him to drive us from home."

"My father says your father has always wanted to go to America," Joanna's conscience that clamored for justice and fair play, as well as for truth-telling, now spoke up.

"I don't care; he's always been talking with Parson Witherbee — that's the reason," cried Taisie with a defiant fling of her yellow locks. "Now don't interrupt, Joanna Fassett, or you can just go away, and I'll tell the other girls without you."

Joanna, having said her say, preserved a stolid silence. "What do you think," Taisie lifted both hands dramatically, "Parson Witherbee has been writing to another minister in that awful Boston Town, — a Mr. Cooper, — and he's expecting us, and he's going to get father a place to work at his trade and —"

"I sh'd think you'd be glad of that," interrupted Martha. She drew a long breath. Next to Taisie's being captured by Indians or eaten up by bears, she had fully expected her to starve. Nothing was too bad to happen in that awful place to which she had unwillingly been consigned.

"To work at his trade," sounded peaceful and



domestic, and relieved the fears of her overstrained mind.

“Well — I’m not. How can you think it, Martha Bondle?” Anastasia turned on her quickly. “Don’t you see? How in this world shall we ever get back here, I’d like to know, if father gets a trade among those awful people! I’d rather die than live there for ever an’ ever. Well, I won’t go near that bad minister, Mr. Cooper, who is going to keep us there. And I’ll stand up for King George every single time I get a chance.” She flung it out before them with bitterness all over her young face, and the most emphatic of gestures to express her mind.

“Those people will make you keep still, Taisie Tulley.” It was a girl who had not spoken before, though she had done good execution by way of arms and legs. All the others stared at her, for Mary Lee was slow of speech, and one of the greatest of Anastasia’s admirers.

“I guess they won’t,” Taisie fairly shrilled it out. Little peals of laughter chased each other from her pretty mouth, as she threw back her head and laughed, the girls staring at her in amazement. “Oh, girls, that shows you don’t really know how it is in America.” She pulled herself out of her amusement and wiped her eyes. “There are plenty of folks all over the place who are standing up for King George.

Parson Witherbee says so, and he tells me I must be warned about it, so as not to have anything to do with 'em. O dear me!" she broke into another little silvery laugh. "I'll find some of those folks, and I'll let them know that I'm for King George, too, and I'll work for him just as hard as ever I can. Then I guess Parson Witherbee'll be sorry he sent us to that awful Boston Town."

### III

## OFF FOR BOSTON TOWN IN AMERICA

**Z**EBEDEE HORNE went up and down St. Botolph's Town, roaring out scorn and contumely on the whole business of this emigration to America, and on Job Tulley in particular. The other members of the party going forth didn't count in the eyes of Zebedee. As far as he dared, the dominie came in for disapproval for the counsel he had given by which such a good member of the old Church should be withdrawn. But in general his fury was directed, as he stormed up and down, to the main question of treasonable sentiments that such a course would cause to flourish.

“Hark ye — they should be clapped into prison — or least of all, the stocks” — he would bellow, meeting any one whom he cared to impress with his views. Parson Witherbee heard him once, and he stopped and rapped deliberately with his cane on the cobblestones. Zebedee turned his big, awkward figure, and tried to draw his face into a more fitting expression to meet his pastor.

“What is it you are saying, friend Horne?” demanded the dominie. “I trust you will not take it ill in me to ask, as your discourse being loud and on the Market-place, it is evidently intended for the public ear.”

Zebedee, thus confronted, and with the witnesses to whom he had been speaking still lingering for the outcome, was obliged to repeat as much of his speech as he could hastily temper down for the occasion.

“England has not come to such a pass,” observed the parson, dryly, “as to resort to the measures you advocate. And as for St. Botolph’s Town,” he straightened his bent shoulders and glanced up to the lordly Stump, “her glorious reputation in the past should fill all her citizens with pride in her very name, and an honest emulation to advance the interests of freedom in religion and the love of liberty. Think of the history of our Church since the sainted Cotton preached this, and gave his life to the cause!”

His parishioner couldn’t help scowling. To him the mention of Rev. Cotton was hateful. It had always rankled within him to hear such stuff. Boston Stump meant a big tower to arrest the attention to the prominence of the town; a handsome architectural pile, which, besides being a beacon light to the sailors, was commensurate with the consequence of the people beneath its shadow,—nothing more. John

Cotton? — yes — a name to point to as one of the most dangerous of fanatics, — who had drawn off more of value to the town than future generations could repair. Even his evil influence was now working in the person of his successor in the venerable pulpit. He bit his heavy lip and tried to look pleasant, but it was hard work.

“And if nothing more would stimulate pride in the soul of every St. Botolph townsman in this departure of Brother Tulley and others,” cried Parson Witherbee, warming up, and punctuating his speech with smarter raps of his cane on the cobblestones, “why the fact that they are to throw their lives into Boston Town, in America, *our* namesake, should make our very hearts to burn within us.” His sharp blue eyes glowed and the color rose to his thin cheek. “Why, man,” he addressed Zebedee, but his glance took in the crowd, now rapidly increasing, “doesn’t the blood leap in your veins to think of that other sainted one, the Lady Arbella, who took her life in her hands to brave death in the wilderness? She was of *our* Church.” He pointed his cane to the Stump, and shook it smartly. “Can you ever forget that it was in her honor that the American colonists named their town? Doesn’t the blood leap in your veins?” He repeated his question with a final shake of the cane toward the old Church.

Yes, the blood did leap in Zebedee Horne's veins, but not for the same reason. He mumbled out something; shook himself free as soon as he could, but not before this parting shot from the dominie met his ear.

"And it behooves us to send good representatives from this, the old Boston Town, to the New Boston in America. We shall then have part and lot in the glorious liberty that is sure to come to her."

Mr. Horne got on to some of the back streets and lanes, nursing his wrath. He was careful, more than ever after this, not to run across the old dominie's pathway. But he kept up the same stream of denunciation of the expedition to America; predicting only ruin to those involved in the plan, and voicing a blatant indignation for the desertion of Old England on this wild and wicked project of helping the revolutionists against the established order of Great Britain's authority over them, — her subjects.

But although the townspeople didn't like the man personally, Zebedee Horne's words took effect on many; so that there was much divided opinion on the subject of this departure. It surged up and down quietly in the quarters likely to reach the parson's ear, and more noisily when it got safely beyond that watchful member of their spiritual leader.

Job Tulley cared nothing for all this. He had

ever been a man accustomed to pursue his own course, marked out by his own conscience and his own desire. "You can drive a pig, but you can't drive Job Tulley" was a common saying on the Market-place. He now went about all his preparations calmly, — sold his red-tiled cottage at a much less price than it had cost him, — Zebedee Horne, sneaking behind a third man, being the purchaser; and he went in and out among all the preparations for leaving home, unperturbed; that is, outwardly. Mrs. Tulley, when she could see for her tears, set her household in order for the removal, giving much to the poor, who now swarmed the house-place with loud lamentings, as well they might, at the loss of such a good friend.

At first, Anastasia cried dreadfully, till her pretty eyes could scarcely see her friends, who never ceased in their sympathetic adherence to their idol, now to be torn from them. Then one day she suddenly wiped her eyes, and faced them, "I'm too mad to cry any more," she said.

"It's wicked to be mad," said Simeon, with a grin, dodging out of the house-place and in between the girls, on his way to the boys. He was by no means an idol to them, — being friendly by fits and starts with every lad in town. They all liked him, but each one was at some time or another in a pitched battle

with Sim Tulley. His hardy little fists were much respected, and when he met a better pair, he took what they gave like a little man. So now there was mourning in the boy-quarters of the town that such an alert disciple of good fun was to leave them. He got a good distance off from Anastasia before he delivered his speech. As the boys respected his fists, so he respected his sister's qualities, — one of which was the ability of her tongue to serve her interests. This time she called after him: "You ought to be ashamed of being glad to go, Sim Tulley. I'm proud to say I'm mad."

Pride kept her up in a dazed way, and the excitement had also a pleasurable element to sustain through the next trying days. Anastasia never could tell how she found herself following the family on to the ship, — the swarm of her own particular friends engulfing her. It was a dream; a horrid one, where she was only conscious of being borne along as by a rush of black and bitter waters. Seeing nothing, she was all the time thinking only of Tom Horne. She got so tired of the girls, and their everlasting expressions of love and admiration, and their sobbings and sighings over the separation, that she longed to push them off. Nothing would so have eased her nerves as a good quarrel with some one.

"Good-by — good-by," how many times it had



to be said. She hated the words, even when the separation was probably for all time between these good friends and herself. It was clearly hoping against hope that they would ever see each other again. It was "Tom — Tom," her heart was crying out for every moment. He was coming to Boston Town in America as soon as he could see his way clear to start. He had said so, and she never knew Tom Horne to go back of his word.

"But what good will that do me?" Anastasia's heart was wildly saying as she found herself actually on the dreadful ship; "if he won't speak to me here, and say he is sorry, he won't do it over there. Besides, I'm going to have my head pulled off by the Injuns. O dear! O dear!"

She took a good look around out of her unhappy blue eyes. Yes, they were really about to start. There were the girls who were not allowed on the ship, screaming to her from the wharf a lot of unintelligible last messages, — and waving their arms in wild abandon of sorrow. And there was a knot of the boys, all worshippers at the shrine of the little maid. There were the townspeople, huddling up in groups, all of whom had known her from baby days; every one of the women had a tear for the departure of the yellow-haired girl, and much sighing for Martha Tulley, the mother. There was Zebedee

Horne, pushing his way to the front with a leer on his big face. Taisie hated him; but in this particular belief of his, she joined her heart and soul, — that King George was to be supported with every atom of force at one's command.

She threw an agonized glance off to the big Stump. Was it possible she should never see it again? Why couldn't it fall upon her, and the ship, and the whole town, and let them die all together? There had been miracles in the Bible — plenty of them; why couldn't one happen now? No; nothing was to intervene. God didn't care, — and they were really going to start. She could hear the rattle of the chains, the creaking of the ropes, and the sailors' cries.

She swept her gaze over the company by which she was surrounded. There was Grandsir, his old tongue cracking out a farewell, and his eyes streaming with tears over his withered cheeks. There was father, stern and erect, with good battle-front, and a light in his eyes. But Martha Tulley carried such a look of suffering in her face, that the old neighbors turned their gaze from it. Taisie, on seeing it, hid her eyes. Simeon, of course, was not in this group; being already on terms of the most intimate acquaintance with the seamen, he was in their midst now, under the impression that he was helping them to

start the vessel on her way. The other passengers, of lesser importance, were grouped in the rear.

Among all these was Parson Witherbee, exhorting, consoling, approving, and lessening the evils of the separations as best he could; Taisie turned away from the sight of him and his ministrations, to sweep the wharf with wild eyes. Where *was* Tom? Didn't he care enough for her, and the old days of comradeship, to just come to the wharf, even if he wouldn't speak to her? No; she shuddered, and sank down in a little heap on a coil of rope. Yet she would take one more look. It is — it *is* — up beyond a turn in the old wharf, his face, as white as a cloth, as he clings to a pier. He is leaning forward, straining his gaze — with wild eyes searching her face, as he had been doing ever since she set foot on the ship.

She sprang to her feet, tumbled over the coil of rope, and grasped the railing — “*Tom!*” she screamed, throwing out her arms to him, forgetting all else but that he was there. She dimly saw him spring off from his support and start away. Now he was coming — she would see him and he would speak to her!

A hand on her arm. She turned; it was the parson. “Child,” he said hurriedly, and his old eyes were dim with tears, “I have but a moment, —

they have sent me from the ship." She could hear the captain sharply enforcing the order, and even pushing the ministerial elbow. "Remember to do your work well in the new home, so that you will not be ashamed to meet Thomas when he goes there. For he surely will, Anastasia, if God spares his life."

She scarcely heard, straining eye and ear for Tom's present arrival. Something was thrust into her hand, and her cold little fingers were pressed over it, as she heard these words, "Thomas sent you this."

The parson, whose speed was accelerated by the sailors, was off on the wharf. None too soon. The vessel gave a sigh, then a lurch, then a swift slide into the waiting river; and a dark, turbulent green space, swiftly widening, lay between it and St. Botolph's Town, — as a boy dashed down the wharf, flinging aside such as stood in his way. "*Taisie!*" he cried, as they held him back on the edge.

It was some moments before Anastasia, staggering back to her coil of rope, relaxed her fingers, still holding the little packet the parson had pressed into her hand. It now dropped to her lap. Mechanically she took off the cotton string and unrolled the paper. A small oblong object came to view. This again was wrapped about by a strip of paper evidently torn from Tom's copy-book. She greedily twitched this

off, scarcely noticing a small pincushion of gray brocaded silk that it had infolded, and read the words: "TAISIE, I give you my mother's pincushion she made for me. The only thing of hers I've got left except her Bible. TOM."

## IV

### IN THE DAWNING OF THE CONFLICT

THE parsonage study of the old Brattle Square Church held the faint glimmering light of the departing day of October 27, 1772, when its occupant laid down, as finally acceptable to his mind, a piece of sermon paper on which he had, with the deliberation habitual to him, written some suggestions under appropriate headings.

“Mr. Adams will listen to these, I doubt not,” he soliloquized; “a fair-minded man, such as he, is willing to hear the suggestions of all of us who stand by the principles of the colony struggling for its rights. Happy is our distressed town, overburdened by the tyrannical measures of a despotic and ill-advised king, in having him for its leader. But in these perilous times, caution is necessary in the terms of speech in such an address to his excellency; and expediency is to be studied. I will submit these for his consideration. The town-meeting to-morrow is the time to demand an answer to this question — whether we are to gain our independency of government, or submit to officials who, in direct violation of

our charter rights, are paid salaries by the King and his Parliament. The idea is monstrous!"

His eyes, usually so mild, blazed in righteous indignation. He seized the slip of sermon paper, read it through again, though every word had been worked out laboriously, took up his quill and wrote in a stronger phrase or two, then laid it down with a sigh, "At least we will try every means in our power to secure our rights," got off from his well-worn cushioned chair and took a few steps toward the door.

"Stay —" he brought himself up suddenly; "in my perturbation over our public welfare that is menaced, I well-nigh forgot my duty to the individual needing assistance. Where is that letter writ to me by Brother Witherbee of St. Botolph's Town?"

Back he came to the study table, and began to fumble in its drawer. At last, after that exasperation, created, as every one who has ever been on the trail of a missing paper knows to his sorrow, he joyfully laid his hand upon it and drew it forth, reading it over again where he stood.

"I will show it to Samuel Adams," he said, thoughtfully creasing it back and forth in his fingers, carefully avoiding the big red wafer, "as I go to him now with my suggestions for the town-meeting. He is the man to find employment for this Job Tulley. I can safely intrust him to Mr. Adams."

He put Parson Witherbee's letter, together with his list of suggestions, safely within his waistcoat pocket, and this time without further delay sallied forth to meet other patriots of like mind with himself, doughty and determined, at no less a rallying point than the Green Dragon Tavern.

As he turned into Green Dragon Lane, a figure approached that in every line and all its bearing said distinctly, "Here is the man of affairs." Truly it was! No one on the road could fail to look twice at him; he was by no means imposing, except by manner and bearing; only of middle height, but with a muscle that atoned for lack of inches; his skin was light in color and his eyes were pale blue. At this time he had on an old red cloak, much the worse for wear; a gray tie-wig, and, to top all, a cocked hat. He held himself so well, that every inch told. It was as if he were conscious of great thoughts within.

Indeed, he was now so lost in them, that as he marched abstractedly down the lane, he did not observe the reverend gentleman till he was directly, so to speak, under his nose; then pushing back his cocked hat, knocked awry by the encounter, he glanced up into the mild and somewhat affronted eyes of the minister.

"Why so fast, Friend Adams?" queried the parson, getting his breath, and now becoming reassured that he was not to be knocked down.



"Fast?" roared Samuel Adams, who had small respect for manners, if they impeded action; "the times need quick movement." He made as if to go by, his sharp gaze sharper yet at this interruption.

"Are you not bound for the Tavern?" queried Dr. Cooper in surprise.

"Yes, yes," cried Mr. Adams, irritably; "but I have an important matter to attend to first. Do you proceed, Dr. Cooper, and mind you, lay about you well on all impressible minds and rouse up the right feeling on to-morrow's work. That will be a glorious town-meeting!" His light-blue eyes shone and his honest face lightened.

"I will go," breathed the minister fervently; "God grant it to be right for the Colony to-morrow."

"God is willing enough to help us," said Samuel Adams, dryly; "it's the scoundrelly Tories who are in the way. But we will worst them," he added confidently. "More and more are we thinning their ranks and drawing in good helpers."

"That reminds me," said Parson Cooper, drawing out from his waistcoat pocket the letter and its accompanying slip of sermon paper; "I have here, Friend Adams, a letter that should be put in your hand."

He extended it to him. Samuel Adams regarded it impatiently. "Is it aught of the business to do with our present work?" he growled.

“Indirectly,” answered the parson calmly, “it concerns one who may become a good helper to us, who is coming to the Colony — indeed is on his way thither, I suspect.”

“Say you so?” cried Mr. Adams, clutching the letter and whirling it open.

“And you must find him a place to work in, as support to his family.”

Samuel Adams only half heard. As he swiftly scanned the sheet, his impatient face brightened and his eyes lost their irritable gleam. “Well said,” he commented, giving the letter back.

“What can be done for the man?” asked the minister; “a good worker, — we must not let him suffer. Besides, we need him, Mr. Adams. Every soul counts in this struggle.”

“I have already decided that,” said Mr. Adams; “he shall go into our brewery. The letter states that he — this Tulley — is a maltster.”

“Is that so?” queried the minister.

“Haven’t you read what is writ in it, man?” demanded Mr. Adams sharply, with small regard for the amenities of the conversation.

“It must have escaped me — his occupation. I was so intent on the man,” stammered Dr. Cooper.

“He goes into our brewery; despatch him to me when he arrives.” Mr. Adams ended the matter

and was pushing on sturdily, when a clerical hand was laid on the old red cloak.

“Stay, Brother Adams.”

“What now?” Mr. Adams gave a mild roar of disapproval at the hindrance.

“Only this.” Dr. Cooper thrust the bit of sermon paper within the large firm hand beneath the cloak-edge. “Read it, — it may contain some little assistance to the weighty responsibility you bear of drawing up to-morrow’s paper. At least read it; you can do so as you go along.”

Samuel Adams crushed the paper in his big fingers, bowed his cocked hat in token that he would do as requested, and strode up the lane, his old red cloak flying out behind him like a banner for an army.

“Pray Heaven I have given him no opportunity to throw down any citizen by employing his eyes on my paper,” breathed the parson, drawing near to his destination.

The Green Dragon Tavern — how the Tories of the time would have loved to see it fall in confusion! Nest of the Rebellion it was to them — the rallying place of such despicable creatures as Samuel Adams, Paul Revere, John Hancock, Joseph Warren, and, as we have seen, a good sprinkling of the clergy. Every time a Loyalist passed the old building, standing grim and stark as the hills surrounding the town,

he had for it a muttered execration. Who knew what plots were thickening within those dingy brick walls!

It wasn't a formidable structure: only two stories high in front; though, to accommodate itself to the shape of the land, its rear showed up three stories. The Tavern rooms on the first floor were surmounted on the second by a large hall. Here the Masonic Lodge had meetings, and here was the principal room of the "Rebel's Nest."

The appropriateness of its name was seen in the big green dragon projecting out from an iron crane in the front wall. Its thick sheet copper and curled tail were good landmarks for one who sought the building, and the horrible tongue that protruded from its mouth never ceased to be an object of interest.

The Rev. Mr. Cooper ascended the steps, meeting his parishioner, John Hancock, with whom he was soon in converse as they passed in, to be presently joined by other worthies bent on the same errand, viz., to frame a protest against the oppression of the king. This protest was to be drawn up in good shape for to-morrow's town-meeting in the form of an address to Governor Hutchinson. The company, rapidly being augmented by constant arrivals, passed up into the "Rebel's Nest" to await the appearance of Samuel Adams.

Meantime, outside, as these patriots were being drawn into conclave, there was turbulence, as often happened about this time on Boston streets. The temper of the people had been sorely tried on countless occasions, and near to the breaking point. It was sometimes an even chance whether or no they could be held obedient to the calm judgment and resolute will of the men who counselled that all things should be done by a strictly honorable and judicial method of procedure. Annoyances could be borne; wrongs could be endured. Any distress was preferable to the patriot losing sight of the fundamental principle of the contest he was waging; that principle that had brought the Colonist hither to ingrain that belief in future generations, that God had created all men free and equal, with inalienable rights for self-government. Strange that the stupidity of some of her counsellors should so work up old Mother England that she couldn't see it that these children of hers were not really so naughty as, in the eyes of some of the English lords, they appeared to be. They were actually ready many a time, these offshoots of the mother country, to be persuaded and dealt with kindly and reasonably, when they would have fallen into line as good and loyal Colonists. But they could not be crowded to the wall unjustly — not one bit! Right was right — and wrong was

wrong; and they would fight for the right — and die, if they must, in the fighting.

To be sure, trade had now revived since its awful set-back from the Townshend Revenue act, now repealed in everything except the duty on tea; but the principle of the thing was lost as long as a tax remained on a single article. It was so in every instance of the long-drawn-out contest before the Revolution. Concession was only yielded by the British Parliament, to slip in some other method of tyrannical oppression, that perhaps required the sharpest of eyes owned by the patriotic leaders to detect. At first, the people of goodly Boston Town were not prepared for these subtle wordings of official documents drawn up by the lords and leaders of King George. They, these simple citizens of the new country, were not looking for anything but the honorable dealing they were willing to give. But it did not take many years of this sort of work to “cut the eye-teeth,” so to speak, and train the eye, till a Samuel Adams, or a Hancock, or a Warren could speak in appropriate terms for them.

Meantime, as we have said, disturbances of the street must unavoidably arise. The air was full of them; the only wonder is that more did not occur.

Martial law had begun in Massachusetts as far back as September, 1770, by the royal order com-

PELLING Governor Hutchinson to relinquish the fortress to General Gage. No wonder the people's indignation arose at such a flagrant violation of their charter that had distinctly given the forts and the control of the militia to the civil governor. This royal order stung the citizens of Boston Town cruelly, to be forced to dwell under a military rule not of their choosing.

"Shall we be slaves indeed — held down by the will of a despotic king!" All the people said this, or thought it, which is much the same, for actions are born of what thrives in the mind.

In the first place, it was terribly irritating to the long-suffering people to have the English troops in Boston, under any command, either civil or military. Why should they be? The citizens were law-abiding, peaceable folk, wholly on the side of good government, and perfectly capable of executing that through officials of their own choosing. So when the troops paraded in and out of the town, often with insufferable bearing and officious intervention of authority, it seemed sometimes as if past enduring.

Our good Dr. Cooper, now in counsel at the Green Dragon Tavern, had expressed his mind forcibly in a letter to Governor Pownall that put into words the conviction of all his fellow-townsmen: "The troops greatly corrupt our morals, and are in every sense an

oppression. May Heaven soon deliver us from this great evil!" Quarrels could not be avoided between the citizen and the soldier.

So Henry Knox thought on this afternoon of October 27, 1772, as he rushed to the door of the "London Book Store" where he had set up business the year before.

"For God's sake, — haven't we had enough in the Massacre?" he cried, on seeing the tumult. A dozen or so of the soldiers were running up, the foremost ones with excited faces beginning to threaten with their bayonets, — why, no one could make out, unless it was to clear the way.

Young Knox ran out to the road, his hair flying back from his forehead and his arm uplifted. Seeing him thus challenging the on-coming throng, several citizens, who had sought prudent cover in the doorways of shops, now stepped forth. Whatever they might consider as to the advisability of inflaming the temper of the soldiers to the result of perhaps a second massacre, it was no time to let a valiant defender of the rights of the people suffer, in standing alone to protest against insult and injury.

"What is it?" cried Knox, with flaming eye, still shaking his arm aloft.

"Nothing that belongs to your business," said a soldier, insolently, and brandishing his bayonet.



The tumult was increased, the din becoming so great that the other citizens fortunately could not hear this reply.

“You will find it to your purpose to listen,” cried the young bookseller, sturdily. “Think you, you can come to our streets of Boston Town to insult our people?”

“Get out of our way,” roared the petty officer at him, at the same time pricking him with his bayonet on the leg, just as the ranks of the disorderly throng, where citizens and soldiers were by now well mixed up, parted, to disclose in the centre a small boy. He was by no means overcome by his predicament, save by anger. He was rendered speechless by that, holding up a white little face and shaking defiant small fists at the soldiers. He had been calling them “Lobster — Lobster-backs,” all the way down the street since they had seized him, until his breath gave out.

“What contemptible thing is this!” cried Knox, his face ablaze with wrath. “Have you nothing but a child to contend with, that you must raise such a fracas? Shame on you — let him go!”

“What has he done?” The citizens now crowded up in such force that the soldiers sullenly put up their bayonets. It wouldn’t do to be seen in conflict with respectable people as these men were — it was

too soon after the Massacre. No soldier was willing to go through life with a brand on his hand.

"What has he done?" demanded many throats, and, "Hands off from him!" Before any answer from the soldiers could come, the boy sprang out to view.

"Why, Joseph Lovering!" sang out a voice on the outer ring of citizens hurrying to the scene.

"Yes, it's me." Joseph nodded his pale face. "And I'll tell you what I've done that the old Lobster-backs pitched into me for —" There was a rush in the ranks of the soldiers, angry at the hated epithet. The nearest one to him made a lunge and tweaked his ear, but the boy, determined not to please the giver of the attention by letting him see how it hurt, suppressed the howl and bit his lips hard till the blood came.

"Joseph — Joseph," cried Knox, as did ever so many more disapproving men, "stop your unruly tongue. It is not thus that Boston boys should behave. But what have you done?"

"Done?" repeated Joseph, trying to stand quite tall. "I've called old Judkins a wicked Tory, and so he is, standing up for King George, and —"

"Joseph, hush! Hands off, don't touch the boy!" yelled Knox to the soldiers. "Oh, Good Heavens," he exclaimed in anguish, "has all this

fracas been stirred up by that miserable wretch of a Judkins!" as the flying heels of some men in the crowd of onlookers, rushed after a figure endeavoring to skulk away under cover of the confusion.

"Hi — Hi!" they yelled. If there were any Loyalists in the spectators, they did not make themselves known to the help of Myles Judkins, who now came forward most unwillingly between those who could scarcely be considered by him in the light of friends. Whether by accident or design, — he wasn't in a position to say, — he seemed to meet with a good many hard experiences from the rear, as the procession attended him. His legs particularly suffered; yet when he looked about to confirm his suspicions and have something tangible to report, the most innocent of glances met his eyes. It wasn't the time to scan too closely, however, for the temper of his companions and the rest of the crowd wasn't of the best; so he swallowed his anger, together with his chagrin at being caught as the cause, by reason of his sentiments, for the present outbreak. It didn't make any difference that a small boy had been unable to control his scorn and anger at the constant flaunting of the Tory's words and deeds in the faces of an outraged people. Myles Judkins knew perfectly well, as he was hauled up there in the midst of the

tumult, that to hereafter have a care to the public expression of his sentiments would be the better way.

He lifted his ugly eyes to Henry Knox's face, stern and yet serene.

V

“I AM A TORY”

A BABEL of angry voices now set up. It was impossible to hear anything distinctly.

“Fie! — for shame!”

“A mere child.”

“It’s come to a pretty pass, —”

“Down with the soldiers!”

“We’ll teach the Tories!” and so on, and so on. The crowd augmented.

“We did no more than our duty,” angrily came from the soldiers.

“We were on a quiet parade when that man, a good citizen of Boston Town — ” with a finger at Myles Judkins, spoke up one of them, anxious to vindicate themselves now that such considerable numbers of citizens were around.

“*Good citizen of Boston Town!*” one incensed patriot spat on the ground; another held his nose.

“Called to us to arrest that boy,” finished the soldier, as the finger travelled to Joseph Lovering.

“Another time be more careful whose bidding you

follow," said Henry Knox, curtly. "And hark ye, my men, such scenes as you have introduced to-day along our street would better not be repeated." Without further parley, he dragged Joseph Lovering unceremoniously off over the doorstep to his shop. Myles Judkins, in an ugly tremor at the unpleasant attitude in which he had precipitated himself before the citizens of Boston Town, slunk around the most convenient corner, and the soldiers, glad to be extricated by any person and any means from the predicament of hasty and uncalled-for action that might land them in the guard-house, took up their interrupted parade on a quick march.

"Now, then," cried Henry Knox, once safely in his little shop with the door shut against curious visitors, "my lad, I've one word with you, and that is to keep your tongue in your head, where in children it surely belongs, — though, God knows, we men have to bite in nowadays."

"I'm not going to bite in — I shall speak," shouted Joseph, with flashing eyes. "I'm not a Tory, Mr. Knox."

"Hark-ee!" The bookseller grasped the lad's collar; "don't you see what mischief a silly tongue brings? If you want to serve the patriots, there'll be work enough for you to do, and —"

"I do want to serve the patriots!" declared Joseph,

gustily. "I'm going to be like Sam Adams; just exactly like him, Mr. Knox."

"Sam Adams!" repeated Mr. Knox; "well, he *does* things, — he's not spending all his wind on empty words."

"I'm not spending all my wind," said the boy, only able to repeat half of the phrases, his defiant little head drooping.

"And there'll be plenty of work for you, my boy," the bookseller loosened his grasp; "just don't open your mouth; we shall need you to help us, all in good time."

"Can I help?" cried Joseph, his head coming up, and his eyes sparkling with delight. "Can I, Mr. Knox, — oh, can I?"

"Yes, yes, to be sure," cried the bookseller, "there'll be fine work for your fingers. Only let me hear that your tongue has been busy — and," he lifted a warning hand, to which the boy's eyes glued themselves. There was no need to conclude the sentence.

"And tell the other boys the same thing." With a shove and a kind pat on the shoulder, quite reassuring, Joseph was assisted from the shop, and Henry Knox, sorely beset by vexation at the incident and his detention thereto, hurried off to the conclave at the Green Dragon Tavern.

Pass over one of these unpleasant encounters as

deftly as they might, the Bostonians were destined to see more of them in one way and another. Annoyances piled thick and fast upon them. All the efforts of the town-meeting availed naught, Governor Hutchinson not condescending to reply to the address issued therefrom; nor did the voice from future meetings bring out any better success. The citizens waited and waited, and hoped and prayed. With marvellous patience they "bit in," as Henry Knox said, and put strength into the steady work, the committees of correspondence, and all the rest of the methods for relief, and bore all that came so unjustly to them, as well as they could.

The hardest part of their work was to hold in the impetuosity of those citizens who felt that they had really endured all that could reasonably be expected of them. Such, if they were allowed their way, would precipitate the final struggle into a disaster. But strong wills were above these tempestuous men, — wills that were united with brains; so the many crises were safely worried through. But the temper of the patriotic element was getting very much frayed along the edges.

One comfort in all these dreadful days, was the steady increase of the patriots flocking to the aid of the cause of liberty. Among them could be noticed a tall, dark, silent man, whom Samuel Adams seemed



to be towing along to the notice of the leaders of the patriotic party. And it wasn't long before many pieces of work that required silence and courage were put into that same man's hands. But Job Tulley had brought with him from Old England a habit of life that had enabled him to steer clear of the evil results of the intricacies of speech united with a hot temper. He had the hot temper enough; but it was fired so deeply beneath the surface, that the enginery of his action wrought on silently and steadily, calling as little attention to its working as possible.

No one knew anything further about the man, except that he was working in Mr. Adams's brewery, that his family went to good Dr. Cooper's Church, and that he had clapped his son Simeon, a boy of twelve, into Master James Carter's school.

But presently, what Job Tulley did not do, that is, attract attention to himself (except from the recognized leaders of the Patriot party), one member of his family achieved, and that right speedily. She had not sat in the old Brattle Square Church a couple of Sabbath days, before the eyes of at least half of the congregation were well aware of the fact. Every one of the opposite sex could have described with minuteness exactly how Anastasia Tulley looked. It drew the eyes; but it wasn't exactly a pleasant sight, for she sat up straight as an arrow, her young face

fixed in scorn, and with a bitter, defiant look in her blue eyes. She hated Dr. Cooper to begin with for his action in connection with her old pastor, though why the godly man should suffer for his kindness to her and to hers, didn't concern her to work out in her mind. She was made to come to church, of course. To stay away from the sacred edifice on a Sabbath would be an unheard-of thing. But Anastasia comforted herself by planning how she would after a time outwit all such provision for her future spiritual duties, by slipping off to some other church as soon as it was expedient, and she could find one that gave out views more adapted to her taste. "For there must be some person with sense," she would say scornfully to herself, as she sat up in the Tulley pew and let the fine and cultured preaching roll meaningless over her naughty head, "who knows enough to see that King George will win, as he ought to." Then she spent the rest of her time, when the psalm and the long prayer were in motion, in planning how she could contrive some new clothes like those of many of the ladies in the principal pews.

On Madam Hancock she gazed till she was never tired. Such fine array! The little maid from St. Botolph's Town was fearfully dazzled by it all inwardly, though she was cool to look at, as if she had been accustomed to such fine people and their rai-

ment all her days. And she couldn't keep her eyes from the husband of this fine matron. He was good to gaze at, and more dazzling often than his worthy spouse. Never in her dreams had she beheld such splendid outfitting as these two rich Bostonians furnished as a display for the admiring eyes of their fellow-citizens.

It didn't take many Sabbath days of close scrutiny for Anastasia to settle in her mind just exactly what textures and colors, combinations and frills and fur-belows, went to the complete and perfect result as shown in not only the two most adored objects of her study, but many other well-dressed people in the congregation. She knew to a nicety just what constituted the required fashion of the town, and was rapidly coming to the conclusion that nothing would satisfy her but to be one of those persons who could show it off.

How her soul glowed within her as her imagination ran riot! She pictured herself sweeping her way along in brocade or paduasoy, waving a fan with jewelled fingers, plumes and flowers in her bonnet, and little high-heeled slippers on her feet! At this, she would tuck her heavy shoes farther back under the seat and bite her pretty lips in vexation. But radiant thoughts — it is so easy to be happy when imagination revels — swept her off again. She was lost to every-

thing but the delight of looking and planning and thinking of the time, even if it must be distant, when she, Anastasia Tulley, would be just like one of those ladies before her in the old church.

Once, — and she walked off after it on feet that, despite the heavy shoes, scarcely seemed to touch the ground, — Madam Hancock glanced at the face under the little maid's hood, then smiled. The great lady had turned suddenly as she was proceeding along in state to join her husband's side, and the on-coming throng of worshippers bore Anastasia directly in her path. Something in the small face lifted in whole-souled admiration, aside from its beauty, struck Madam Hancock. She paused, then on consideration, moved off in her usual collected, stately fashion. But she had looked — she had smiled — Anastasia was gracious for the first time in expression and manner, and she was nearly happy for the whole day.

But fortune favored her no more in that way. Sabbath day after Sabbath day she sat longing for notice from the same source, and angry as the service closed and all the worshippers dispersed without the semblance of it appearing. At last she made up her mind that it was high time for her to run away to another church, for by using her ears — and no one could do that better — she had found that there was

one quite to her liking, where King George was not only upheld, but extolled to the skies as God's choicest emissary of good. The Rev. Dr. Mather Byles would furnish her with all she sought, and next Sabbath day would find her ensconced there, for Job Tulley was by this time so absorbed in cares belonging to great matters intrusted to him, that he scarcely noticed his daughter, and it was several Sabbaths before — strange as this may seem — he woke up to the fact that she was not in the pew at church. Then, on inquiry, the mother told him, afraid of the whole truth, that Anastasia had gone to another church that day. Not that gentle Mrs. Tulley realized, from anything the girl said, just how matters stood, nor did she want to know; but she suspected more than she was willing to put into words.

Job Tulley heard, but straightway forgot. There was an especial piece of work put into his hands for careful execution; he was presently absorbed in that. One thing he had noticed of late, and it hurt him dreadfully, — his wife's face; it kept coming up to him all through his work for the cause of liberty. The marks the tears made in the thin cheeks seemed to have worn themselves permanent furrows, and it galled Job to come into the home suddenly and see that face furtively turned aside and a pitiful attempt at a smile called up that was worse than tears.

One day Job Tulley walked into Henry Knox's book-store. "She's grieving herself to death." He brought his big hand down suddenly on the small counter.

The bookseller, always ready for bad news, as every one was in those days, sprang forward at the words "to death." Breathlessly he cried — "Speak, man," clutching Tulley's arm, "what is it? Who —"

"My wife," said Job, in stolid misery; "she's grieving for the old home in England. It will kill her to stay here."

Henry Knox drew a long breath as he started back in the reaction from his fright. "Well, now," he said, slowly coming out of his alarm; "things aren't so bad as that, Mr. Tulley." He was thinking rapidly — this man was too valuable a worker to lose any of his force. He must be gotten out of his worry over his wife, else his power would be wofully shorn. "I'm glad you told me. My wife is a wonderful hand at cheering a body up." His face shone with pride. "She'll take this matter in hand, and I warrant you, sir," he clapped Job Tulley's long sinewy back, "things will be chipper in your home, till Mrs. Tulley won't care if she never sees England again. Boston Town will be good enough for her."

Job Tulley looked down at him out of doubtful eyes, yet it was impossible not to feel the cheery

bookseller's optimism, and the clap on the back — never could Job remember such a thing being administered to him — wrought wonders to bring him out of his gloom; it amazed him so.

"Lucy," Mr. Knox bustled in to dinner that day, "there's a piece of work for you to do."

The little matron looked up quickly from the bit of sewing; it dropped from her hand. "Oh, Harry, what?" she eagerly exclaimed, all her heart in her eyes.

"There's a woman crying her eyes out because she's left Old England. You've got to make her like Boston Town." Mr. Knox was ever one to get things over at once and in the shortest manner.

"A woman crying her eyes out because she's left Old England, and I've got to make her like Boston Town," repeated Mrs. Knox, like a parrot. "Oh, Harry!" That "Oh, Harry!" spoke volumes of disappointment at the piece of work being so commonplace.

"Cheer up, little woman," cried her husband, realizing her longing to help forward the cause to which he was so bound; "if you only knew that by chirking up the wife, you can keep the husband in good trim to help us in the fight, you would be glad you'd got it to do. Why, sweetheart, Job Tulley is a power; a power, I say." He stood as tall as possible,

which was a brave height, and smote his hands together. "He's got to be kept in good shape. Don't you think that's worth your work?"

"Harry — Harry," little Mrs. Knox seized the two hands as best she could in her small ones, "I'll do everything I can. You know I will, Harry. Where does she live? This very day after dinner I will go there. She shall come here — everything shall be done." She was now hanging to him, and the kisses that she knew were to be hers were forthcoming.

"All right," said the bookseller, in great glee, "now see that no pains are spared, Lucy, to make this Mrs. Tulley satisfied and happy. She's got to be!" He brought his good right hand smartly on the table.

"Don't trouble yourself about that, Harry," cried his little wife; "you leave it to me, and I will manage it all," which she set to work to do directly after the dinner was cleared away and all household duties done; for domestic arrangements in those days all came under the watchful eyes, if not actually performed, by the hands of the housewife. Then she arrayed herself in her best silk gown and accompanying adornments, for whatever was done, it was best to do it well. Little Mrs. Lucy Flucker Knox, as the daughter of the Secretary of the Province, had been accustomed to as good a training in the art of



dressing well, as any of the ladies of Boston Town. So she set forth with happy color and sparkling eyes. Was she not going to help her Henry in the good work to which he had given himself — the brave fight for liberty?

At last, following the directions of her husband, she came to the house she sought. It was on Rawson's Lane, gambrel-roofed, and looked like many of its fellows put up in those days when dwellings were simple of outline and plan. She stepped up to the small porch and rapped at the door.

Little Mrs. Knox was usually the most self-possessed person, but she started as the door was flung wide. A young girl with yellow hair rippling away from her forehead, looked out at her with frank blue eyes. So sweet was the face, with its dimples and curls, that the young matron exclaimed involuntarily, "My dear, I came to —" then pulled herself up — "excuse me," as the youthful countenance, framed in the doorway, stiffened in displeasure at the familiarity. Any one observing the two would suppose the representative of the Tulley family to be, as far as composure of manner went, the condescending caller.

"May I come in?" at last asked Mrs. Knox. "And can I see your mother?"

Anastasia stepped aside. "Mother's in here,"

throwing open one of the doors from the small entry into the common room, where Mrs. Tulley sat, vainly endeavoring, as well as her swollen eyes permitted, to set stitches in a coat for her husband. Anastasia, in great curiosity, which she by no means displayed, coupled with admiration for the nice clothes and feminine adornments of the visitor, followed and put herself on a chair commanding a view of the lady now seated in close proximity to her mother.

It wasn't so hard as she had expected, to interest gentle Mrs. Tulley, and before many minutes the sitting-room resounded with bright talk. Mrs. Lucy Flucker Knox was just in her element; although every instant she was aware of the girl's presence silently watching her. She made no sign, and though singularly drawn to that slender little person with the compelling blue eyes, the dimples and curves, she wisely ignored her, and chattered on with the mother.

"You don't know how nice it is here in Boston Town," she was saying; "the people are kind and friendly once you know them." Job's wife heaved a sigh. Suddenly a voice cracked out, "I ain't no Tory." Little Mrs. Knox started so violently that she nearly sprang from her chair.

"It's only Grandfather," said Anastasia, calmly.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Knox, in great relief, yet straining her eyes to discover the retreat of this person declaring his principles so decidedly.

“Father gets worse since he left his old home,” said Mrs. Tulley, sadly. “There — there.” She laid down the coat, carefully sticking her needle in place, and went behind a screen that shut off a corner of the big fireplace.

“Yes, I am a-comin’ out to see th’ lady,” said the same voice that had proclaimed himself as belonging to the Patriot party. It was now querulous and determined; and presently a thin, aged hand appeared leaning on a stick, and then the whole tottering figure of Mrs. Tulley’s father came slowly into view. He doddered along, followed by his daughter, whose deprecating eye was fixed on the visitor.

“No, I ain’t no Tory,” the old man kept cracking out, as he tremblingly advanced. At last he was sitting heavily down, as near as he could get to the company, and staring at her in mild-eyed enjoyment at the unusual sight of a visitor in the home. Mrs. Tulley slipped back to her old seat.

“No, of course you’re not,” little Mrs. Knox took it up brightly; “I understand that,” and she smiled at him in a way to set the blood in his old veins to going fast. And Grandsir Tulley laughed in pleased surprise at being paid such attention.

“All of us are glad to say that we are not Tories,” went on Mrs. Knox, also pleased that the atmosphere was getting brighter. Mrs. Tulley was almost smil-

ing by this time. It was so good to have Father heartened up; and by and by she was even talking a bit, so that when the call was over, all things were on a good footing for future acquaintance, and the bookseller's wife hugged herself at the thought of the progress she could report to her Henry.

She tripped off to the entry at last. Anastasia, now much disappointed that this fine little creature, whose manners and attire she much approved of, belonged to the hated Patriot party, followed silently. Mrs. Knox gathered up her flowing skirt over the rich quilted petticoat, but before departing she turned swiftly, "I want you to come and see me," she said, the blue eyes drawing her; "I like you very much." She was impelled to it — how, she couldn't exactly explain, but the dimples and curves were too much for her.

"I can't," said Anastasia. Then she laughed, a gay little peal of amusement.

"Can't?" ejaculated the small matron, drawing herself up affronted.

"No," said Anastasia, "I really cannot," then she laughed again.

"Really, this is most astonishing." The little lady paused, one slender foot on the upper step. "Please explain."

"I can't — because, you see, I am a Tory."

“You a Tory? — impossible!” And remembering Job Tulley and his great work for the Patriot party, the jest seemed too good, and she laughed, too. “All right,” she said indulgently. “I must have you with me now and then. Tory indeed!”

## VI

### THE LITTLE MAID IS IN SOCIETY

**H**OWEVER much Anastasia called herself a Tory, she had no mind, after all, to refuse the great opportunity that now had been dropped at her feet by pretty Mrs. Knox of the Patriot party. "Take the goods the Gods provide," although she had never heard this saying, was really the motto of this little maid's life. The wildest of dreams ran through her pretty head, of unknown delights to be hers now, without the trouble of the asking. She ran in and out of the old kitchen, turning off work with a light hand, singing as she went; domineering over Grandsir, whom she relegated to warm corners when indoors, and tied up his old chin to the point of suffocation with tippets, when he went out.

Her mother stared at her in amazement, and immediately gathered up a bit of heart. The girl had moped, off and on, a good deal since the settlement in the new home. It was good to hear her blithe voice and see her a little like her old self once more.

“Got over your tantrum?” grinned Simeon, rushing through the kitchen on his way to school. “Say, Taisie, I wish I could write good, and I’d send Tom Horne a letter, -telling him how you’ve acted like a silly, and cried your eyes out after him,” — taking good care to keep the kitchen-length between them.

“Tom Horne, indeed!” cried Taisie, in great vexation. Then a big flood of remorse swept over her. When had she thought of Tom last? How many times had the dear little cushion she clung to so lovingly all through that dreadful voyage been taken out of its hiding-place in her chest of drawers? Tom? Why, it seemed a distant dream, misty and vague, that held him in its centre. Oh, Tom! For a moment she was possessed by a longing just to see his face, — only to be in the dear old home in the happy girl and boy comradeship so long ago. The next, she was tossing her yellow hair, and seeing visions of wealth and pleasure, bright gowns and trinkets, the whole interwoven with the fashionable talk of the town life of which she was now, she hoped, to get a glimpse. Sweeter than she ever thought it could be, was this new experience that was coming to her. One fashionable door opened to her, — the rest would be easy.

“Mother, I want some cookies,” Simeon bawled out. Seeing that he couldn’t tease her, he was quite

content to let his sister alone. But he cast her a parting shot, "Old Tory!" as he slammed the door, and was off, his hands and mouth full.

However much she called herself one, it wasn't pleasant to have it thrown at her. But Taisie laughed this time, and shook off all disagreeable thoughts, hurrying through her work, for she was to go this afternoon to little Mrs. Knox's to drink tea and be a lady. It was called "tea" though everybody knew that free, Colony-grown herbs alone lurked in the Boston teapots these days. How strange it all seemed!

Then she paused a moment to think. A little less than a year ago and she was in the old home in England with its humdrum life and stupid ways. Now in this bustling town, with its military rule and its prosperous air of commercial success; its influx of aristocratic English people sent by the king for its government, who were setting the pace for the would-be fashionable folk to follow, and the rich people to compete with. For there was a good deal of wealth in the Colony, Taisie could see, having kept, as we have seen, her eyes well open all this time. "Oh!" she screamed right out.

"What is it?" Mrs. Tulley hurried in from the bedroom in alarm.

"Never mind," said Taisie, in confusion, which



was a rare thing for her to suffer. "Mother, what shall I wear this afternoon to the tea-drinking?" She dropped the broom with which she had been sweeping up and ran to her mother's side.

Mrs. Tulley gave a troubled look at the girl's face. The bright expression had dropped out, to give place to a cloud over the blue eyes.

"I do not know; your stuff gown will do."

"*Stuff gown!*" repeated Taisie, scornfully; "that, indeed, is no proper thing to show myself in at Mrs. Knox's house. Why, Mother, she is the daughter of the Secretary of the Province."

"If I had accepted her invitation to drink tea this day, I should have worn my stuff gown," said Mrs. Tulley, calmly.

"Oh, Mother," — the rebuke brought a swift pink to the round cheek, then Taisie poised her head like a meditative bird — "did you bring the flowered muslin with you?" she cried eagerly, breathless for the answer.

"Yes," said Mrs. Tulley; "I put it in, thinking, sometime, Anastasia, when you were older it could be made over for you."

"Oh, I am so glad," cried Taisie, in the joyfulest tones, "and I am old enough now — I'm almost seventeen, and I'm going to drink tea with Mrs. Knox!" She capered about the old kitchen like

a mad little thing, her yellow hair flying and her blue eyes dancing.

“You act unseemly, daughter,” reproved Mrs. Tulley. “What has gotten into you, and how can you wear the flowered muslin? It hasn’t been made over since I was a girl, and —”

She was about to say, “your father came to court me”; but natures like hers were shy, and love-making in those days was held as a precious thing, not to be displayed for the public eye; so she folded her memories away in her heart.

“You shall have the gown, Taisie, sometime; I’ve saved it for you, child,” she added in a kindlier tone, as the dancing feet paused.

“Mother,” said Anastasia, coming up close to her chair and folding her hands tightly together to speak very slowly, “if I can’t have that flowered muslin now, I don’t ever want it. I shall never ask you for another thing, Mother, if you don’t give it to me.” She stood quite still and her cheek was pale, while the light in her eye went out, to leave an imploring expression that told pitifully on the mother’s heart. She regarded her daughter steadily for a moment.

“You may have the gown, Anastasia,” she said, getting out of her chair and going up into the loft.

The big chest was being opened; Anastasia could hear her above stairs. She could hardly believe

it for joy, as she pressed her hand on her bosom to subdue its panting. Yes — her mother was coming down the stairs, a bundle carefully folded in an old towel in her hand. How well Taisie knew that bundle, as she had hung over the chest in bygone days as a little girl when her mother was arranging its contents; but many things had to be left behind in St. Botolph's town, and others from choice were given away as keepsakes to dear friends. In the despair over her poor clothes, Taisie had feared that the flowered muslin was among the latter, and a corresponding joy at finding it safely here now was at its climax when it was actually to be hers to do with what she would.

“But you cannot wear it, Taisie,” said her mother, sitting down and opening the precious bundle done up in the sweet old towel smelling of lavender.

Taisie seized the old muslin gown with happy hands that trembled with her great joy. “Please, Mother dear,” and she shook it free. Mrs. Tulley leaned her head on her hand and watched her.

“See!” the girl threw the gown over her thick cotton one, deftly dragging it into place around her neck. The folds floated off into enchanting lines of lilies and roses; the old pointed neck, running to the youthful bust, was gathered into place by two young hands. “It is all right; I shall wear it just so.”

"Anastasia," remonstrated her mother.

"Just so," said Taisie, firmly; "it's dear; and it's mine. Oh, Mother, where is the little white lace neckerchief?" She leaned over and prowled with eager fingers in the lavender towel bundle.

"Take care," warned her mother; "the lace is tender."

"Here it is." Taisie held it up with a triumphant hand, her joyful eyes dewy with anticipated pleasure. She threw it around the neck of the gown, and catching off a big pin that stuck in the red flannel cushion hanging on the wall, she thrust it into the folds of the lace. "There —" glancing into the old looking-glass over the table. "Oh, Mother!" She picked up the muslin breadth and pirouetted off, skipping lightly here and there, as if really in the maze of some wonderful dance.

"Anastasia Tulley," called her mother, "stop this instant; you will tear it."

"Oh, Mother," the girl obeyed, but she came back unwillingly. "It won't tear," she panted, "and I am going to wear it to ever and ever so many dances yet," she brightened.

"You will wear it to no dances, daughter, now set your mind easy on that score, if your father hears aught of them. Well, take the gown off. Perhaps it is as well to let you have it now," with a sigh, "and

fold it neatly till you get your morning work done; then you can try it on again and see if you can really wear it this afternoon."

"Of course I can," asserted Taisie, confidently, getting out of the precious bit of finery and carefully folding it, with the bit of lace, in the old towel again; then she fell to work briskly, her eyes, whenever she could tear them off from the task in hand, gazing at it as it lay on the big table under the looking-glass between the windows. Once she ran up and gave it a pat to be sure that it was really there.

Little Mrs. Knox's tea-drinking was at its height. Anastasia Tulley, with the true instinct of her sex, chose to arrive considerably past the hour. She came in slowly — old black Patty, the servant at the Flucker household, who always came over to "wait and tend" on such occasions, passing her in with a "Lawd, don't you look pretty, though, Missy!"

Anastasia bridled with anger at this familiarity of a servant, and this brought the color to her cheeks in unwonted degree. She had hurriedly cast off her old hood, tucking it well under some other articles on the big mahogany table in the hall. She did not stop in her vexation at being obliged to wear it at all, to see what they were; and as the parlor door was thrown open, she walked in, her small head held high, the yellow ripples of hair floating off from her

temples. At the very last she had found, by rummaging in that selfsame chest, a big artificial rose, somewhat faded and worn, but it was that or nothing; so she had tucked it in the lace around the neck of the old flowered muslin, carrying its presence with such an air, one would have thought my lady had a jewel at her breast that none could compare with.

The little company sat around the fireside. The day being a bit mild, little Mistress Knox had chosen to have the hickory logs ablaze, it gave such a pretty shine to her tall andirons; and the tinkle of cups and saucers was well under way, with the gay scraps of talk and laughter. Mistress Knox herself, in a dark blue paduasoy over a yellow silk petticoat, sat at the tea-board dispensing hospitalities. She had just handed a cup to a belated visitor when the new arrival appeared. It was well she had, else the china might have come to grief, and one cup and saucer less have lived intact for her descendants, for the start she gave as she cast a glance at the young figure. Her hand still in mid-air, she recovered herself, and rose with a smile. The company all turned; several ladies and one or two officers of the British army, for Henry Knox had been on friendly terms with them since the old bookselling days when they were well accustomed to drop into the shop where he was a clerk. Now nothing pleased them

better than to keep up the acquaintance with the attractive daughter of the Secretary of the Province.

“Egad!” escaped the lips of one of the officers, as Taisie came forward and dropped her courtesy. Where had the little minx learned it but in her own room in the loft, before a looking-glass, cracked in coming from the old home. It was done as well as any of the Boston Town belles could achieve it; and when she slowly rose from the long sweep downward, the breadths of the old flowered muslin daintily caught in her fingers, she had the eyes of the entire company upon her. Never in after life could such an exquisite thrill at any mere earthly pleasure possess her.

The officer whose “Egad” had escaped him did drop his cup, but he caught it; the spoon, however, went flying. This was a slight mishap as long as there was no crashing of china to accompany its descent, and it served him well to conceal his confusion. Besides, no one noticed him, for Mistress Knox was presenting the fair stranger and everybody was watching for that wonderful courtesy. To whom was it now being made, but — O joy — to the great lady herself, the wife of John Hancock!

There was recognition on both sides; then Anastasia demurely dropped her eyes. In a flash she was living over again her experience in the old Brattle

Square Church, and the hopeless longing for a glance from the divinity she worshipped. Lady Hancock laid her hand kindly on her shoulder. "It is good to see you again," she said with a smile.

The officers impatiently awaited their turn. The courtesying, the bowings with the hand impressively on the heart, were at last all over. Little Mistress Knox began conversation: "This is not really tea, Anastasia. No indeed! No tea comes in this house," with a saucy glance in the direction of the British officers. They laughed as at a fine joke. These people before long would be not only drinking tea, but obeying every other command King George might impose. Let them enjoy their delusion as long as they could, poor things!

"It is a good draught, Madam, so long as your fair hands have concocted it," said one, gallantly draining a cup he had previously found hard work to dispose of, and courageously passing it over for a second filling. Thereat the mistress laughed, returning it half full. "Don't feel obliged," she said.

It was not such a strain, after all, upon the young officers, nor the rest of the company. For there was punch over in the big bowl beneath the side window, and excellent negus to take the taste of the flavor drawn from the evergreen shrub that grew along the seashore, that now did duty in the



china tea-cup. But to sit for a while by a lady's tea-board, brave in its array of shining silver, and be served by her own fair hands, with all the accompanying enjoyment of the informal circle drawn up around it, was quite the thing, and was really not unattractive.

"It is amazing," the British officers often commented among themselves, "how these dames learn to comport themselves. They really, most of them, do have good manners."

"And looks, man! Zounds, the women of this beastly country are raving beauties beside —" being loyal, he didn't say what.

But when the present beauty came into the Knox parlor, all thought of comparison with any other woman was lost sight of. She stood quite alone, to be judged in a class by herself, — this tall, slender, fair-haired representative of this remarkable people. Every man's heart was hers at once. She had won the first prize.

But Anastasia Tulley, although she knew this quite well, allowed no sign of elation, or indeed any disturbance of serenity and poise, to change voice or manner. The pink of her cheek did not vary, although every one could see it was only the natural color of youth that abode there. The girl had not yet so advanced as to consort with the rouge-pot and the patch-box. Those were coming later.

She moved among the other ladies, fine and stiff in brocades, her flowered muslin floating softly off in bewitching folds, and the old faded rose on her bosom softly moving up and down with her regular breathing. Presently the women around her were crowded out by the officers, the little beauty in the midst.

“Prithee, it is strange,” one gallant quicker than the others gained her ear, “that no one has been fortunate enough, Mistress Tulley, to see you before. Why is it so?”

“Oh, no, not at all strange,” said Anastasia in clear accents. “I’ve been in Boston Town to be sure some nine months, but I know scarcely any one — I am an English girl, you know.” She dropped a pretty courtesy to the entire circle of officers, and smiled into their faces.

“English!” they cried in delighted amazement. “And yet you are great friends, we can see, with —” he made a little gesture, unseen save by the officers, toward the tea-table.

“Does that prevent me — being an English girl —” said Anastasia, coolly, “from taking pleasure where I find it? Are you not here?” She swept the whole circle, after the blue eyes were done with him, and burst into a silvery peal of amusement. The women all turned at the sound. Mistress Knox, now well

over her amazement, smiled nonchalantly and nodded, well pleased, at them; verily, her protégée was coming on.

“You have me there, neatly caught, fair mistress,” acknowledged the young officer, with sparkling eyes, the color high on his handsome face, “and all of us as well,” with a laugh for his comrades. While another, unable to get within the group, dashed off for a glass of punch for the enchantress, and a third, likewise unfortunate, observing the ruse, followed with negus, till there was a dearth of gallants for the older ladies. Seeing this, Mistress Knox was coming to the readjustment of things, when two officers were ushered in by black Patty through the parlor doorway.

“Lieutenant Thornton!” cried the little hostess in delight, sweeping off to extend a pretty hand; “now, I am pleased; and you, Sergeant Herford. But why so late?” she queried reproachfully.

“A matter of duty, Madam,” said the lieutenant, bowing low over her hand. “Herford will corroborate the statement, for he was included in the work that has detained us.”

“I want no corroboration,” said Mistress Knox with a smile, “since you are both here at last.” She turned to present them to those of the company unknown to them, but to her chagrin perceived

that the tall, slender officer whom she called Thornton was not in attention. His piercing dark eyes were resting on Anastasia. As if there had been no soul in the room beside her, he was devouring her with his gaze, careless of every one else.

"It is natural," the discomfited little matron was saying to herself; "the child has bewitched us all." Then she made quick work of the necessary presentations, concluding with the only one he was longing for. And presently the lieutenant and young Herford were formally made known to the little beauty holding court.

Anastasia was well prepared for the introduction. No wonder that the piercing eyes had been drawn to her, for she had thrilled at his face the instant it was framed in the doorway. And although she still dispensed her smiles and ready speech to her circle, she was conscious of nothing else than the coming of the meeting between herself and the splendid officer who had just entered.

It was over at last, the presentation; the other officers making way reluctantly, but hopelessly. Herford, a fine representative to be sure of England's good families, might be relegated to one side, by reason of his youth and general lightsome quality of mind; but not so Bernard Thornton, the finest type of an Englishman in high circles, a friend

to those in court, with a high-and-mighty manner, moreover with the advantage of age, for he was twenty-seven. His wish was not to be contested, so the circle around Anastasia widened, till presently the three only were in converse.

He didn't openly devour her with his eyes. The first absorbed gaze gave place to the attention of the courteous gentleman; then he gave every advantage to the boy, Herford, who was impulsively showing, by manner and speech, that he was, in the language of one of the officers now drawn up by the punch-bowl, "completely bowled over."

"It's strange," spoke up one, "why the lieutenant sticks so to that boy; he's everywhere with him — Faugh!"

"You're new, Harmon, or you'd not say that," patronizingly answered an officer of longer service in the Colonies. "Thornton's got to have some fad to carry out; and the boy needs watching, that's sure enough." He tapped the edge of the punch-bowl and looked at it significantly.

"I see," said the new officer. "Well," with another glance at the lieutenant, "I pity him with that watch-dog. Zounds! I'd not like him on my tracks."

"So says every one who knows him," laughed a third officer. "It's walk straight, when Thornton is

around. Egad, but he's as strait-laced as the snivelling, psalm-singing people of this beastly town."

"For shame; you're swallowing their punch, Ludlow," breathed an older man in his ear; "and too much of it, I should say."

The younger officer's cheek, already attesting that fact, burned brighter, and he moved off quickly, glad to get into less disagreeable quarters.

Herford was boyishly asking the same question already propounded: "Why haven't we seen you before? How could you hide all your roses and lilies away from us?"

He was in delight at the beautiful time ahead for them all now that they had discovered this glorious creature, and scarcely waited for the reply — the same she had given to the others.

"*English!*" he cried, not being able to conceal his joy, and tossing back his curly light hair away from his young temples. He had blue eyes and a pink and white skin that goes with the healthy English boy of manly sports and clean life. Of late, that fair face had put on a deeper tinge that relegated the boy to the background. But young Herford had retained to this, his twentieth year, the boyish manners all the same, and, seen at his best, was a winning personality. "*English!*" he repeated, louder

still, in a tone to bring upon them the attention of the whole company.

“Be careful in your manner and show her that *you* are English,” said the lieutenant, warningly, “else Mistress Tulley will forego our acquaintance.”

But Anastasia, although she shot a grateful glance for the warning, was quite equal to the punishment of the young offender by herself. “I was about to suggest that,” she said, with such a cool and dignified grace that young Herford wilted miserably, like a whipped schoolboy.

Seeing which, the lieutenant again drew him into the conversation, until, the youth’s evil star being in the ascendency that afternoon, he projected something about the ease with which the final struggle by the Colonists for freedom would be met to their loss. Then he pulled himself up, and with shame burning all over his round young face, elaborately apologized, because, although she was English, it wasn’t safe in these times to assume that she was a Loyalist.

“Don’t trouble yourself,” said Taisie, in clear, high tones. “It’s quite unnecessary to apologize. For my part, I’m glad of every word you say. I’m for King George with all my heart and soul.”

It was well for her that Madam Hancock, in the bustle that the withdrawal of her important

person occasioned in any social function, did not hear this avowal; nor for the same reason did little Mistress Knox. The company, following so illustrious a lead, now broke up. Courtesies were again dispensed most impressively, and hands laid upon hearts. The officers bowed themselves off, leaving the parlor door ajar, within which stood a small group of ladies, Taisie among the number yet remaining.

Ludlow, unlucky, too, in his remarks on this occasion, having, as his neighbor at the punch-bowl had observed, been swallowing too much of that beverage, now swore a mild oath as he aimlessly fumbled for his military cloak among the articles on the mahogany table in the hall. "What beastly head-gear is this?" he cried, fishing up Taisie's hood, and, not supposing for an instant that it belonged to any of the gay company of women, he swung it aloft. "Harmon, did you wear this over your classic brow?"

A young woman, who had been the reigning belle of the afternoon till Anastasia's arrival, now remembered in a flash that she had seen that identical hood on — yes — the very same girl who was so shamefully parading herself off now before them all. It was at old Dr. Mather Byles's Church, and not so very long ago, either. Had she, at discovering this,



stopped an instant to think, the words would have died in her throat; instead, she piped out spitefully from that small group just within the parlor door, "I think, gentlemen, that hood belongs to Miss Tulley."

Like a bombshell the announcement struck in the hall. Ludlow nearly collapsed; the hood falling from his nerveless fingers to the table. The ladies were speechless after craning their necks to get the full effect of the scene, and all eyes were turned upon Taisie.

Her cheek did not flush, and her blue eye was steady. "Yes," she said, and her smile brought out all the dimples and curves into play, "the hood is mine," and now she was in the doorway extending her hand for it, the old flowered muslin sleeve falling away from the slender wrist. "There may be something else about me that Mistress Kemp" — how well the little minx remembered the names of a first introduction — "wants to inform you, but doesn't quite know it. I will tell it now. My father is a maltster from St. Botolph's Town, and we live in a poor little house down on Rawson's Lane."

In the awful pause, Lieutenant Thornton, on the fringe of the circle of officers, set them aside with a quick movement, took up the hood, and advanced to Anastasia, "Permit me to give it into your hand,

Mistress Tulley," he lowered his dark head as to a duchess, "and with its surrender, my high regard goes with it."

But after every other soul had departed, Taisie cried herself into a spasm of distress, in kind Mistress Knox's arms.

## VII

### SIMEON PREPARES FOR WAR

“IT is simply outrageous,” cried little Mrs. Knox, boiling with indignation, “and I shall just go to-morrow as sure as the day dawns, to see Mrs. Stedman and lay it all before her. There — there, child, don’t cry any more,” fondling the bright head on her bosom.

“Who is Mrs. Stedman?” asked Taisie, coming out of her bitter sobbing enough for interest in details.

“Oh, a rich gentlewoman; quite one of us,” said Mrs. Knox, carelessly; “but she’s not going to have that Hannah Kemp, her niece, insulting my friends.” A red spot glowed on either cheek, and her handsome brown eyes snapped. “I shall make it right for you, Anastasia; don’t you fear.”

“Oh, no,” protested Taisie; then she sat quite straight, brushing away the last tear and inspecting the old artificial rose to see if its usefulness was destroyed by the shower. “I can take care of myself, dear Mrs. Knox, thank you.”

“But I can reprimand that saucy, spiteful hussy,

and keep her in her place," said little Mrs. Knox, who by no means dreaded the work.

"I don't want her reprimanded," declared Anastasia, "and I will keep her in her place myself."

Having an opposite effect from what she intended, Mrs. Knox withdrew her offer of assistance; but her busy brain immediately set to work on other means by which she might save from future mortification the life of the one, destined, she could clearly see, to become a reigning power in the social world of Boston Town.

"But how can it be done without good clothes?" she murmured to herself. "A pretty face captivates at first; but, O dear me, a woman has got to dress it well to keep attention. — Anastasia, do you know, I think your coming into my life is just a godsend to me."

"It is to me, at any rate," said Taisie, sitting up now, and all attention.

"As Mr. Knox's wife," said that little woman, complacently smoothing down her paduasoy breadths over the yellow silk petticoat, "I am obliged to look well to my appearance. He is a rising man, Anastasia, and bound to be of great consequence in the Colony when we once have it to ourselves and well in control."

Privately, Anastasia had other views on the

question of its ever becoming necessary, on that ground, to call for Mr. Knox's services, yet this was no reason why she shouldn't turn to the absorbing thing occupying her hostess' mind. "Yes?" she said, something being expected of her.

"As you say, Mr. Knox being such a rising man, it is no more than due that I should study to make a good appearance. I have therefore to observe considerable change in my apparel. Now this paduasoy my father gave me; so he did considerable of my things when I was married. To be sure, Anastasia, he did not want me to marry Harry. I can speak of it freely, for it was town talk. But what woman could see Harry without wanting to marry him!" His little wife drew herself up, swelling with pride. "So I did, my dear, and I throw myself into his work and his cause."

Anastasia thought now was a good time for silence. But no lack of her speech was observed, the little matron being so full of her own desire to talk.

"But as I said, he is a good father, if he was against my Harry; and he gave me many clothes and really as good a setting out as if I had married to his taste. Now there they are up in my wedding chests. Many of them doing nobody any good," declared Mrs. Knox, nervously, as she saw growing

in the blue eyes before her an expression she did not like. "You must share some of them with me, Anastasia," she finished abruptly, throwing her arms about the slight figure.

"Oh, I can't take your wedding clothes, Mrs. Knox," cried Taisie, drawing off.

"I don't mean — did I say my wedding clothes?" cried the small matron with an hysterical little laugh, "of course I don't mean that. My other things that I don't wear now; they are quite done for, I can assure you, for me. But there is a blue silk gown I had, Anastasia; it was for my first ball, and the blue slippers and stockings to match, and a ribbon for my hair. I saved them all," she went on artfully. "The silk is worn in spots, but I couldn't bear to throw it away, it had made me such good times." She drew a long breath in happy remembrance. "If you only would take it all off my hands, and let me see you in it, bringing back my good times to me, I should be so thankful." She stopped in just the right time, hoping and praying that she had not said too much.

"Oh, I couldn't take your clothes," began Taisie; but the voice was weak, and a longing she could not control sprang up into her eyes. She was already revelling in her own reflection, in a sweeping blue silk gown, blue stockings and slippers to match, and a blue ribbon in her hair.

“Come upstairs and see it,” proposed Mrs. Knox, suddenly springing from her chair.

“Well, I might look at it,” said Anastasia, following her over the curving staircase into the room above, when a pretty rummaging was set up that extended long past candle-light, in delights known only to the feminine mind in the absorption over clothes.

The dusk favored Anastasia, when she went home with a big parcel under her arm, that under cover of the dim light she conveyed to the room in the loft devoted to her use. What a trying on the old walls saw that night, when, the household all abed and asleep, Anastasia, by the light of a tallow candle in its tin support, put herself within the various bits of finery, discarded or otherwise urged upon her by her kind friend!

There was the blue silk gown — first in her affections. It fitted her wonderfully, with a taking in about the waist, which she now pinned over. The spots, search for them as she might, were not alarmingly in evidence, and Taisie found herself smiling shrewdly, and touched at the bottom of her vain little heart at the depth of such affection that had given up the gown. The blue silk stockings and slippers that matched, had of course to be tried on. Here the fit was perfect; no foot more like her own

slender one had Taisie ever before seen. She stretched her little white toes, the last stocking being withdrawn, in great satisfaction. Wouldn't she dance, though! She tossed her yellow head at the anticipation, and unable to resist the appeal to her soul, pulled quickly on both stockings and slippers again, and picking up the floating breadths of blue silk, she pirouetted and capered softly over the bare boards till the illusion had ceased, and the dream was dissolved.

"Anyway, it is coming true, and not such a very long time to wait," with a memory for the afternoon. "Oh, I'll keep Hannah Kemp in her place!" she breathed slowly.

The candle guttered down its side long before the girl in the attic room was through with the inspection of her treasures, of which there were several more pieces besides the blue silk gown and its accompanying fittings, even down to the blue ribbon for the hair. At last, with a final sputter, it went out suddenly, leaving Taisie on the floor by the bottom drawer of the big chest, her lap full, and herself not ready for bed.

"Never mind, I can find my nightgown in the dark; and as for my clothes, they are easily off." The precious flowered muslin, albeit smarter things had come to take its place, was viewed with respect



for the afternoon's work it had done. It had been hung carefully, when first taken off, in the niche under the rafters, and after a few moments rustling about by the sense of feeling rather than by sight, Anastasia was in bed, her yellow hair streaming on the pillow, her eyes not to be closed till long after midnight, so excited was the busy brain with the past day, and the work she had laid out for the days to come.

Her brother, Simeon, the next morning at the humble meal, declared that there were rats in the garret, and he was going to make a trap. He could do it — a boy at school had told him, and besides he knew himself; it was as easy as rolling off a log.

"Rats!" repeated Mrs. Tulley, in dismay. "Oh, Simeon, I cannot believe it."

"There are, Mother," Simeon declared stoutly, "I heard 'em last night. They woke me up scrowgin' round, just like this," Simeon made a rattling noise, and then a soft scrubbing on the table that turned Taisie pale with apprehension.

"You'd ought to look scared," said Sim, turning on her; "I guess they were in your room. They might have bit your nose off," he added pleasantly.

"There weren't any rats at all," said Taisie, in scorn. "Mother, Sim is just up to his mischief; and besides, I can take care of 'em if they are in my

room. I guess I'm not afraid of rats," she added, with a superior air.

"That's because you don't see 'em around now," said Sim, wisely; "but let a mouse walk in, and you'd be up all over this table, Taisie Tulley."

"The very idea!" cried Taisie, in anger — "Mother, Sim is too rough and impertinent for anything. Oh, I wish we'd left you in England," she added, spitefully.

"Well, I don't," said Simeon, his chubby face wreathed in smiles, and his upturned nose cocked independently, "and you couldn't have left me, Taisie Tulley, 'cause I wouldn't 'a' stayed. I just love this place; and I'm going to fight for Boston Town. Mother, can't I be a Minute Man? — say, can't I?" He jumped up from his chair at the breakfast table, deserting the rat question, and dashed over to her as she was carrying the dishes to the sink.

"You — a Minute Man — a boy of thirteen! Oh, Sim, don't you talk of fighting!" Her hands trembled, and she could hardly carry the pile of dishes to their destination. The boy seized them immediately.

"All the boys at school are talking of it," he said stoutly, hurrying back from the sink where he dumped them, "and Master Carter says we must prepare for anything that can help our Colony."

“Now, if Master Carter talks war talk, and tries to incite young boys to bloodshed, I shall be sorry your father ever put you at his school,” said Mrs. Tulley, with an anger so new to her gentle nature that Simeon stared in amazement.

“He hasn’t incited us — he doesn’t talk bloody things —” protested the boy; “he only says get ready for what’s coming.”

“Oh, my boy!” Mrs. Tulley suddenly seized him with a convulsive clasp, “don’t, Simeon — let the others talk, and do, and fight; you comfort your mother. I’m sick of hearing of war, and I’m longing for peaceful old England again. Oh, Simeon, if I could but get back there again!”

“Oh, no, I ain’t no Tory,” cracked Grandsir, mumbling over his bowl of corn mush by the warm fireside.

“Mother,” said Simeon, “take my advice.” He was truly a “mother’s boy,” and if there was a being on earth he adored, it was the timid, gentle woman who now held to him so imploringly. “Don’t be scared till the time comes — and then don’t get scared, ’cause ’twill soon be over, maybe. I’m agoin’ to be like other boys and big men. You don’t want me not to be, Mother?” he searched her face anxiously. It hurt his boy soul dreadfully to go against any of her wishes, but he must speak the

truth and have it over with. Fight he would, when the time came. All he most longed for was to have it come right here and now.

“Simeon — Simeon,” she mourned. “Oh, yes,” reluctantly she finished, as she saw the look in his eyes. She was not the first woman who recognizes the fact that her love must be second to a great cause.

“Now — bully for you!” cried Simeon, throwing his young arms around her neck to hug her smartly, “now — hi — de — rum — diddy — *dum — dum — dum!*” Then and there by that clasp, she knew that the compact of never-ending love and sympathy was signed by her boy, and that she held him fast to her heart; though war, ay, even death should come to tear him from her sight.

“Hi — de — dum — diddy — *dum — dum — dum!*” roared Simeon, prancing around the old kitchen, beating an imaginary drum. Then he seized a tin pan from the dresser, and with two wooden spoons made the rafters ring, Grandsir trying to compete from his corner, “I ain’t no Tory,” coming in between the gusts, when the boy’s wind gave out.

Anastasia, up in her room in the attic, was waiting till the boy got off to school. When the final racket ceased, she took her bundle of new things down

the loft stairs and calmly told the whole story to her astonished mother.

When Mrs. Tulley could get her breath, she gave one look at the assortment of Mrs. Knox's pretty clothes spread out on the table; then bestowed on her daughter a long regard. Something in the face that met hers told her that Anastasia was no longer a child, and that it would be useless for her to command.

So she observed the wiser part. She kept silence, folding all her amazement and disapproval, other than that she well knew her face carried, within her heart, and she went about her work with this added trouble to vex her soul. Simeon was bound to go to this dreadful war whenever it should break out, sooner or later; and Anastasia was — yes, she must acknowledge that the thing she had been dreading so long had come true; her daughter was not only a Loyalist, but had gone over to the worship of the rich people of the town who loved money and fine clothes.

“The Lord be with us all,” the poor woman moaned within her pantry, and leaning her head on one of the shelves, her apron to her eyes, she cried silently and long.

Taisie's pretty head was bent so far over her work of altering the waist line in the blue silk gown when

her mother emerged from the pantry, that she didn't observe the red-rimmed eyes or the downcast face.

"And Simeon's rats last night in the attic, Mother, were myself. I tried on my new clothes," she was saying; "so please make him stay out of my room and keep his traps to himself."

But Simeon's busy little brain at this very moment, instead of working as it should have been over one of the "three R's," was engaged in a problem: "Wouldn't it be nice to get Joe Lovering and some of the other boys of Master Carter's school into a scrimmage with that Roger Sheaffe and David Ochterlony, and fellows like them that belong to the Latin School? Hi! — why hadn't I thought of it before. We'll lick the stuffing out of them, and it'll give us practice for the big war with the Britishers." Sim forgot where he was, and pounded his fist on the desk.

The boys looked up; but, worst of all, Master Carter heard, and then saw the red face of the culprit.

"Simeon Tulley, you may come to the desk."

Such a pressing invitation was not to be disregarded; so Simeon was soon before the schoolmaster, who displayed his ferule with a promptitude very unbecoming in Simeon's eyes.

“What were you doing, instead of studying your lesson?” demanded the master. He hated his duty in this instance, although he dearly loved to ferule some of his pupils; for the Tulley boy, in some engaging way of his own that amazed Master Carter, had won his heart. Simeon, always up to his eyes in mischief, was a constant trouble, and one on whom it was necessary to direct a weather eye; but when it came to punishing him, some unexplainable reason held the ferule back. Once, the master had endeavored to bring it down lightly on the stout little hand that never flinched, but his eye, meeting that of a boy on a front bench, watching smartly for just such a thing to happen, he nervously struck heavier than ever; and then he worried about it for many a day after, pretending, in order to make it up to Simeon, not to see his pranks.

On this day, every boy in the schoolroom being fully alive to the noise, there was no chance to avoid the consequences.

“What were you doing?” he cried, in a thin, exasperated voice.

“Nothin’,” said Simeon, cheerfully.

“Hold out your hand. You should have been studying.”

Out flew Simeon’s little brown palm, every blow sending anguish to the schoolmaster’s heart. “Now,

once more, what made you interrupt the school by that noise?" he asked, suspending operations.

"I was thinkin'," said Simeon, as brightly as if his hand didn't smart like everything.

"Thinking? Well, couldn't you do your thinking without making such a disturbance? Pray, what was all this thought about, sir?"

"I was thinkin'," said Simeon, a grin spreading from top to bottom of his chubby face, "of a war — and how me and some of the other boys are goin' to take part in it."

"You poor boy — and I have feruled you!" Master Carter was now overcome by remorse — a future patriot to have his fervor beaten out of him by a school ferule! It was unforgivable! He took Simeon's hand, and stroked it with his nervous fingers, — "Well, Simeon, you may now go to your seat, and be sure that you prepare well for war, that you may fight hard and bravely, whenever it comes."

"Yes, sir," said Simeon, modestly, "me and the other boys will. We'll lick 'em, sir," with which he retired to his seat.

"Say, Joe," — the instant that school was out, Simeon and young Lovering were as usual together. Rapid was the fire of words with which the "Tulley boy" made his comrade to understand the problem worked out instead of one of the "three R's," and



for which his small brown palm was yet tingling. Five other boys, following a grand consultation, were added to the list of the warriors, and these being trailed on their way to their homes, the conspiracy was finally begun. Under the Great Elm on the Common, they were all to meet this evening and hide on the northerly side. Somehow or other, in a mysterious way, only known to himself, one boy had discovered that the two victims, Roger Sheaffe and David Ochterlony, were to pass that way.

But Simeon demurred at this. "I want to fight the bunch," he said, with disfavor.

"Well, keep off, then," said one boy, "and we'll carry out the plan without you."

"But you can't — you've no right," screamed Simeon; "it's my plan, Dick Smith."

"But you've given it to us; it's ours now," said the Smith boy. Pity for the inventor who would meet him in after years!

"Come along, Sim, don't make a fuss," whispered Joe Lovering in his ear. "Sheaffe and Ochky will probably have some other fellows along."

"And if they don't, why, we can pitch into Smith," said Sim, brightening up. "All right, boys," he announced.

"The Great Elm — *the Great Elm* —" the watchword went around among the boys. They all

vowed secrecy, black and blue, and crossed their hearts, yelling and scampering off to wait for the witching hour of night.

“Get out of the way,” screamed some soldiers at them, who narrowly escaped their rough and tumble passage through the narrow lane.

“Get out yourself, Lobster-backs!” yelled the boys, safe from a distant corner, back at them; all but Joseph Lovering. He couldn't forget that little conversation back in Mr. Knox's book-shop.

## VIII

### “SHE’S GOT GRIT AND SPEAKS THE TRUTH”

**B**UT little Mrs. Knox, although she was determined not to meddle in the affair, but to obey Anastasia’s slightest wish, ran over at her earliest opportunity to see Mrs. Stedman, with whom she was on the most friendly terms. When seated, her sewing in her hands, — for gentlewomen in those days were used to keeping fingers well employed, — she desecanted, carelessly leading up to the subject, on the charms of a young girl whose acquaintance she had most fortunately made within the last months.

“I must say fortunately, Madam Stedman,” she emphasized, finishing a brisk stitch, “because in these troublous times, with a good deal of dulness as you must admit falling to our share as ladies who would prefer a steadier round of innocent gayety, Anastasia Tulley is a perfect godsend. She is — ”

“What did you say her name was?” Mrs. Stedman kept her hand in mid air while she peered around her embroidery frame to interrupt.

“Anastasia Tulley,” repeated little Mrs. Knox;

“haven’t you heard of her, Madam Stedman? La! is it possible!” she, too, paused in her work to regard her friend with commiseration.

Now if there was one thing more than another that Mrs. Stedman could, with reason, feel it incumbent upon her to resent, it was that any person of the least distinction should appear in town without her being made aware of the fact. The more distinction that belonged to such an arrival, the added reason why she, Madam Stedman, should be one of the first to make acquaintance.

“And who is she, pray?” she tartly demanded — “this young person whom nobody apparently thought it worth the while to introduce to me.” There was a thinly veiled reproof in this. The bookseller’s wife, being quite in society, and such a good friend, might naturally be supposed to bring all such information, and even to present the young woman herself to the hospitable big mansion known as the Salter Homestead, but now her own residence. She took an angry stitch or two, then seeing they were put in wrong, twitched them out, her vexation in this operation by no means allayed.

“Oh, I am so sorry, my dear Madam Stedman,” the brown eyes innocently widening; “the truth is, I have been so very busy, and — ”

“Yes, I have heard of you. The times may be

troublous, but young and pretty matrons seem to be well employed in such ways as to make them forget an old woman who is somewhat embarrassed by occasional rheumatic twinges that counsel keeping within doors."

"Oh, forgive me, my dear Madam Stedman." Little Mrs. Knox threw down her work, the delicate little cap destined to set atop of her abundant brown hair, and now ran to hang over the embroidery frame in deep contrition. "I'll bring her now — this very day," she added eagerly. "May I — may I?" she begged as the greatest favor. "If you only like her and she passes your approval, my dear Madam Stedman, Anastasia's career will progress mightily." The artful little matron well knew how to enlist admiration for her favorites.

"Yes, it might be well," the older matron, much mollified, unbent to say. And, overcome with curiosity to discover the cause of such admiration on the part of little Mrs. Knox, who was generally supposed to be rather difficult to please, she added quickly, "bring her to supper to-night."

"I will, indeed," promised the bookseller's wife, though with an awful feeling as she reflected, "suppose that Anastasia won't consent to meet that Hannah Kemp!" "Yes, thank you," aloud; "how good of you, dear Mrs. Stedman. I will bring her."

“Hannah will be so pleased;” Madam Stedman was now in a delightful mood. And the work in the embroidery frame went on busily, little Mrs. Knox skipping back to her lace cap, her bosom heavy with conflicting emotions. “Yes, it’s hard enough work to entertain her, and she my sister’s child. It’s a pity to say it, but the truth must be told. I’m sometimes at a loss, my dear Mrs. Knox, to know what is the matter with the girl.”

Mrs. Knox bit her pretty lip. “That Hannah Kemp will sting herself to death sometime like the scorpion, with that nasty temper of hers,” she was saying to herself. But she looked up inquiringly.

“And sometimes I feel rather put upon to have her here to visit once a year. It isn’t a bit like having a young girl in the house, for she doesn’t do or say a mortal thing to amuse me, only, ‘Good morning, Aunt,’ when she dawdles in late to breakfast. ‘Good morning,’ indeed! and Betsey Gibson that frantic, waiting to clear away the breakfast things; it takes me a whole half hour to pacify the woman. Dear me — and I haven’t a child to my name!”

“It’s too bad,” sympathized the little matron.

“But then, I suppose it’s dull for Hannah,” said Madam Stedman. “She’s young, and all she thinks of is clothes, and how to look pretty in them. I told her the other day I should think she’d be ashamed

to look a mirror in the face, she stares at one every minute she gets a chance. I was well-looking, everybody said," and the old lady bridled and tossed her head with its front of brown hair, and the big puffs, from which floated a cap arrangement, fine indeed with its flowing muslin ends, "when I was her age — but I waited for folks to tell me of it, instead of hanging over a looking-glass; except in my own room —" she burst into a laugh at the end, — a comfortable chuckle it was that brought into play her whole rotund body that fairly shook in her chair.

Little Mrs. Knox laughed too. It was so nice to be jolly with such a good soul, and she did mean after this to be more attentive herself to the lonely woman.

"So mebbe it will do Hannah good," Madam Stedman was saying, "to meet another young girl, and make things livelier and more to her taste. She'll be so pleased, I make no manner of doubt."

"Hannah Kemp may be — but how about Anastasia!" groaned Mrs. Knox to herself. O dear! hadn't she made the mistake of her life in attempting to set in motion things that should have been left to themselves.

It was too late now to mend matters. "And if Anastasia won't come, there is always a toothache to be had. It's a simple enough thing to fix, so why worry?"

But Anastasia turned a pleasant and willing blue eye when her visitor, who ran directly down from the Stedman mansion, tremblingly laid the invitation before her.

"I'll go," said the girl, and she smiled.

"You will!" burst out the little matron. "Oh, you good girl — you are the dearest thing — so sensible — O dear me!" Then she burst into a musical little laugh as she studied the blue eye.

"You'll do, Taisie," she said; "I can trust you through it all without any help from me."

"Yes," said Taisie, "I think you can, Mrs. Knox." Then in one of those sudden changes, electrifying to those who thought they knew the girl thoroughly, she threw her arms around the soft white neck and sobbed, "I couldn't do it! I couldn't even have gone anywhere but for you — and I love you!"

"Why, my dear!" little Mrs. Knox kept saying it over and over in a mechanical way, she was so dumfounded. Was this the cold, self-contained little beauty whose repose of manner was so perfect, it was a constant reproach to an emotional outbreak? Yes, of course it was, for before the small matron had arrived at the stage of patting the slender back, Anastasia was herself again, and standing straight before her, a being on whom no one would ever think of bestowing such a familiarity. But she



knew, and Mrs. Knox had the comfort of perceiving the truth also, that the friendship cemented by this interchange was never to be broken.

Behold the supper table then in the Stedman mansion that night, with its dazzling array of cut glass and silver, its smoking hot dishes, and its elaborately trimmed cold ones; its roast fowl and its cold ham and jellies, preserves and cakes: it was a brave sight, and it spoke well for the comfortable state of Boston Town citizens, in all material things. Madam Stedman, presiding at the end of the mahogany board, shining till its surface rivalled the silver spread along its length, was in one of her best brocades. "For who knows who this young woman is?" she said to Betsey Gibson, who always came up to help dress her mistress for special occasions. "She may be from a high circle in England. I forgot to ask Mrs. Knox for further particulars. At any rate, Lucy sets by her a great store, and Lucy Flucker —" Madam Stedman always called her young matrons who were her good friends by their maiden names, "knows what's what, so I must dress up to her. Yes, Betsey, the best lace cap, with the pink ribbons. You stupid woman! no not that one — there, that's right. Come along, it must be nearing six o'clock and I ought to be in the drawing-room this minute. No, I don't want your help down the stairs. Thank the

Lord my rheumatism has let up to-day. So get along, Betsey, and tend to the table and your own matters."

Betsey, the wife of a British soldier, glad enough in any times, and especially in these troubled ones, to serve the kind-hearted and liberal mistress of this mansion, picked out the folds of the stiff brocade and hovered over the placing of the fine cap, till Madam Stedman turned on her. "Get along with you, Betsey, and stop your picking at me. You make me as nervous as a witch. And do take your eyes back into your head, woman, or they'll escape you entirely. One would think you had never seen any decent gown before." But she was well pleased at the sensation she made.

"Lord save us, Mistress," cried Betsey Gibson, clasping her hands; "you do make the picture, though! I wish the King himself could see you."

"Get along with you," cried Madam Stedman. This time she meant it, and Mrs. Gibson clattered off, declaring to the last she never saw such a picture, and that King George was to be pitied to have no view of it.

One would have supposed that Hannah Kemp, secure in the drawing-room of her aunt, might have gone with a better grace through the encounter with the little maid who owned the hood, on this, their

first meeting after that episode, when they must really speak.

The blue silk with the "silk stockings and slippers to match," and the blue ribbon, had met Miss Kemp's envious eyes on one or two occasions, for Anastasia, as we have said, was getting into Boston Town society. And Mrs. Stedman's niece had voiced (this time in a private way) her opinion that it didn't look very well for a poor girl to be spending every cent her father could probably earn as a maltster, on her own back; remarks that had somehow come back to Taisie, in that inexplicable way that such pleasant things eventually do turn up.

But Anastasia on this night, in the softened glare of the tall candles and the shining reflection of the polished silverware, showed on her sunny face not a hint that such a syllable was ever acquired by her. She sat straight in the high-backed chair, this time not in the blue silk, but in a rose-colored paduasoy, the glow of her pretty color, that matched it well, the dimples and curves of her young face, and the happy look in her blue eyes, all thrown back in the long mirror opposite, till Madam Stedman often paused in the midst of the hospitalities of the meal, spellbound, to watch the girl. This so enraged Hannah Kemp, sitting opposite in a yellow silk, her best gown, that usually set off her dark beauty, — for Hannah was well-

avored, — that she could scarcely swallow a morsel. Nothing looked well on her to-night, she could see that in the mirror too, for there was one at either end of the long apartment. Little, and thin, and shrunken, she seemed to be, her face growing darker and more homely each moment, till she was ready to dash her plate to the floor and fly from the room, she was so bursting with spleen.

Meanwhile the little matron of the supper party was in a great state of delight, attired in one of her prettiest gowns; one she had intended displaying a good deal this season, the rose-colored paduasoy, now making such a brave show at this same table. For the blue silk having done enough to earn itself a little rest, she had ripped apart enough to serve her purpose on this newer offering, and fairly made Anastasia take it. Little Mrs. Knox was for once careless of what she had on. It was good to see her young protégée's face, and watch the second act of the scene begun in her own drawing-room.

Meanwhile Anastasia chattered on blithely, most of the time to Madam Stedman; and the old lady, out of her head almost with joy at the young creature's attention, mentally vowed to do everything she could by way of paying court to the little beauty. She had given her in imagination half her worldly possessions by the time that they rose from the table and withdrew to the big drawing-room.

Hannah Kemp scowled, and bit her lip until she could have screamed with the pain, as Madam Stedman, on slowly getting out of her carved high-backed chair, turned to her young guest, and said, "Give me your arm, my dear, and help an old woman." And Anastasia, with no apparent eye for the scowl which she saw perfectly well, devoted herself, arm and all, to the service of the hostess, her sunny head bending deferentially to listen to the somewhat long-winded observations that generally emanated from Madam Stedman's lips when she really opened conversation.

"Now you must come and sit by me," she said, as they slowly sailed down the spacious apartment to its farther end. "And tell me all about yourself. You are the very prettiest creature I ever saw, my dear, and I don't mind telling you so, for you are as modest as you are beautiful."

But all this planning on the good lady's part came to naught. Betsey Gibson was this very moment ushering in, with very impressive gestures, the tall, slender figure of a young officer in his Majesty's service.

Taisie felt his piercing eyes long before he reached Mrs. Stedman's chair, and she trembled with a delight hard to conceal as he made his way down the long apartment past the other two ladies, simply

bowing to Miss Kemp, but pausing before the daughter of the Secretary of the Province, for whose many talents, lively wit, and general attractiveness he had great admiration. At last he was in front of her, and paying his respects to the mistress of the mansion, then bowing low over Anastasia's hand. And soon chairs were all drawn up around Madam Stedman, who found herself, greatly to her satisfaction, the centre of the small court of her five guests paying deference to her, though in reality it was the yellow-haired girl who held sway.

But to linger for a long evening after an invitation to supper was not the prevailing custom; and little Mrs. Knox, wisely deciding it to be best that the departure of her protégée should be accompanied by regret, made the move to go. Lieutenant Thornton begged to be allowed the privilege of seeing the ladies home.

"Not to take you away!" cried the small matron, raising her pretty hands in protest, she was so sure it was a certain thing that he would go.

But as if no more need be said about it, the young British officer was quietly bowing low to the hostess. "I thank you, Madam, for the extreme courtesy of your invitation the other evening to supper."

"But you didn't come," cried the old lady in pique, "and I assure you, Lieutenant, I was quite put out by it. Wasn't I now, Hannah?"

“I believe so, Aunt,” said the girl, too angry at everything to conceal a spiteful little gleam of the dark eyes.

Lieutenant Thornton smilingly said, apparently noticing naught else but the kind attention of the invitation, “It was my loss, I assure you, Madam. Pray accept my regrets — I have come now to make them.”

He stood there tall and slender and erect, — quite as if the matter must be accepted as he wished. Anastasia felt her heart throb, and quite in accord with the old lady, who said with a little chuckle, “Oh, it must be as you say. I accept your apology. You always have your way, I suppose.” And the two ladies homeward bound were presently cloaked and bonneted, Betsey Gibson bringing the things in, perfectly elated at the prospect of putting them on.

The Lieutenant possessed himself of a portion of her armful that she relinquished unwillingly, in duty bound, attending to the needs of the small matron first. “That leaves me a part I like right well,” was the remark of Madam Stedman, and she actually came down the drawing-room length, seized Taisie’s pretty cloak of dark grey stuff, and proceeded to lay it over her shoulders.

“Oh, Madam!” Anastasia drew back, her soft eyes protesting.

"Turn around, child," commanded the old lady, "for I shall stand here until you do, and this cloak is somewhat heavy. Verily, it has good stuff in it," she added approvingly.

"In that case, I must yield," said Taisie, with a merry little laugh, that rang out clear and sweet over the big dismal drawing-room, and allowing the cloak to be settled on her shoulders.

"That's right, my dear," cried Madam Stedman, adjusting it to her satisfaction, "and believe me, I am the one to feel honored in being allowed to assist Beauty." With that, she gave a little tap to the soft cheek, then stood quite still, lost in admiration as the girl drew on her hood.

It was as far removed from the poor little hood tucked under the articles on Mrs. Knox's mahogany hall table as a hood could be. This one had been quilted by Taisie's own fingers out of some white silk bits culled from the generous pieces of Mrs. Knox's "rag bag," as she had laughingly called it, and finished by the plaitings of an old satin ribbon washed and pressed, and then wrought into shape. To go around the edge, there was a bit of fur where the girl had wished there was more; to complete the gap, she had thrust in the same artificial rose that had done duty on her first entrance into society. The whole thing would have been nothing



to call a success on any other head. When it framed Anastasia's, it was enchanting, and Madam Stedman raised her hands and said, "Give me a kiss, my dear, to dream of to-night, that Beauty kissed me."

And so they went off, and the old lady sighed as she stood in the middle of the big drawing-room, now so dismal again. "Well, niece Hannah, that girl is the most charming creature! I must ask Mrs. Knox where she came from in old England. Of the highest family, I have no doubt. Who can she be?"

"I can tell you, Aunt, if you really want to know," said Hannah Kemp in a thin, high, rasping voice.

"You?" Madam Stedman sank heavily into a chair. She was all tired out now that the reaction had come. "How do you know anything about it, and why in this world didn't you tell me before?" — all in one breath.

"Because you didn't ask me," said Hannah, coldly, answering the last question. Then she added, "She said so herself —"

"Said what?" demanded her aunt, sharply. "What a tiresome girl you are, Hannah."

"She is the daughter of a maltster, and as poor as anything, and lives over in a miserable little house on Rawson's Lane —"

Madam Stedman puffed as if she were going into an asthmatic fit, then came to, to query faintly, "How do you know this dreadful thing?" in a series of gasps.

"She said so herself. I've just told you," cried Hannah, triumphantly. "Oh, Aunt Stedman, haven't you been taken in and done for!" she cackled unpleasantly.

"Did that girl say deliberately that her father was a maltster, that she was poor, and lived in a little house on Rawson's Lane?" demanded Madam Stedman, sitting quite erect and breathing clearly as any one.

"Yes," cried Hannah in great glee, mistaking her manner.

"Then I admire her more than ever," stoutly declared the old lady. "First her beauty took my eye; then I say she's a girl after my own heart, for she's got grit and speaks the truth. I'm going to bed; Betsey Gibson must extinguish the candles right away. Good night."

## IX

### A COMBAT SMALL BUT MIGHTY

“**I** SAY now, ye’ve got to come into this with me, or I’ll inform of some things ’tain’t healthy for you to remember.”

The other man was tall and square-shouldered, but he shook perceptibly.

“Ye’ll incriminate yourself,” he said slowly, his face darkening with venom.

“That’s my lookout. I’ll make you dance, Isr’el Hodder, unless you jine me now. It’s easy as rollin’ off a log, an’ no more danger o’ gettin’ caught than there is o’ us bein’ good patriots.” At this exquisite joke he laughed, exhibiting a set of yellow fangs that served as teeth. “You’re one on the sly to be sure,” he added contemptuously, expectorating a generous amount of tobacco juice on the road, “go to old Cooper’s Church, don’t you, an’ sing psalms with the rest o’ the beggarly crew — O my!” he shut up one of his little eyes to squint at the clouds overhead, while the corners of his mouth drew down in a sanctimonious curve.

“Shut up, Judkins!” roared Israel Hodder at him.

Perhaps he had gone too far, Judkins reflected. At any rate, he pulled his face into its usual expression, and unclosed his exasperating eye; but he returned to the business in hand with all the more alacrity for this concession.

"You've got to jine me!" he declared again, this time with a determination not to be misunderstood.

"It's a miserable idea you've got in your head," snarled Israel Hodder, "to bother with those boys. What do you care what they do or say, — a lot of rampageous children!"

"Never you mind about expressin' of your opinion, Neighbor Hodder," said Mr. Judkins, "*my* mind is made up. I'm a-goin' to settle with them boys now once an' for all, if I swing for it," he declared under his breath. "That Lovering chap is the wust and th' leader, an' I'll tackle him fust while you've got to help with th' others. Oh, we'll give 'em Kingdom come!" he slapped his dirty hands together in delight at the joys he saw before him.

"Yes, an' what good'll it do? Other boys'll spring up an' treat you worse than ever," said Mr. Hodder, using the only argument he could see that held any possibility of utility.

"No, they won't," contradicted Mr. Judkins, grimly, "when I get through with this lot of 'em, I guess there ain't no more o' 'em a-comin' for Myles

Judkins. Say," he plucked his neighbor by the arm, and whispered in his ear, "I'm a-goin' to see that Lovering imp o' Satan fairly *in th' hands o' th' soldiers* this time, so safe an' tight, for disturbin' of the peace, there can't no Henry Knox — blast him — nor nobody else, raise a row an' bring th' town round my ears."

Mr. Israel Hodder shifted his big feet uneasily, and glanced with apprehension at the scowling face convulsed with hate, while the hands of the man before him clenched at his side.

"See here, now, Judkins," he began, "this won't do. I'm a law-abiding citizen, and —"

"*You — a law-abidin' citizen!*" cried Myles Judkins. Then he threw back his shock of coarse black hair and laughed immoderately.

"Stop — man!" Israel Hodder grasped his arm and shook it in terror.

"When I see a joke," said Mr. Judkins, feebly, and wiping his eyes with the back of his hand, "I can't help but laugh. You must excuse me, Mr. Hodder."

"Of course I'm willing to join you," said Mr. Hodder, nervously, looking around on all sides, — the laugh was so hearty, — "but you take me so sudden, neighbor. Well, what is the plan, and how do you want it done?"

“Now you talk sense, Neighbor,” said Myles Judkins, coming out of his amusement to business. “I’ve found out — never mind how — what a gang of them boys are goin’ to do to-night. I can find out things, can’t I, Isr’el?” He poked his neighbor in the ribs, much pleased to see the discomfiture this caused.

“The Lord knows you can!” declared Mr. Hodder, fervently. Which declaration almost sent Myles into another fit of amusement, but he checked it, and went on to the further unfolding of his plan.

“You see, — Lord! what a set o’ fools boys can be, — they are goin’ to plan to hide, as many as can get in to th’ hole in th’ Great Tree. An’ they’re a-goin’ to lie in wait for — who do you think? — why, Roger Sheaffe and th’ Ochterlony fellow.”

“No!” whistled Israel Hodder, incredulously.

“Yes, they be. Ain’t they fools? They’ve took a dislike to th’ high an’ mighty airs o’ them two Latin School boys, an’ besides, they say they’re Loyalists, so they’ve planned to go for ’em to-night.”

“Why don’t you inform on ’em, and get ’em took up in the act?” suggested Mr. Hodder, his eye brightening at such a chance of escape from the job.

“Because,” and Myles indulged in an oath, “I’m a-goin’ to have it out myself with that Joe Lovering imp o’ Satan, I tell you. No, sir, this is *my* job. I

wouldn't lose it for nothin'." His face darkened again and his fists doubled up, while Israel Hodder's hopes collapsed.

"An' we — you an' I are goin' to be on hand before that pretty event comes off. I mean, we'll take it up bright an' early — them two Latin School boys ain't a-goin' through th' Common till eight o'clock. We'll do it all up smart by that time. Now you just leave Joe Lovering to me — he's to be one of 'em hidin' in th' Tree, ready to pounce on th' two boys, then they're to whistle for th' rest o' the gang who'll pitch into th' scrimmage — Lord, what a boy's plan!" he grinned in derision.

"I should say so," Israel Hodder joined in, "and then to go for those two aristocratic chaps. What in thunder are they thinking of?"

"Nothin'," said Mr. Judkins. "Boys don't think; they just pitch in, no matter what foolhardy, crazy thing is afloat. Well, in this case, it's good fer my plan that there ain't no great amount o' brains displayed by this gang." Then ensued a few directions given in the plain way peculiar to Myles Judkins, and the worthy pair separated.

Simeon Tulley could hardly eat any supper that night. His bowl of corn mush and milk, usually despatched so rapidly that the bottom of the receptacle was brought to view while he held it out for

more, was now scarcely touched. His mother viewed him with concern.

"Why, Simeon," she cried anxiously, scanning his chubby face, — it had all its accustomed ruddy glow, yet he might be going to break out with some, as yet, hidden disease; perhaps smallpox, the dread of the Colonists, — "don't you feel well?"

Simeon wriggled his stubby figure on the hard wooden chair. "Yes, I'm awful well, Mother," he made haste to declare in his most positive manner, an alarmed eye on the big physic bottle in its conspicuous place on the kitchen shelf — "I am truly, Mother, I am!" as she also directed her gaze to the same object.

"Well, eat your supper then," said Mrs. Tulley.

Simeon fell to at once on the contents of the pewter bowl, tucking away the spoonfuls so fast as he crammed them into his wide mouth, that it was at least a good semblance of a fine appetite, and his mother turned away quite satisfied.

The father had sat by at the family board, absorbed as he was all the time nowadays, and abstractedly disposing of his own meal. Mrs. Tulley sighed, as she had done many times through these past months. Job was so different. Always a silent man, he yet had been observant, sometimes to a painful degree, of the doings of his family. The two children had



habitually been obliged to walk straight and be careful of father's eye; while the boy particularly had experienced hard lines. If it hadn't been for the mother, Job would at times have been too severe with him. Now he scarcely noticed them; and this life of freedom from the restraint of the old days in St. Botolph's Town wasn't good for either of them. Her reverie was broken by the sound of Mr. Tulley pushing back his chair.

"Going out, Job?" she asked the question, as she had asked it so many evenings, to receive the same answer.

"Yes," this was all. He was more taciturn than ever, and more wrapped up in the patriotic Cause that had enthralled him in the old English life, and brought him hither. She did not dare to look ahead to a future that, knowing him, could hold only misery for them all. She well knew her husband would be in the thick of the conflict, whenever it should come. She shivered, and drew the little woollen shawl tighter across her bosom, as he went out hastily and closed the door.

Taisie looked quickly at her mother and scanned the suffering face. "Oh, it's wicked of father," she exclaimed in indignation, and stamping her pretty foot, "to go on so and lose his head over these dreadful people who are against King George!"

"Taisie — Taisie!" remonstrated Mrs. Tulley, quite shocked.

"Well, it is, Mother," the girl turned on her with pink cheeks. "What business is it of ours what they want — why can't father work at his trade and be contented?"

"That he never can be unless he's on the right side," said the mother, with a sigh, "and it is what he's been preparing for through long years, and what he came to this Boston Town to help forward, as you know quite well."

"And all through that dreadful Parson Witherbee!" exploded the girl. "He is the really wicked one to set father against the King."

"Oh, my daughter!" cried Mrs. Tulley, frightened nearly to death, "if your father should hear you!"

"He wouldn't notice me," said the girl, indifferently; "he doesn't seem to see us at all, nowadays."

"Well, I will, then," Simeon cried it out in a loud, indignant tone. His supper at last disposed of, he was slipping off, glad of the diversion, but he couldn't help stopping in the doorway to fling this at her as the only man in the house, in his father's absence, should do. "And you're an awful wicked girl, Taisie Tulley, an' I'm ashamed that you're my sister. I guess Tom Horne won't have anythin' to say to you when he comes, 'cause he thinks just exactly as

Parson Witherbee does. So do I!" he declared, slapping his stout little chest with one small fist. Then he slammed the door hard and was off, unwilling to see his mother's face at this onslaught.

Taisie pushed back her chair, opened her indignant mouth, then with another look at her mother, she shut it tight and fled precipitately over the stairs to the attic.

"Tom Horne, indeed!" she raged to herself, flinging wide the bureau drawer when once, the door quite fast, she was alone in her own little room. And seizing the little brocade pincushion, wet with many of the earlier tears of the separation, and cried over afterwards at long intervals for her neglect of it, she threw it in a moment of passion to the further corner. "If he is silly enough, — for it's true what Simeon says, — when he gets here, to throw himself into this wicked struggle, he shan't be a friend of mine."

She clasped her hands over her panting bosom and paced up and down the small room. "But he won't stay long in the Cause," — a smile relaxed the bitter indignation that drew such hard lines across the dimples and curves, and she paused, leaning her elbows on the old bureau top, to scan very closely the reflection in the cracked looking-glass. "No, Tom will be my good friend," she drew a long breath, even forgetting the other face so constant in her dreams, that

went with the tall, slender figure of an officer of the British army. Her memory was at this moment too busy, back in the old days, now possessing her heart. She ran over to the corner of the room, where the little cushion had fallen, picked it up to pat it tenderly and lay it against her soft cheek. Then she replaced it in the drawer, and giving another long glance in the looking-glass, she said radiantly, "Tom won't even care to stay with the Rebels. He will belong to me and to King George."

Simeon impelled himself so fast by his righteous indignation, that he was at the meeting place quite a bit before Joe.

"We've got to wait for Billy Badger," said Joe, while Simeon was fuming at the delay; "he's th' other one to hide in th' Tree, you know, besides you an' me."

"Hush!" warned Simeon, on the alert for dangerous ears.

"Who's goin' to hear?" sniffed Joe Lovering. "I didn't know you were a 'fraid cat, Sim Tulley."

"I ain't a 'fraid cat," resentfully cried Simeon, doubling up his small fists. Then they fell to his sides. After all, it was Joe, too good a comrade, never minding the danger of any mischievous exploit, to fight with now. Besides, here just ahead of them, was that grand plan to be worked out, to ex-

hibit at one and the same time the more heroic qualities of Master Carter's boys over those of the Latin School, while the two aristocratic young Loyalists were to be taught a lesson.

Billy Badger, chosen by all the others in the conspiracy as the one working in easily as a third in any dangerous enterprise set going by Joe and Simeon, now putting in an appearance, they all ran off, and as soon as they could cover the distance, the Great Tree had them literally in its embrace.

The boys within the old Elm were perfectly familiar with the "Big Hole," and its capacity. Here the same three often talked over with bated breath their secrets, considered much more impressive and hair-raising than when aired in a house of man's building. And here they now listened, wedged in with personal discomfort, for the approach of the rest of the conspirators who were to whistle softly as they passed to their agreed position, to be ready for the shrill call to their brethren who would by this time be in the thick of the fight. But their strained ears failed to catch any such sound, for the very good reason that two determined figures skulking behind a neighboring tree had suddenly jumped out at these four boys and scared them so that they all took to their heels, not stopping till homes and beds were reached.

"So, far, so good," Myles Judkins laughed softly;

“those little white-livered varmints are easily disposed of. Now for th’ others. I’m crazy to get my hands on that Joe!”

He sauntered off, pulling his neighbor Hodder along in the direction of the Big Elm, being careful to go back of it with no chance of being viewed from the Hole. Then he gave a low whistle, “There they are!” cried Simeon in a smothered voice, and digging Joe in the ribs.

“Why don’t they come in front, I wonder,” said Joe, in a puzzle at such a queer management of the plan, “so we can see ’em.”

“Never mind,” said Sim, impatiently, “so long as they are here at all. Now, says I, all we’ve got to do is to wait for those Tories.”

With that, all six ears were pricked up. Down over the Common, close to the hiding-place, was now to be heard the tread of the ones so ardently longed for. At least every boy within the Big Hole was dead sure of it. Especially as at this moment the voice of one of them sang out, “This way, Roger,” as they drew close to the Tree.

Simeon put his fingers in his cheeks and gave an ear-splitting whistle, then plunged out head over heels on top of Joe, who had the to-be-envied first place at the exit. Billy came flopping after; a valiant third, to see, as soon as they could distinguish

anything, the leader kicking and struggling to batter with his hard little fists a big, furiously angry man with a horrible face, distorted with passion, who clung fast to him.

Simeon, at that, went wild with rage. He flung himself free from a second man, tall and square-shouldered, but whose grip was light, and precipitated his stubby little body upon Joe's assailant, while Billy grappled and fought; but the tall man held to him.

Simeon's hard little body made several unpleasant impressions in the big man's stomach; but the small fists, much harder, could not reach high enough to render the execution their owner longed for.

"I've got you now, Joe Lovering!" hissed the man, "just where I've been wanting you for a good spell. I'll attend to you," to Simeon, "afterward."

"You let him go!" roared Simeon, whirling around to butt in whenever the two struggling figures left a space exposed on the big body. For Joe, recognizing that the fight of his life was upon him, gave his captor all the exercise he wanted; yet the game was almost up, and the boy nearly at the last gasp, when Simeon let out a yell that seemed as if it must reach to the troops at the Castle Fort, and the next instant, two persons rushed up tumultuously, flinging themselves into the very thick of the battle. They were Roger Sheaffe and David Ochterlony.

## X

### TOM HORNE

“SOMEbody is in trouble,” Roger had cried, dashing off to the scene of the yell; “come on, David!”

David might be aristocratic, too, and prefer a slower and more elegant gait, till at least he knew whether or no it was a common street rabble that caused the cry. But where Roger went, there he must be.

“Maybe it’s some Latin School boys,” tossed back Roger over his shoulder. Away flew the two boys at that, eager for the fray.

Yes, it was! Young Sheaffe was positive he could distinguish the arms and legs of his schoolmates, though how that was possible when they were flying so, was not a question occurring to him at this time.

He rushed by Billy, who apparently had no more than he could attend to, and although two boys were tackling the other man, it was hard lines, especially for one of them, Roger could see. The man was a ruffian. Without an instant’s delay, Roger leaped forward and dealt him a stinging blow on his ugly face.



Stunned, the assailant loosened his hold. Simeon, although some deliverance had come, continued perseveringly to butt into the man's lower regions, and young Ochterlony dashing in, the game was all up, so far as any victory to Myles Judkins was concerned.

When he saw, however, who the deliverers were, he fairly howled with joy; and clutching Joe's collar, the boy's white face wobbling unconsciously over it, he redoubled his grasp — "Well, now, that *is* luck!"

Simeon, who had realized nothing except that deliverance had come, continued his butting. Now he turned, took one look, — then gasped, — not with fright, but astonishment.

"You little thought, boys," said Myles Judkins, leering in the greatest enjoyment at this unexpected turn, "what you was a-comin' to, when these 'ere young gents should walk in. Now, sir," most obsequiously to Roger, with a propitiating glance at the Ochterlony youth, "perhaps you'll be good enough to lend a hand to help me to get this bad boy to the lawful authorities to deal with."

"Unhand him, first," commanded Roger, tossing back the wavy hair from his forehead; "why, he's nearly dead," as Joe sank helplessly to the ground as soon as the dreadful grip was withdrawn.

"Oh, no, he's only shammin'," contradicted Jud-

kins, "if you'd a seen how he pitched into me, sir, when I was a-comin' peaceablelike acrost th' Common here, — I'm the one that's hurt," then he felt of his stomach; that really did give him twinges.

"What's he been doing?" cried Roger, bending with concern over the limp figure and white face on the grass. Simeon, lost to his amazement and everything else, had thrown himself by Joe's side, and was rubbing his hands and imploring him to get up.

"You wouldn't ask if you knew what he an' th' rest of 'em was a-goin' to do to *you*, and to *him*," Myles Judkins pointed a dingy finger to David. As Billy came bounding up, Judkins quickly shifted his gaze to search over the boy's shoulder for Neighbor Hodder. But he might have spared himself that trouble; that gentleman having expressed disapproval of the affair, was now putting it into effect, by increasing the distance between himself and Mr. Myles Judkins and all his present concerns.

This was a serious matter to the last-named personage. Israel was valuable to corroborate his statements. Myles ground his yellow snags. Nevertheless, he had capital enough to serve him well; and it would go hard with Master Carter's boys against their rivals in the Latin School. So he told the whole story in his own way. Simeon, almost out of his wits over Joe, was in no condition to notice

anything else, but Billy squared himself and stood straight. "You lie!" he said at every sentence or two. The main truth, however, was not to be denied. They stood convicted of the plan and purpose to give it to the two Latin School boys.

"He's dead," howled Simeon, in an agony, pawing the air with his brown little hands.

"No, I'm not," Joe Lovering opened his eyes. When they rested on Myles Judkins, he scowled. The pain was pretty bad, but he'd give all he possessed for a chance go at the villain, especially now that Billy was free and there were two helpers come to their relief. "Oh, how I could help to lick him now! They'll have all the fun, —" he mourned. Then he rolled his eyes and took in Roger and David. "Oh, Great Whickets!" he cried, and wished he really were dead.

When it was all out, the two Latin School boys looked at each other a minute, — then silently turned to regard the other three.

"Is that so?" demanded Roger Sheaffe.

"Not the lies," spoke up Billy, promptly.

"Did you plan to pitch into us?" Roger whirled around on Simeon, ready for consideration of the present predicament now that Joe was coming round all right.

"Yes," said Simeon, bobbing his stubby brown

head. "And it was my plan; and then I got the other boys to come into it."

Joe rolled over on the grass and opened his eyes. He wasn't so badly used up that he could lie there and let Sim take all the blame. Those two Latin School boys were ever so much older, and awful fighters. "We all wanted to help; I did awfully," he said.

Roger tore off his gaze from the chubby face and looked down at him.

"Seems to me *you've* had about enough," he said.

"No, I haven't," Joe screwed up his face in distress, "only if you'll just wait till I can get ready."

"I'll wait," said Roger, calmly. Ochterlony said nothing. It was impossible to tell what were his thoughts.

"Oh, Joe isn't going to fight," screamed Simeon, in an agony of apprehension. "There are two of us. Come on, Billy," and he rolled up his sleeves.

"Let's end this cussed nonsense," broke in Myles Judkins, familiarly, a sense of political sympathy binding the Latin School boys to him. "Now, then, sir," to Roger Sheaffe, "if you'll just put your hand under this 'ere chap's shoulder, we'll take him where he belongs, — I can swear he was goin' to lay into you and th' other gent."

"You touch that boy," said Roger in a low voice, —

but it was awfully distinct, "and I'll knock your blackguard head from your shoulders."

He might be only a Latin School boy, and at first sight, easy to contend with; but he was a match for any one, with his determined face and his muscles of steel. "Myles Judkins, I know *you!* This town knows you, and — "

"I'm a Tory," whimpered Myles, springing back, really afraid of the young indignant spirit, "th' same's you, an' I serve King George most faithful."

"Don't you dare to say you are a Tory," blazed the angry young Bostonian, "nor class yourself with the Loyalists. You are a villain, Myles Judkins; a mean, contemptible villain, and no decent man wants you in this town. Tory, indeed, — now start! If any harm comes to him," he pointed to Joe, now raising himself on his elbow to stare at the whole proceeding, "I'll know whom to hand over to justice." It wasn't necessary to tell Myles Judkins the second time to start, — he was already well across the Common at the rate of ten miles an hour.

"Well — "

Simeon kept his fists ready; so did Billy arrange his in fighting order, supposing their time had come.

"Why don't you begin?" said Sim at last, as all four, with Joe on the grass, stood staring at each other.

"Begin what?" asked Roger, echoed by David.

"Why, to pitch in. Of course you're going to try to lick us," said Simeon.

"I don't know about that," said Roger, cheerfully. Down went Simeon's fists in astonishment. Billy still waved his. It wasn't best to trust those Latin School fellows too much.

"I don't see that we've got to fight you all," said David after a pause. "It seems to me it's only fair for you, Sim Tulley, as you've proposed the plan, that you should take the medicine. Isn't that so?" turning to Roger.

"I think so," said Roger, coolly. Simeon turned his chubby, freckled face up to the sky. For one awful moment, mother and home went flashing before his gaze, — but he was to be a Minute Man, and could he show the white feather now?

"Come on," he said, bringing his gaze down, and squaring off with a white face, — "one at a time, — clear the way, Billy. I'm going to lick Roger Sheaffe first."

Instead, Roger Sheaffe's arms held him. "Look out, Sim! Come on, David, let's reason with this chap. He's up to his eyes in gore, and he wants our blood. We aren't going to fight, Tulley." David rushed up, while Billy at this dropped his fists.

"What are you goin' to do?" gasped Simeon.

“Nothing but shake hands,” said Roger, getting his long, slender fingers somehow within the chubby ones. “Hulloa, — we’ve got to get him on to his pins, and help him home —” hurrying over to Joe. There was the rumble of some rising commotion along Paddock’s Mall and advancing toward them.

It was enough to break up all the stiffness of their present relations, by warning the whole group that they were best away from the spot. Accordingly, Joe was hoisted up, and Roger and Sim literally joining hands, as did David and Billy, the victim of Myles Judkins’s vengeance was borne off, the two Latin School boys positively insisting that they should help to carry him to his very door.

Trying to avoid the crowd gathering along Paddock’s Mall, they found themselves in the midst of another running to the spot.

“What is it?” cried Roger, as they worked their way along; everybody was so excited they didn’t see a boy evidently hurt who was being carried home.

“Oh, that miserable skunk of a Judkins!” shouted one man, not slackening his speed.

“Tory — Tory — Judkins!” came from a dozen throats.

“Now, I call that summary judgment,” said David. “Hear that, Sim Tulley?”

Simeon, more intent on getting Joe safely home

than anything else, hadn't heard. Nor Billy either, for the same reason. "What is it?" he roared.

The nearest man in the flying wedge formed by the crowd yelled out, "Tory Judkins, — an' they're goin' to duck him in th' Horse Pond."

"Let's go an' see it!" yelled Sim, wild with delight; "Joe's just got to see it! We mustn't let him miss it for anything!"

So instead of being carried home to recruit, Joe and his body-carriers were turned about to get as fast as they could to the scene of the great lark of punishing the low-down, notorious man, who shamed the ranks of the high-class and respectable Tories by calling himself one of them.

Meantime, hurrying away from all possible chance of meeting any of the crowds, a tall, quiet man, turning a corner, suddenly came face to face with a younger figure. He was sturdily built, with a determined mouth, and a keen, penetrating eye. He set that now on the abstracted countenance of the man with whom he had narrowly escaped colliding. Then he thrust out his hand. "Mr. Job Tulley!"

Called out of his abstraction, it took Mr. Tulley some minutes to realize that Tom Horne was clinging to him, with the grip that told volumes; that he had just arrived that day from St. Botolph's Town, and that he was now on his way to seek Mr. Tulley's



advice how to make his living, and be of service in this new country.

“For I’ve only my hands to support me,” said Tom, simply; “but they are strong — thank God —”

“You’ve not run away from the old town, Tom?” asked Mr. Tulley. Although he had longed for such a valiant helper as he knew Tom would make, and his dark eyes shone now with delight that the lad was really before him, still it must be in the praiseworthy way that he had come, before he could give him good welcome.

The next moment he was ashamed of his suspicion.

“Can you think it?” cried Tom, recoiling. “No, my father, — ”

“He gave his consent?” cried Mr. Tulley, in amazement.

“My father is dead,” said young Horne, gravely.

Job Tulley, although there was no bond of friendship between Zebedee Horne and himself, could not escape the shock of the news. Yet what, after all, was there to mourn over? Tom was now free to throw in his splendid young life to the good of the Colony. “Just when we most need him,” reflected Mr. Tulley. Yet one thing puzzled him. Tom had just spoken of having nothing but his two hands to depend upon. Zebedee Horne was by all accounts a very rich man, and the lad was his only son. Mr.

Tulley, contrary to his usual lack of inquisitiveness, longed to ask the meaning of the strange remark; but forbore at a glance at the quiet face. To one who knew it well, as did this old resident of his home town, there was for the reading, some new lines of suffering.

Mr. Tulley now busied himself with the main question,—what was he to find for Tom, to do? Tom was a carpenter, a splendid chance for a good employer to get such a prize as this lad from St. Botolph's Town. Ah! John Crane,—the very one! Honest John Crane was of the highest repute. A good blending of master and workman, worthy of both, would this be, if he could only bring these two together.

He smote his hands together in pleasure, while a smile played all about his rugged, dark face. Tom, who had never seen him in such good spirits in the old days at St. Botolph's Town, was considerably heartened up at his entrance upon his new home.

“The very place for you! We will go there now this night.” Job Tulley linked his arm in that of the younger man, and together they wended their way to Hollis Street, where in a low, gambrel-roofed structure lived John Crane, and worked at his trade in the shop adjoining the house.

It was speedily agreed, and the bargain bound. John Crane was as well pleased to have Tom Horne

for his workman as young Horne was to ally his fortunes with the well-reputed excellent carpenter of the strongest patriotic principles. They finished the evening; Mr. Tulley, who was no stranger in that house, and the older resident of Boston Town, giving a course of lessons, as it were, all in one, in the practical plans of the Patriot party.

Tom never said a word about the thing lying nearest his heart, until he took leave on the flat door-stone of the old citizen of St. Botolph's Town.

"How is your family?" he asked suddenly, "and —"

"Anastasia is well," said Job Tulley, quite understanding. "I will tell her you will come to-morrow evening, Tom?" he questioned.

"Yes, to-morrow evening," said Tom, wondering if he could ever live through those intervening hours.

## XI

### BUT HE CAME NOT

“IT is a a sad thing,” wrote Parson Witherbee, and he glanced up from the letter in his study table to the vacant yard where the sturdy figure of the lad, his neighbor, had been wont to run in and out, “and it grieves me sorely to communicate this to you, friend Tulley. Thomas Horne goes to you carrying the same big heart and fine nature, only improved by what he has undergone, but with scarcely a shilling in his pocket. His father —” the good man paused, laid down the quill, and rose abruptly from his chair to pace up and down the study floor, “Now may God forgive me for the unrighteous thoughts that possessed me. Surely that man is now in the hands of his Creator. It is not for me to wrest judgment from the Almighty; and all things will work out for Thomas’s good. Of that, I am confident.”

Having thus reassured his mind, he resumed his seat and the quill, and wrote hurriedly on as if afraid to trust himself to reflect overmuch on the words. “His father died suddenly — the truth must be

told. It is commonly believed the attack that carried him off was a fit of rage in which he had indulged an hour before in the Market-place. For once, Zebedee Horne had been worsted in a bargain. Strange to say, it was your former home, Job, that was the piece of property in question. You know long before this, by my previous letter, how righteously indignant the townsfolk were when they found, after your departure, how the man had cheated you. Verily, his judgment came, and through his own evil temper; for thinking he was about to make an especially good bargain, he sold it. The day he died he was informed that by a flaw in the paper he had drawn up he had actually almost given the property away. The purchaser, James Barrow, was boasting of it all along the Market-place, to the great delight of whomever would hear. The rage that Zebedee Horne fell into, Brother Tulley, my pen refuses to put down a description of it, or of his language! Finally he staggered off to his home. There, an hour later, he was found seated before his desk, a confusion of papers before him, and his head fallen over on them. He had gone suddenly to his account. An apoplectic fit, the medical man called it, but surely by his own evil temper was he slain.

“The poor lad’s grief was great. Having little cause to mourn for his father made no difference

with Thomas. Even when the will was found in that same desk, before which the man died, and the news of its contents flew over the town, Thomas seemed not to care. He was fatherless; and he actually seemed to blame himself for not doing more for his parent. Zebedee Horne stated in that will, that in case his son carried out his evil 'intention to throw in his fortunes with the American Colonies,' he was to forfeit every penny of the estate that would naturally be his.

"When Thomas came to hear of this monstrous wrong, he changed no expression, only set his lips tightly together; and when I asked him, as it was given to me to find out, what was his mind in the matter, he smiled for the first time, and said, 'Just as it was before, Parson Witherbee.'

"I have never been so beset by doubts as to what my counsel should be, you can easily see, Friend Tulley; and although I took the case to the Lord and wrestled mightily night and day, I got no light. But I did advise the lad to do the same thing and not put aside lightly the advantages of such a great property (for the man died much richer than any of us could suppose), and this is the reply that I got — 'The Lord ought to put me off, if I turned back for money.'

"What could I do? I am blamed by many of our townfolk; although Thomas went up and down and

told every one that it was by his own free will that he was going, that I had been on the side of sound judgment, begging him to do nothing rash. It was of no avail; and I have to endure much from public opinion, but of that it matters not here.

“Now, Friend Tulley, I do not need to recommend the lad to your care. You will do all you can for him, I am assured, by getting him into his trade of carpentry. He is the very apple of my eye, as Anastasia is, too; that you know. In one way, the lad’s happiness is now assured, so firmly set is his heart on her. I suppose the little maid is wanted to her home by this time, and that she is a great comfort to you in your work for the Cause, for I know the child well. She comes eventually to a right mind, and is tractable. When the time comes, Anastasia will be a true daughter of Liberty.” The letter here closed with some personal expressions of good-will, and an urgent request for news from the Colony.

When Tom’s sudden coming was made known to Taisie, and that he was to be there in the Tulley home that evening (as Mr. Tulley told it the morning following his meeting with the lad, and how he was immediately installed in John Crane’s home, to be also his workman), the girl’s heart gave a great throb of joy. “Oh, Tom — Tom!” she had difficulty to keep the glad call from escaping her lips.

She was conscious of the rush of color to her cheek, and that her eyes were telling the story; but happening to see Simeon's round optics peering at her over the edge of his mug of milk, and the grin of the half of his chubby face on the side next to her, she jumped up in a fury. "Who cares if Tom Horne has come!" and running off over the stairs, she slammed the door of her own room, all of which she was herself conscious was the worst thing she could have done.

When she came down again, well into the morning hour when work should be done, she dashed at it feverishly, and all through the day Taisie was by fits and starts merry and silent. When evening came, and with her father off as usual and Simeon out of the way, Anastasia came down the loft stairs, her rose-colored paduasoy trailing behind her.

Mrs. Tulley controlled the start of surprise at this incongruous gown for the appearance of the lad, bred to simple ways of life; but when she saw the pretty cheek that matched its hue, and the happy eyes, her mother's heart throbbed in sympathy. The first feeling of actual happiness and security connected with her daughter since leaving the old home was now to be enjoyed. Tom — the love of the girl's heart since the earliest days — was actually here; and now all was well.



Taisie had her work-bag hanging from her arm, and seating herself at the other end from her mother's chair, the big table between the windows of the common room, she demurely began to sew.

Not many words passed between them, Mrs. Tulley never being much given to conversation. It was quite enough for her to glance up now and then to the yellow head bent over the bit of work in the girl's fingers; and to enjoy the half-concealed rosy cheek with the little smile playing about its curves. Once in a while, the mother would speak just for the sake of seeing the dewy eyes in which happiness was so eloquent, but for the most part the time was passed in silence; and so an hour was ticked away by the old clock.

Taisie took up her scissors and gave a vicious little clip to her thread. Mrs. Tulley, glancing at her face, felt an old, uneasy pain as she saw the rose in her cheek had died down, and the nervous little hands had lost their serenity and were twitching irritably at their work. The girl looked up suddenly and saw her: then she tossed her head and smiled; but this was worse than before, for something had gone not to return, even if Tom should now come.

But Tom did not come. Another hour, and it was a hopeless thing to expect him. Mrs. Tulley, unable to sit there another moment at her sewing, at

last put it on the table and went into her bedroom to fall on her knees by the old patched quilt, and to cry, "O God! why not let my daughter be happy — why, O Lord? And do keep her true to this good man who loves her!" for the mother knew that nothing now could serve Tom's cause but some supreme intervention.

"I'm going to bed, Mother," Taisie said indifferently, and folding her work with punctilious care, she yawned prettily, tossed her thimble and scissors in the bag, and went up the stairs.

Mrs. Tulley laid her hand on her heart, but said nothing, for the girl's face forbade speech. "Good night, Daughter," was the limit to be allowed; and the mother laid her head on the big table to give herself up to the unhappiest of thoughts.

Taisie above stairs was tearing off the rose-colored paduasoy, relieved to be at last free from a watchful eye.

"It is dastardly to keep me watching and waiting, when I haven't seen him — " it came in angry gusts, her bosom heaving with mortified pride.

"An insult — monstrous! but he shall pay the penalty — " In the midst of her passion a face flashed before her vision, dark and handsome, with piercing, radiant eyes; the figure, tall and slender, with the bearing of the man of the world, yet refined in that world, came slowly to her memory.

Anastasia smiled, and catching sight of her own face in the cracked mirror, she leaned her cheeks upon her hands, her elbows on the old bureau, and surveyed it long and well.

“Yes, there are better things in this world, Master Tom,” she whispered softly, “than to dally with a halting affection. I must reign; and I can reign where I will.”

She suddenly blew out her candle, put herself to bed, and slept the sleep of the care-free child.

The next morning she marched into the Knox household. “Will you take me to stay with you for a few days?” she came to the question at once without any preliminaries, as she found the little matron feeding a bit of sugar to her canary-bird hanging in the window.

“Why — why, my dear!” she let the sugar drop to the bottom of the cage, much to Dicky’s delight, who always considered it a very tiresome process to peck it from his mistress’s fingers. “I don’t understand.”

Little Mrs. Knox was seizing Taisie’s cold fingers; the girl had dropped a parcel on the davenport, as she came down the room.

“I want to stay here with you, if I may,” she was now saying with directness.

“With me — to stay here? Oh, my dear!”

When she really understood, there was great hugging and kissing of the soft cheeks.

"For a few days," said Taisie, when she could extricate herself.

"Well, we won't say anything about that," the little matron was getting Taisie out of her cloak and fussing over the process in a complete twitter of joy. Could it be true that this blithesome creature was really to be within this home for hourly enjoyment like the younger sister she had always longed for!

Although dreadfully puzzled as to the reason for this step, for the bookseller's wife was a true daughter of Eve, she kept her tongue still; and Anastasia, settling calmly down in the ways of the household, and showing no disposition to use hers, nobody was any the wiser.

But about everything else save this one subject, the girl couldn't chatter enough. She was winsome and gay and bonny; as much prettier, the small matron thought, if that were possible, as could be. Evidently her new surroundings satisfied her. At all events, the outward manifestation was most satisfactory. And the girl worked with the same tireless energy that displayed itself in her social life. There was nothing her pretty fingers couldn't do in the housewifely line; all this so deftly it never seemed to be menial or tiresome.

“Well, if you don’t stop, I shall have positively nothing to do!” cried Mrs. Lucy one day, when she came suddenly upon the pretty figure, its head tied up in a towel, sweeping out the sitting-room.

“What’s the matter now,” cried Taisie, gayly, and resting a minute on the broom handle, — “why do you look at me so?” with a little laugh. “Is it such an unheard-of thing to sweep out a room, pray tell?” Then she ran to the window to cool her flushed cheeks.

“Taisie — Taisie, come right straight away. Some one will see you,” warned the little woman, running after to pull her back.

Too late; some one had seen. A couple of officers were passing who made low obeisance to the apparition that long haunted them. A young girl, whose matchless face they well knew, now framed in the old window, her rippling waves of yellow hair escaping from the bands of some white covering that strove to confine them. Anastasia still unconcernedly held the broom in full view, while she smiled upon both. But she saw only one as she looked into his radiant, piercing eyes.

“What have you done!” exclaimed little Mrs. Knox, aghast. “Oh, you naughty girl!” and she clasped her hands in great distress. For this revelation might, for aught she knew, upset all the beautiful

castles she had been uprearing for the girl. The tall, slender young officer was cruelly fastidious. "Oh, oh!" she mourned.

"What have I done?" repeated Taisie, innocently, and turning back to her work; "haven't I swept the room all right so far?" and she peered on the floor with a cool and critical blue eye.

"Swept the room all right!" exclaimed Mrs. Knox; and seizing the broom handle in exasperation, "there, take off that old towel, for mercy's sake! Oh, Taisie," in a tremulous tone of the deepest regret, "Lieutenant Thornton will never keep friendship with you after this."

But Taisie laughed merrily, knowing better.

## XII

“AND YOU WOULD VALUE THEIR  
CAUSE BEFORE ME!”

THERE were glimpses of Tom Horne in the days that followed; the first one when he lifted his surprised eyes to her in Madam Hancock's coach, and by the side of that great lady. For Anastasia by this time had pretty much (to use a somewhat vulgar expression) her “pick and choose” among the people popularly supposed to be valuable acquaintances. Madam Hancock, for her part, considered it a great addition to her resources toward entertaining successfully, to have this little beauty in her drawing-room and near her on public occasions in the town. Besides adding considerably to the throng of those gathering around the wife of the rich and influential John Hancock, it was a distinct pleasure for her own sake to have such a quick-witted young maiden near her in friendly companionship. It was really quite natural, for her father was much thought of in the Colony's affairs, and accorded the possession of rare good sense and discretion by such

competent judges as her husband and Mr. Samuel Adams. So it was no wonder to those on whom the sight had come gradually, that Anastasia Tulley should be observed sitting up in the Hancock coach. To Tom, with the memory of the old life, the revelation was like a blow, swift and stunning. He stood quite still, as the coach rolled by in great state, his honest brown eyes resting on her face as long as he could see it.

Taisie inclined her yellow head as if she had met him every day for the past week, smiled — and it was all over. Tom gazed in a dazed fashion until a couple of redcoats roughly shoved him aside for obstructing the path. Then he went on, not seeing his way, for he had seen *her*; and he was blinded to all surroundings.

His heart did not blame himself the night when he went to the Tulley homestead — even when the poor mother, making it out as best she could, told how and why Taisie was with her friend, the book-seller's wife. She also, with the true motherly desire to take her daughter's part, upbraided Tom, as sternly as she could for her gentle nature, for his failure to come on that first, now that fateful, evening.

“But you know,” Tom's honest brown eyes glowed, “why I couldn't come. Mr. Tulley surely told you — told her, that he took me off to an important meeting



at the Green Dragon Tavern." His strong jaw worked as if in pain, but Mrs. Tulley must stand up for her daughter.

"Oh, we women feel a slight, Tom," she began.

"But Taisie is different from other women," he cried eagerly, his lover's ardor forgetting the memorable occasions in St. Botolph's Town, when this had by no means been displayed. "She has sense—and when her father told her, she would readily see that I couldn't give up the Cause I'd sworn to uphold for anything. She wouldn't want me to."

"Oh, Tom!" Mrs. Tulley stifled a sigh. It was useless to talk and argue, she saw, and he kept coming patiently night after night, the pain getting deeper in his face, and the brown eyes gathering to themselves a new and stern expression.

Mrs. Tulley tremblingly put this into words on one of the sheets of paper she had saved between the big family Bible for correspondence with old friends in St. Botolph's Town, and despatched Simeon on his way to school, with many injunctions for its safety, to give to Taisie herself at the Knox home. He promptly forgot it all day, crammed as it was with the usual collection of miscellaneous articles in his pocket. But on reaching his door-stone in Rawson's Lane, he ran back, overcome with remorse, and thrusting the missive, now crumpled and mangy,

into his sister's hand, he added, turning back awkwardly, the blood rushing up to his chubby face, "Say, Taisie, if you'll come home, I'll be good — truly I will!"

Taisie laughed and airily said, holding the poor little letter in her hand, "Oh, I'll be back in good time, Simmy. Good-by."

But afterwards the crumpled little mangy letter was drenched with tears in the secret of her own room. A girl's room — what it could tell us of a youthful heart's daily life and growth, were it given powers of speech!

Job Tulley, having once given the explanation, so all-convincing to his own mind, now let the matter severely alone. The great Cause had him heart and soul. The days were getting more tragic, while the future of the Colonists' struggle loomed up portentous, and to many, if not most, alarmingly uncertain. Job Tulley, however grim and silent he might be, was not one of these. Having once settled it in his own mind long ago that God was on the side of the struggling patriots, he left Him there; not seeking to relocate him on the side of the doubters. And though to outward appearances he had none of the joy of the enthusiast, he had, which is perhaps quite as well, a steady, firm, and consistent conviction that all would be right in the end; a state of mind that

none will deny yields the truest satisfaction. So he worked early and late, sweeping Tom along with him into the very thick of things.

And now the visits of the old friend of St. Botolph's Town ceased. When she heard that, Taisie put on her cloak and tied on her hood. "I must go home," she said.

"Anastasia Tulley," Mrs. Knox cried out, "how can you, when we have only just begun on your white muslin slip!"

"That can wait," said Taisie, calmly.

"And I have ever so many things that need your help," continued the small matron artfully; "not to-day," she wheedled, trying to undo the cloak. "You are positively cruel —" As the girl put up her hand to stop the operation.

"Good-by, — I'm off," said Taisie, with a gay little nod. And she was, without further parley, leaving the bookseller's wife standing in vexation, her plans all awry.

"And the times are getting so gloomy," cried the little woman to herself, "and she cheered up Harry so much. Dear, dear! — Oh, I wish the war would come and be done with it!" She was suddenly reduced to an unusual state of depression, that the bright presence of the young girl had so helped to alleviate.

For the war cloud was becoming heavy and black over the heads of the Colonists, and the waiting time was wearing sadly on the nerves. Every day brought fresh oppressions; every night sent the citizens belonging to the Patriot party gloomily to their beds with added causes for resistance to a tyranny that was pressing them harder and steadier to the wall.

The main comfort to sustain through these oppressions was the union of forces in the Colony, together with the constantly growing support of the other Colonies, through the Committees of Correspondence. The strength of this union was singularly underestimated by England. It appears as if the advisers of the King, in Parliament and without, did not wait for reliable information as to the state of the case. Franklin, the agent of the Colonies in England, had been doing good work for his country, no doubt saving her from many worse grievances. But the unwillingness to be persuaded into the truth of the situation made England precipitous of action, and unwise in her methods. To subdue, where she might have placated and led, she now turned on the thumb-screws of her power, to find, when it was too late, she had lost loyal and affectionate colonies, willing, ay, even glad to be annexed to the dear old Mother Country.

For there is no doubt, looking it all over conscien-

tiously at this long range, that the New England people held staunchly to the ties binding to the Homeland, as long as there was a vestige of hope that those ties were to be respected. Their affection had kept them to the old ways of living, to the naming of their settlements and towns after the English home-places, so dear to their hearts, and to everything that could keep alive the love for the ancestral homes.

But the history being lived at this time is what concerns us now, not what might have been. Affairs were steadily shaping to a crisis.

The ladies of the fine social element of the town might promenade in state along the mall with their gallant escorts from the officers of the British army, the receptions in spacious drawing-rooms, the dinners and suppers, — even the occasional ball at which the minuet and contra dance attested nothing but the gayest of hearts, — all these might go on over a smooth surface of pleasure. It was necessary to lighten hearts; and a call to joy was an absolute duty. So felt those who were called. But underneath was the stern and inflexible will of the people, the slow but mighty uprising, bound to come when oppression goes one step too far. All Boston Town was now roused by the struggle over the question of the duty on tea.

For some time it had been going on. The East

India Company, back in the spring in 1773, had applied to Parliament, getting therefrom an act that gave to them the power to export teas to America without any obligation to pay any duty in England. This — and it is doubtless seen by every student of history now — was really very stupid, because if the Colonist was fighting for anything, it was for a principle; and because he could buy his tea cheaper per pound, that would enable him with ease to pay his threepence, too, it wasn't likely he would throw away everything he was fighting for, so he was very properly enraged at the very suggestion. And he must act on his righteous indignation, or forever be reduced to slavery. There never was any question about it, the Colonist was going to act.

The consignees of the tea might be the most prominent men in the Province, even friends and relations of the Governor. It did not signify. These "tea Commissioners" would have a hard struggle to fulfil the duties laid down by an unjust Parliament. The situation was strained to the limit of endurance.

The old Liberty Tree spoke through the voice of the patriot nailed to its trunk, and a flag flying from its branches; handbills, set up by the sturdy fingers of printers longing for the gun and the rifle, were flying through the town. Bells were ringing, and the town-crier was screaming his message for the citizens

to meet in protest, and to insist upon the resignations of the consignees. All things were getting ready for the final outbreak.

But although these methods to come to a satisfactory agreement with the Mother Country without sacrificing their rights as freemen were repeated many times, they met with no success. The tea ships were surely coming to Boston Town. Any hour might see them in the harbor.

It was by this time pretty clearly understood that the entire matter was now relegated to the Committee of Correspondence. Meetings, resolutions, and petitions had done their work. It was now for the only real organ of Government for the people — this Committee — to assume the responsibility of settling the question.

At the mass-meeting called from the towns around Boston, thousands responded to pour into Faneuil Hall, then to adjourn to the Old South Meeting House. Here one voice from the entire assembly (than which it was said, Boston Town never had a bigger) went up, led by the motion of Samuel Adams, that the tea should go back, with no paid duty upon it.

Adjourned meetings, more consultations with the consignees, who really were to be pitied those days, a proclamation from Governor Hutchinson in one of these assemblies, that the inhabitants of the town

were violating the laws of the Province — which he called “good and wholesome” — with further warnings and exhortations to disperse from their present meeting, all followed in the close sequence of events. Patience was ebbing fast. With hisses, a vote not to disperse was taken; the consignees yielded, agreeing that the tea should return without landing or exacting any duty.

The excitement was at fever heat that showed itself in the provision of the armed patrols for the night; six post riders, ready to carry the alarm, if needed, to the adjoining towns, and other significant preparations.

But the tea in the ships still graced Boston Harbor, Governor Hutchinson not allowing a permit for their sailing. The patriots would now have been at their wit's end had they not trusted in a Higher Power. The stalwart Committee of Correspondence was His agent. Anxious day followed anxious day, till the last of the twenty, after which, according to the revenue law, the ships would be liable to seizure, arrived. It was now, act for freedom, or submit to slavery!

All this had been going on through these past weeks and months, in the latter part of which Thomas Horne had thrown in his lot with the people of Boston Town. It was not until the week that witnessed



the fateful "twentieth" that he had speech with the girl he still wore upon his heart, though the Cause held him body and mind.

He ran upon her suddenly, as she hurried from the house of Dr. Mather Byles, whose daughters had espoused the cause of the little maid, for many months now the regular and attentive listener of their father's sentiments espoused so boldly for King George. It had not been a hard matter for the "Byles girls" to take Anastasia up, and thus follow in the lead of Madam Hancock and the other ladies who were already most happy to shower attentions upon the girl. They really almost fell upon her pretty neck when they learned how exactly she fitted into their Tory household whenever it was possible to get her there, while the gruff old doctor was never so happy as when propounding to her those of his convictions over the supper board, that he failed to administer from the sacred desk. She was as quick-witted as she was comely. The only alleviation of her misery in such conversation (if conversation it can be called, where the talking is all on one side) were the sallies of wit, interspersed, sometimes without any warning, by the jovial preacher, and the caustic characterization of men and events in the Town. Anastasia would then lean back in her high carved mahogany chair, and laugh with the others, till the tears ran

down her pretty cheeks, just the tribute the witty and rancorous dominie adored most of all.

Running down from the Byles house-place then on this December afternoon in the early dusk, she came suddenly face to face with Tom Horne.

"Anastasia," he said gravely. He did not extend his hand as he stood there, regarding her.

"You promised not to call me that," she broke in like a pettish child, and angry at herself, when she had so meant that the first meeting, whenever it should arrive, should be all dignity on her part.

"That was in the old days," he said. She could not help noticing how thin his cheeks were, leaving hollows under the brown eyes, nor how the ruddy color had dropped away from them; and the sight made her angrier still, although she couldn't have explained this had she been given time to think.

"I could not get speech of you, Anastasia," Tom was saying, still in that even, measured tone that stung her to the answer.

"And you can stand there and reproach me!" she cried angrily. "Verily, Mr. Thomas Horne, you have presumption." She raised her fair face scornfully, its exquisite bloom now heightened in her passion, the same little ripples of yellow hair Tom had watched for years, floating away from her brow. "I can have no speech with you now,"

she added scornfully, making as if she would pass him.

Tom stood quite still. "Presumption is a hard word," he said quietly.

"And is it not presumption," cried Taisie, quite carried away now by her anger, "to send word by my father your intention to show yourself as a friend at our house, and then to delay till friend is not the word to use between us?" She lifted her small head haughtily, the color in her cheek now dying down, but not so her anger.

"Anastasia — you know the reason — your father — "

"Yes, I know," she interrupted him, flaming again, "but that is a paltry, detestable one that should never have been allowed to come between good friends."

"You know not what you say, Anastasia," cried Tom, for the first time losing guard over himself. The words "paltry" and "detestable" as attached to his beloved Cause, were too much for his composure. "Say anything but that — turn against me if you will, but speak not against what the people of this Colony are fighting for — Liberty!"

"And you would value their cause before me!" cried Anastasia, shaking with passion and stamping her slender foot on the path. "Liberty — Liberty — forsooth, they have too much now. How I wish

King George would at once stop all this nonsense by compelling their complete subjugation!"

Tom turned white to the very lips, commenced to speak — thought better of it, and left her without another word.



“AND YOU WOULD VALUE THEIR CAUSE BEFORE ME!”—Page 175.



### XIII

#### THE MARCH TO THE HARBOR

THE Green Dragon, at the end of his iron rod, his tongue protruding in defiance, was typical of the spirit of the doughty fighters passing underneath him and within the big door of the hostelry. All day long they had gone in and out, as they had done for many of those preceding days. On this 16th of December, the last of the fateful twenty, one thing or the other must come to a decision. Either slave or freeman would be the true status of the Bostonian.

The British soldiers patrolling the streets, "equipt in a warlike posture," as these times so often witnessed them, were endured with wonderful patience as the citizens witnessed their insolent manner, but it was with a grinding of the teeth and a clenching of the hand concealed in the coat pocket. Everything, no matter how unpleasant, that it was possible to ignore, was passed by with that degree of stolid endurance with which men, who are absorbed with larger issues, will overlook everything but the main ques-

tion. Annoyances that had appeared past forgiveness were relegated to the background of the mind. The British tea ships in the harbor obscured the horizon, and obliterated every thought not directly concerned with their cargo.

The streets were thronged, the towns about Boston emptying their men into the arena where the final contest of these long-drawn-out struggles over the question was now to take place. Patriot jostled Tory on the thoroughfares, and soldiers jostled both; while the ubiquitous boy of the period, just in his element, was a source of discomfort to all parties. Boston Town on that day was not a comfortable place of residence. The air was charged with excitement to the breaking point. It was inevitable that the finish should be dramatic.

The mass of the people thronged to Faneuil Hall and crowded in, to work their way out, the crush being too great for the multitude. Down to the Old South Meeting House they hurried to see and to hear the end of the fight. This big assemblage was a mighty clever scheme, hatched probably in the brain of Samuel Adams, and helped on by his doughty comrades; for by diverting the attention of the populace, it made the dramatic plan, in the meantime being worked out by their other helpers, not as yet in evidence, more sure of success.



Into the Old South Meeting House surged the multitude with faces pale and strained, carrying the expression of those who, risking their all on the die now to be cast, realize it fully, but will not turn back. May God hold up the hands of Samuel Adams and the leaders of the Patriot party, for nothing else can now avail!

The assemblage as one man holds its breath, while the strain of waiting is broken only by the speeches poured out of ardent souls, in this way striving to keep the audience together. Adams, Quincy, Young, and Rowe all work valiantly. The last-named brings out ringing applause by his simple remark, "Who knows how tea will mingle with salt water?"

But the audience is getting impatient. Will Governor Hutchinson, who is being appealed to at his country seat in Milton by a committee from this meeting, give the permit for the release of the tea ships from the harbor?

It grows darker and darker; the few candles throwing out feeble rays serve but to redeem to a partial gloom the pale, strained faces.

*No!* the committee is back. The word thunders in their faces. The electric current of bad news that in some inexplicable way always propels itself ahead of the good, has flung the dreadful truth to the crowd unable to get within the door; it swells to thorough-

fare, Common, streets, and lanes. The worst has come and is known by all.

Inside the sacred edifice, Samuel Adams is thundering out, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

Was ever a signal answered so rapidly! A yell cuts the air, a rush — all heads turned, those in the secret getting out quietly but with commendable speed, followed by curious, excited people, with that terrible "*No*" ringing the death knell to their hopes.

Without the Meeting House, mixed with the crowd pouring out, is the tossing feather, the war paint, the rough blanket, and the tomahawk of the Indian! In a compact body the figures have rushed to the old porch with their yell, to then spring off with more aborigines at their heels down the street. Followed by the crowd from the mass-meeting, and a bigger one still, gathered from the straggling populace of the streets, the Mohawks stalk on. There might be twenty — there might be fifty in the band — they have the power of a thousand; that consciousness of right on the side of each man among them makes them superior to mere numbers.

It is a remarkable thing to note that there is no tendency in this Mohawk crowd to abuse this power. What at a later day would degenerate into the work of a mob, wreaking vengeance for the cruel blow that

dashed the last hope of the mass-meeting, results in nothing of the sort now. These Mohawks apparently had a solemn duty to perform according to a well-defined plan. Determined, silent, and grim, after those first yells, they stalked on in orderly fashion, followed by the crowds. So great were the streams of humanity pouring after the train of these Indians, that it seemed as if the whole town had turned out to see this act of the drama of oppression.

Open-mouthed, curious folk pressed along, crowding the stern Patriot with eye gleam with the intuition of what this act of the drama was to be, and the Tory, mad that somebody did not stop such unwholesome exhibitions, but unwilling to be that one to attempt such a thing; everybody rushing after, crowding, pushing, running, excitement at fever heat, tense but quiet, more willing to see and to hear than to interrupt proceedings — so they all go, Indians, Tories, Patriots, townspeople; small boys, of course, as they always have done and always will do, filling in all the gaps.

Two of this number had been much in evidence. During a good part of this afternoon, Simeon Tulley, as was natural, seeing that he had dogged the steps of the old St. Botolph's Town family friend ever since his arrival, had been hanging around the carpenter shop of John Crane.

Tom Horne, hurrying out to reconnoitre at the mass-meeting, after that with other plans on his mind, wasn't as cordial as Simeon felt it reasonable to expect. Indeed, it didn't seem at all nice to be told "You better go home, Sim." The voice was gruff, and there was none of that friendly atmosphere usually around Tom. But Simeon, setting it all down to the trouble over Taisie, thought he would be sociable, anyway, so he chirped out, "What you goin' to do, Tom?"

"I am going to the meeting," said Tom, sharply. The atmosphere now was positively frigid, and Simeon resented it mightily. He kicked a pebble or two with his heavy shoe. Then Tom made a mistake. "Come, go home, Sim," he ordered, striking off himself down the road.

"Go home, will I," said Simeon in smothered wrath, looking after him; "not much. No-sir-ee, I guess not!" He dug his shoe deeply in the dirt and kicked the flying particles as far as he could. "I shall stay here just as long as I've a mind to, so there now, Tom Horne!" He threw himself down on the ground by the shop door, and hunched up against it.

Something tickled his stubby nose. He whirled around to catch the straw and the hand that wielded it. "Oh, Joe!" and grinning all over his round face,

he pulled Joe Lovering down to the ground beside him.

“What you doin’ here?” demanded Joe.

“Nothin’,” said Simeon.

“What you stayin’ here for?”

“Nothin’, only Tom Horne told me to go home, so I must stay.”

“He did? Well, you see,” said Joe, reflectively chewing the straw that had done duty on Sim’s stubby nose, “that they don’t want us round.”

“Who don’t want us round? Who, Joe?” Simeon twitched the straw away and threw himself over on Joe. “You know something that you won’t tell me. That’s not fair! I tell you everything, before I even know it myself.”

“Mr. Crane,” Joe bobbed his head over backward to designate the owner of the shop, “and Mr. Horne.”

“What are they goin’ to do?” howled Simeon, excitedly.

“Oh, hush up. Do stop. Folks hear things that ain’t said in these bad times. Can’t you keep your tongue still, Sim Tulley?” Joe jumped up, wild with distress, and ran to peer this way and that around the carpenter shop.

Simeon scuttled over after him. “I won’t speak, Joe, tell me what it is,” he begged in an awe-struck whisper.

Joe hauled Simeon back, and they squatted on the ground. "Well, put your ear close, — *Somethin's going on to-night that you an' me's got to help along.*"

Simeon had only strength to gasp fearfully, "Oh, what?" hanging to Joe.

"*I can't tell you,*" whispered Joe, "*only something and* — " here he jabbed his thumb over his shoulder mysteriously.

"What you doin' that for?" demanded Simeon, following his thumb with protruding eyes.

"I'm pointin' — stupid thing," cried Joe, "I can't speak. Don't you know I can't speak out loud, Sim Tulley?"

"Do you mean the shop?" Simeon brought it out in a whisper that had tremendous carrying power.

"Yes — yes!" cried Joe, in mortal terror; "oh, why *won't* you stop! Now don't you open your head again. It's — it's —" again he jabbed his thumb — "we've got to stay around here somewheres, — but not too close." He suddenly sprang up and hauled Simeon along again, "We better be going now, — I think some one's coming — " which had the effect to make them both fly over the ground till they got back of the old church. It was well they did, for Tom Horne was back from his reconnoitring trip at the Meeting House. "Now you can tell,"

said Simeon, with a long breath. "What is it, Joe? — tell me every single thing," he crowded up, all ears.

"No, I can't. I'm afraid as death of some one's hearin'. They're everywhere, these old Tories, and that you know. All is, — you an' me has got to be at the shop in a spell if we want to help along things, — but we can't go yet, we can hear from here, when they get there."

"Who gets there?" cried Simeon, impatiently.

"O dear, do stop!" Joe in his distress shook him. "It's who, and why, and where. Can't you wait? Do as I do, and then you'll see things that'll make your eyes stick out, Sim Tulley."

If they could stick out much more than they were doing at present, the optics in Simeon's round face would have been a rare sight.

After a good deal of this sort of thing, at last came this: "Listen, I believe they're coming now — yes, it's dark enough," squinting up at the sky. "Now come on, — keep your tongue still." With that injunction, Simeon was hauled along the third time, and presently, he never quite knew how, he was worming in back of Joe to Mr. John Crane's carpenter shop amongst a company of men, who certainly were acting in an unusual way for staid citizens of Boston Town.

There wasn't much talk going on, the figures being occupied in dragging out all sorts of things from unheard-of places. Under the long carpenter bench appeared to be a favorite place of concealment for these nondescript articles, and a big heap of shavings, kicked one side by vigorous feet, disclosed piles of things of the same indescribable character. The boys skulked around on the fringe of the throng of men, easily escaping detection in the shadowy interior.

"It's dark as a pocket," growled one man, pawing aimlessly under the carpenter bench.

"Hush — well, we can't have a light."

"The windows are shuttered," —

"Never mind, it won't do to risk it."

The confusion by this time was great, — the men making no progress in the darkened interior, getting restive, and nervous, and frightfully in each other's way.

"There's no use, we *must* have some sort of a light."

"Yes, it is inevitable."

"I'll get a candle." It was John Crane who produced it. "Now, who'll hold it? — we've all got to dress."

"Let me, — oh, let me!" Up flew Joe Lovering, like a "jack-in-the-box," from his shadowy corner.



Every man stared, while one thundered out, "How did that boy get here?"

"There's another one," warned a second voice, spying Simeon's head. "Turn 'em out, turn 'em out!" Joe Lovering flew to a tall, thick-set figure, becoming much more rotund by getting inside of a big blanket. He had just settled a band, from which stuck a lot of feathers in the most approved Indian style, upon his head.

"Oh, Mr. Knox, let me stay!" Joe grasped the edge of the blanket and held on.

"Eh, — " Mr. Knox squinted from beneath his feathers. "Oh, how in creation did you get here, Joe Lovering?"

"Let me stay, — you said I could do things to help. I'll hold the candle. Don't let 'em turn me out, — don't, Mr. Knox."

A figure dreadful in a similar rig had seized Simeon, but as well try to hold an eel. "Let me stay, too," he was begging, wriggling himself free.

"See here, I'll answer for this boy," Mr. Henry Knox plucked Joe by the collar; "you give him that candle to hold for us, and hurry into your things, Brother Crane."

"It's a serious thing," spoke up a tall man in well-modulated speech, "to have those boys here."

"What! is there another boy in here?" Mr. Knox

whirled around in chagrin. "How did you dare, Joe Lovering?" he began in a roar at him, but toned down abruptly.

Joe already had the candle and held it well, attending strictly to his business, but he had to say over his shoulder, "There's only one besides me."

Meantime the other end of the shop was still in darkness.

"Well, we're safer with those boys in here than if we let 'em out," observed Mr. Knox, grimly. "We must get our war paint on; we are losing time."

But it was impossible to do this, for the very good reason that no one could see.

"Give me a candle, too," Simeon by this time was such a nuisance that the cause of Liberty was considered secondary to the necessity of pitching the boy out.

"Well, we *must* have light," came in a subdued roar from the darkness, "and do give that boy a candle and stop his noise."

Simeon soon clutched his candle, to make himself so useful in that end of the shop, that one man stopped in the midst of getting within his disguise, "Well, you're going to be a Son of Liberty."

"I am now," said Simeon, behind his candle.

"Tomahawks, — we are ready, — Tomahawks," were called for in muffled but decisive tones. The



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hatchets were speedily dragged out from cleverly concealed hiding-places, a stalwart figure doing most of the work of handing them about.

“Halloa, Tom,” said Simeon, saucily, as the figure went by.

Tom shot him a glance, warmed up by his war paint, that made Simeon grin from ear to ear.

“I want you to know, Joe Lovering,” Mr. Henry Knox found time to say as the men who had gone into the carpenter shop began to file out as Indians, “that what you’ve done this night is a mighty big thing. Why, you’ve held the torch of Liberty, boy, do you mind that?”

Joe was too dazed to mind anything. He clutched his guttering candle with both fists, all in a whirl. But he had been in things, and was a part of them.

“Tell that other boy, whoever he is,” ordered Mr. Knox, with an eye over at Simeon, “to mind his tongue as well as he does his candle. I’ll trust you both.”

“*Out with the lights!*” the boys were hustled out with the tail of the procession, the shop door closed, and the Indians were off to give that yell at the Old South Meeting House porch door that preceded the march of the Mohawks down to the harbor.

#### XIV

“TEA, TEA EVERYWHERE — AND  
NOT A DROP TO DRINK!”

**J**OE and Simeon shrank up to the smallest possible compass, hoping thereby to slip in unseen between the Mohawks, apprentices, and the other men joining in their ranks.

“No, you don’t!” a restraining grip was laid on the shoulder of Joe, wedging himself along.

“Oh, Mr. Knox!” exclaimed the boy, but he got no farther, for an Indian hand was clapped over his mouth and he was pushed off.

“Keep back,” somebody in a low tone warned Simeon. It was Father Tulley. One gleam in the eye in the midst of the war paint was enough for Simeon, and he promptly tumbled over backwards, was also shoved out of the way by the Mohawks on sterner duty just then than any consideration of a boy, and together the two discomfited small patriots huddled up as near the edge of the crowd of watchers as they could get for a good view. They were fuming with wrath.

“Just because we ain’t men,” sputtered Simeon, pointing off with a finger shaking with indignation across the flats where beyond, the tide being low, were anchored the ships, “we’re as big as — ”

“Hush, don’t speak any names,” warned Joe. “Oh, — ”

“Whickets!” They cried it together, then began to frantically shove and push for better places, to be shoved and pushed in return. Griffin’s Wharf was lined with a solid mass of people, and as far up the street as one could see, as many more were running to the spot. Every eye was on the tea ships; no one dared to speak, or wanted to, for that matter, but held the breath in awed astonishment. Like spectres appeared the Indian figures moving in and out on what seemed phantom ships. The tossing feathers and blankets, the brandishing tomahawks, all looked positively frightful in the weird light. Especially as they were all under the perfectly controlled leadership of a master-mind; a man for each of the three vessels, who had carefully rehearsed them for the part.

“Crack — crack!” At the first blow, struck not only on a tea-chest, but for Liberty, several fervent “Thank Gods” went up from the spectators, and eyes were upturned to the evening sky in agonized pleas for help. But for the most part it was a silent

crowd watching it all from the wharf. For every man there realized that it was no time for applause. The work must be done as quietly as possible in these inflammable times and at this crisis.

“Crack — crack — *crack!*” Swiftly gleamed the tomahawks, cutting the air, to come down for Liberty on the tea-chests, spilling their hated contents. “Crack — crack!” and over the ships’ sides till the people were tired of counting and the arms of the Indians were sore. It was nearing the end, and not a pound of tea had the slightest prospect of surviving intact the ordeal.

Suddenly a group paused in the midst of the devastating work. “Oh, my God!” came from its centre. Frantic men, dropping their tomahawks, crowded around a heap on the floor of the hold.

“Pitch it over, Knox,” called out a man on the edge of the group who had heard nothing and only caught the veriest glimpse of the dark object, “don’t leave a splinter of the dastardly things on board.”

“Pitch it over?” roared Henry Knox; “it’s John Crane — and he’s dead.”

“*Crane dead!*” Lucky for the Cause that this did not happen earlier, to break the backbone of the onslaught. John Crane found with a tea-chest fallen upon him, — one of the valiant leaders of the Patriot party — friend to all, staunch adherent to the



Cause of Liberty. Just as truly a martyr was he as if he had fallen in the thick of battle.

“Now be men,” said a strong voice, the same that had struck dire dismay to Simeon’s ear when advising against his presence and that of Joe in the carpentry shop. “John Crane would say, ‘Finish your work.’ At it, and may we all do it well in memory of him.”

What John Crane would tell them to do, added zest to the better serving of tea to the waiting water. “Tea — tea everywhere — and not a drop to drink.”

The body of their good friend, the staunch patriot, was carried off and concealed in a near-by carpenter’s shop, and at last the Mohawks, their work all done, were as silently dispersing as they came. The last chest of King George’s tea was in the harbor of Boston Town.

“Hold!” says Hewes to himself, “I know that man. Captain O’Connor it is, for sure. He is here on board for no good purpose, I’ll vow. Yes, see his pockets bulging. He is after tea as sure as a gun! Now, says I, let us see if he makes off with it.”

Away goes the captain, and away goes Hewes the Mohawk after him. One step more, and O’Connor would have cleared the ship, when Hewes had him by the skirt of his coat. Zip — tear! — and the skirt of it came off in the Mohawk’s hand. Away goes

the captain with the abbreviated jacket of a school-boy spilling tea at every jump, but gaining a kick or a cuff as he ran through the crowd.

And the following day, if the captain cared to see his coat-skirt, he could easily have that pleasure, by casting up his eyes where it had been nailed to the whipping-post in Charlestown. That no one could mistake to whom it belonged, the address was on it in good plain writing. We wonder if he ever relished a good cup of tea after that!

They came back, some of them, no more as Indians, but sorrowing men in their plain everyday attire for the body of their good friend, the staunch patriot, John Crane, and entered the carpenter's shop with softened tread and lowered voices. A rustling noise greeted them from the corner where they had placed him. "I'm not dead," said a voice. They tumbled back against each other and stared affrighted. But John Crane waved them nearer with a feeble hand, "I live, please God, to do more work yet. At the tea, men, don't stop here. At the tea, and finish the work!"

"It's all done, John," they assured him; they had to say it a good many times, and all the way as they carried him home. Then Tom Horne went over the story of the final strokes in the smashing of the chests, the getting off the ships, and the march home. And

how on the way, one Admiral Montague of the fleet pushed up the window and bawled out, "Well, boys, you've had a fine pleasant evening for your Indian caper, haven't you? But mind, you've got to pay the fiddler yet."

"Pitts, the leader of our ship, screamed back, 'Never mind, Squire, just come out here and we'll settle the bill in two minutes.' He didn't come," finished Tom, "but he slammed the window down instead."

And then John Crane actually laughed there in the bed where they had laid him.

"You'll get well," when he heard that, declared Job Tulley, who had helped to bring him home, and waited a while with Tom. When he got outside the door, Tom following him, he pulled the younger man to one side.

"We may have to pay the piper," he said solemnly, in a low voice, "but Pitts is right; we'll settle the bill."

For days and days the burning question, whether the patriots wouldn't have to pay pretty dearly for this havoc among the tea ships, hung fire and no one answered it. Bold and defiant as was this disobedience to royal orders, no one so much as attempted to bring the perpetrators to justice. The enemies to the Cause of Liberty might cry, "Trea-

son," and threaten arrests, and the hauling to England for public execution, but it all evaporated in empty words. The patriots went on about their daily avocations with high heads, even openly rejoicing in the deed as being strictly constitutional and within the law. And now they were looking forward to the next step. This was none other than to form a patriotic Congress. The news that had spread like wildfire, of this bold act of Boston Town, had cemented in one great fraternity all the Colonies in a union that longed for expression in one and the same body.

But the people of Boston Town had not done with suffering and annoyance. The soldiery and the Tory element, recovering from their astonishment over the tea episode, became even uglier in their demonstrations when they dared to show their spite. No doubt they had something unpleasant to bear also, in which derision and blame were generously meted out to them. It was galling, it is true, to think that three hundred and forty-two chests of his Majesty's good tea should be wasted, and that a straggling body of impudent men achieved it all without military leadership or authority, just by the whim of the common people. Why did not Governor Hutchinson rise even now in his wrath, call them, the British soldiery, out, and seize and bring the offenders to

justice? Never mind, his Majesty, when he hears of it in England, will attend to the matter, and set things right.

So whenever it was possible, the English soldier annoyed the patriot, picking many a quarrel over trivial matters and manufacturing a reason for one, if none already existed.

The patriots, although greatly encouraged by this first important step taken toward Independence, were yet not unduly elated. The first step costs terribly, it is true, but often it is not the only one to cut blood-stained tracks that lead to rivers of blood. So our Colonists knew. And they not only looked with resignation to the inevitable succession of toilsome and bloody steps the future presented, but they rejoiced in them.

Meantime the interruptions to the calm life of the town kept on. Citizens were daily forcibly aware of the bad temper prevailing among the soldiery and of the efforts of the officers and servants of the crown to oppress the people still further. Households were careful of the speech that went on that might be reported to their disadvantage. The times were perilous enough without adding to the flame of discontent that naturally rises at ineffectual attempts to enforce a royal mandate. The wise policy of the Patriot party was now observed more strictly than ever.

But the air was thick with the portent of coming events. And the new year of 1774 was eloquent in its early months of increased activity on all sides. Troops were arriving from England in greater numbers, the rattle of the drum and the tramp of the British soldier became more offensive than ever to the peaceable and patriotic citizen, who in turn redoubled all his energies to weed out as far as possible the hitherto concealed Tory who endeavored to undermine the plans of the Patriot party. This specimen of townsman was the most dangerous element that the patriot had to contend with. It naturally aroused suspicion against many, to find that one man who had been trusted was found to be a traitor in disguise. Everybody was watched carefully with vigilant eyes, lips were guarded more closely than ever, and the strong, true, and loyal adherents to the Cause of Liberty drew together in united effort to stamp out this curse.

The Tory of Mr. Myles Judkins's order was not to be taken seriously. He could be treated as a case for the officers of the law to deal with, as a miserable offender from the lower class. And besides the summary punishment this could mete out, he could be turned over to the derision of any of the people who enjoyed giving such a man his just deserts. Mr. Judkins had been the recipient of many attentions of

this latter kind, ever since the evening in which he entered the arena as a friend, from party principle, to the Latin School boys. When he fled from them, he fell into the teeth of others who also recognized no desire to claim his friendship. When they saw his approach on such a pair of nimble heels, they grasped the idea that he had been up to some despicable work, and delighted to catch him in such a predicament, and the Horse Pond being conveniently at hand, what better than to cool off his heat by a good bath?

But Mr. Judkins, although being cooled off, had not found his wrath dying down against his neighbor Israel Hodder for desertion when he most needed him. He also strongly suspected Israel of having set upon him the crowd that escorted him to the Horse Pond. Of this, Mr. Hodder was perfectly innocent, being only too thankful to get, without passing a word to any one, within his own door. But Myles Judkins waited and bided his time to obtain such satisfaction as he felt belonged to him.

Mrs. Hodder was sitting in her common room one of these spring days, stolidly remaking one of her husband's old coats. She was a large, heavy woman of few words, of whom people knew very little except that she minded her own affairs, and apparently looked well to her household, to judge of Keziah, the only child, a girl of fifteen, who seemed well brought

up and mannerly. She now hung over her mother's chair, the sampler in her hand.

"Need I, mother," she begged, "do any more this afternoon?"

"Go back to your stool," said Mrs. Hodder, decidedly, setting even stitches on her work.

Keziah obeyed, but before she sat down on the wooden stool she relieved her feelings by bestowing on the piece of work in her hand a twitch that extricated the needle and precipitated the silken thread into a snarl. Seeing this, she flushed guiltily, cast an alarmed glance at her mother, and sat down abruptly. Mrs. Hodder was as lost to this little freak on her daughter's part as she had been to the appeal, and presently the room was quiet. One could even hear the great tortoise-shell cat purr as she crouched over in the broad window-seat.

The entry door opened. Mrs. Hodder looked up inquiringly. Keziah, with a wild hope for something to break the deadly monotony, dropped her work with a sudden glow of expectation flooding her cheek. It died down at once, and she turned to her dull toil as a relief even from the impending infliction.

It was Mrs. Myles Judkins, her big work-bag on her arm and a simpering smile on her thin face with its little ferret eyes. Mrs. Hodder, in duty bound, but with no smile, nodded grimly.



"I've come to set with you a spell this afternoon an' pass th' time o' day," said Mrs. Judkins, suiting the action to the word, and getting into the nearest chair.

Over on her stool, Keziah drew her implement of toil in and out in vexation. It was worse than being dull, to have Neighbor Judkins in the same room, and the girl worked her slow way unhappily along into the middle of the line, "In Adam's fall we sinned all." Such lugubrious themes were not popularly supposed to please a young person, it is true, yet she was not disturbed by any reflections they might bring up. Death and hell-fire were also common terms to her, and the fearfulness of the grave and the consuming worm were topics so familiar every Sabbath day, as to possess a certain degree of attractiveness, especially when brought out on a sampler.

As the old clock in the corner ticked away the minutes toward the late afternoon, a girl about the same age peered stealthily around the corner of the door to be sure that Keziah was on her stool.

Mrs. Hodder and Neighbor Judkins surveyed her with disfavor. The girl returned the gaze coolly, turning over to the corner where the stool was with its quiet little figure; she made a grimace and hunched up the shoulder farthest from the two matrons.

"Oh, la! come, leave that," said the newcomer, twitching at one corner of the canvas square.

"Why, it's my sampler," exclaimed Keziah under her breath at the sacrilege. "Do let it alone, Nancy."

"'Sposin' 'tis," Nancy said, in a smothered voice and still twitching the canvas square. "What good'll it do when 'tis done? and you ain't never going to finish it neither."

"I am!" cried Keziah, indignantly. "Do you let go of it, Nancy Bucks." With that, she succeeded in twitching herself and her work free, when she huddled it up under one arm, leaving only such a portion of it unprotected as enabled her to stitch its surface. Nancy drew up a wooden chair as tightly as possible to Keziah's side, and sat down on it. "I've got a secret," she whispered into the ear nearest to her.

"Oh, what is it?" Keziah dropped her work to her lap and leaned forward, her eager soul in her eyes.

"Do you suppose I can tell you with them in the room?" she nodded her short black shock of hair over toward the two women.

"But you must," cried Keziah greedily, but in a low voice, "you've got a secret — and you've come to tell me, and you're going to." She deserted her work and laid hold of the dirty apron.

"Have you got any doughnuts?" asked Nancy

suddenly, and facing her with a very cool and calculating black eye.

"Yes," said Keziah, with a gasp, "we always have."

"Well, you must get me some, and then I'll tell," Nancy kept an unfaltering gaze upon Keziah's face.

"I can't get out," said Keziah, in a tremble at the very thought; "you know I can't, Nancy Bucks."

"Yes, you can — she'll have to let you out for a drink of water."

"But I don't want a drink of water," protested Keziah, "I ain't thirsty; not a mite."

"Oh, yes, you are," declared Nancy, with a dominant manner. "Try to swallow now. Ain't you real dry?"

Keziah tried to swallow as bidden. Yes, she really did have little dry ticklings along the throat. A mug of water would taste good, to be sure. Her eyes fell before the masterful black ones.

"I knew you were," said Nancy, triumphantly. "Now, I'm going; but mind it's only as far as the woodshed, and you must say, after I've been gone a little while, 'I want a drink o' water,' and come out after me. Then I'll tell you the secret."

"Will you really, Nancy?" cried Keziah, lifting sparkling eyes.

"Yes, true's I live, I will," promised Nancy. In

a minute she was gone. Keziah tried to take one or two stitches, but failed, her bosom panted so with excitement. At last she got off from her stool. "I want a drink of water, mother," she said and ran out of the room before a remonstrance, if any were coming, could be made.

"Now for the doughnuts!" Nancy was dancing in anticipation in the woodshed doorway. "Hurry up, Keziah, I can't wait."

"But the secret — you said you'd tell it!" cried Keziah, rushing tumultuously over to her, and casting her sampler, which, not thinking, she had brought along, on the kitchen table on the way.

"So I will — but the doughnuts come first. Oh, I hope there's a lot, and all sugar on the tops!"

"I can't get you any doughnuts," said Keziah, her knees beginning to shake, and inclined to run for the shelter of the keeping-room. At least she was safe there. If it was deadly dull, it was respectable.

"You don't need to get them for me — only show me where the stone pot is."

"Oh, Nancy, I can't!" It was almost a wail that came from Keziah's lips.

"*Can't!*" mimicked Nancy. "Well, then I shall have to find it for myself, and if I knock down your mother's chiny teapot, it will be your fault, Keziah Hodder. Now mind you that."

"Oh, you mustn't knock down my mother's china teapot!" cried Keziah, in alarm. "But then you can't," she added in a burst of relief, "because the stone pot isn't anywhere near it."

"Well, if it 't isn't the chiny teapot I'll knock down," cried Nancy, noways disconcerted, "it'll be something else just as bad, and all because you won't help me. Never mind, I'm going for it alone," and she slipped off into the kitchen, where a rummaging sound told of the doughnut hunt, and presently the thud of a stone lid upon the receptacle to which it belonged told without words that the search was over.

"It's as easy as pie, getting these," said Nancy, coming out with both hands full, from which she supplied her mouth. "O my! ain't they good!"

"Nancy — Nancy!" cried Keziah, clasping her hands in terror.

"Have a bite?" Before she knew it, a wedge of doughnut was thrust into her mouth and her teeth were closing on a sugar morsel that broke every scruple before it. Mother's doughnuts were always so good!

"There now, you've et some," said Nancy, hurrying through the woodshed, "and you're as bad as me. Go back and get a handful for yourself, then we can sit down and be real comfortable."

"Oh, — oh!" Keziah had really taken dough-

nuts from her mother's stone pot without asking leave! Never in her life had such a thing happened before.

When the realization of it broke upon her, she dared not swallow any more. "I'm a thief," she wailed, sitting down in a miserable heap on the kitchen floor. "I'll spit it all out," suiting the action to the word.

"Goose — that's what you are! an' besides, you've swallowed some." Nancy danced about the old kitchen, cramming morsels of the sugary cakes into her mouth all the while. "That's just as bad as eating a dozen. My soul and body, ain't these good though! When they're et up I'm goin' to get some more."

"You're not!" Keziah gave such a scream, it was impossible for it not to reach the ears of the two women sewing and gossiping in the keeping-room. They laid down their work and gazed into each other's eyes.

"I heard a cry," the little black eyes of the neighbor snapped in anticipation of some excitement.

Mrs. Hodder pricked up her ears and turned her large, heavy, face toward the door.

"It cannot be anything." Then she glanced at the vacant stool, and realizing that Keziah had not returned, she rose from her chair.

"Don't you go, Mis Hodder — I'll see for you." Mrs. Judkins, longing for a chance to explore the kitchen and its surroundings by herself, was skipping briskly toward the entry.

"No, you set still." Mrs. Hodder, as obstinate as she was heavy, waved her back imperatively. There were limits to what a neighbor should presume to do in the way of officious help; so there was nothing to be done but for the visitor to remain in the common room, though truth must be told that she didn't sit down, but kept within a fair hearing distance.

"Now see what you've done," Nancy in smothered wrath rushed up and shook Keziah's shoulders. "They're coming — O my soul and body!" as a heavy tread proclaimed it. "You've stole your mother's doughnuts, and —"

She got no further. Two strong young hands forced her back from the outer door where she was rushing out, and visitors entered, very much more to be dreaded than the mistress of the house. Mrs. Hodder, coming in at the same moment, the two parties stared a breathing space at each other. Nancy tumbled back, the doughnut pieces sprawling from her grasp, against Keziah. The two girls clutched each other and held their breath.

"His Majesty requires it." The eyes of the matron compelled this apology for the entrance by the

young British officer who had seized Nancy; the other soldier remained silent, as the redcoats entered the old kitchen.

“His Majesty requires it?” Mrs. Hodder repeated with slow scorn. “I know no Majesty who has power over my house and can enter it without my bidding.”

“My good woman,” the officer dropped his pretence at apology, and went on impetuously, “if you do not recognize any royal power that allows entrance into your house to-day, you will soon, I am afraid, come to find out that you can have no claim to a house or shelter at all, other than his Gracious Majesty, George of England, vouchsafes to give to you and to yours.”

Mrs. Hodder was speechless with anger. Being always slow to find words, she now was forced to wait in vain for their arrival. But she lifted her right arm — it was stalwart to match her frame — and extending a long, firm hand, she held it unmistakably toward the door. It was impossible to misunderstand the command.

“I have given you a civil explanation of our coming.” The young officer pushed the light wavy hair from his brow with an impatient hand. “It now remains to execute the errand that brings us here, which, mark you, shall be with despatch. Corporal



Condon," he turned to the other soldier, "you take the rooms above stairs. I will see to everything below." He flung off a military cloak, dashed it to a chair, as his companion started to obey orders, but neither progressed much. Keziah tossed off the terrified Nancy, who was clutching her, and sprang to her feet.

"How dare you!" with flashing eyes she planted herself before the officer and raised both angry young arms. The youthful soldier paused in astonishment.

"Keziah!" exclaimed her mother, hoarsely. As well remonstrate with the North Wind.

"By George!" whistled the officer, taken back. His blue eyes fastened themselves on the angry ones, and the whistle died in his throat, while the color in his English cheek went pale.

"Indeed!" shrilled Keziah, "we have no home, have we, except what your King, not ours, chooses to give us?"

"Pardon me, Miss," he stammered; Corporal Condon took off his gaze long enough from the girl's face to stare at him, "I meant no disrespect — "

"You did," flashed back Keziah. She still held her arms wide, with all trust in them as a mighty barrier. "Your being here at all is a disrespect. Now just go." She waved her hands to the door.

"Keziah!" the mother's tones now were sharply commanding.

"That is impossible." The color now came back to the ruddy cheek, as it was said firmly, but though the blue eyes never wavered, they were slowly gathering an expression that disclosed how distasteful the whole job put upon him was becoming. "Our duty is to search this house. Listen, Miss, there is a deserter from our regiment who has espoused the cause of the beggarly Rebels — excuse me," he paused involuntarily, "he has been seen in this vicinity, and — "

"Oh, that makes it worse!" Keziah's eyes flashed. "If any poor man has joined our cause, we will protect him," she cried, standing white and straight. Wonder at herself and her power of ready speech seized her, yet she dashed on, tossing up her young head. "I hope you will never find him."

Corporal Condon stared dumbly at her. This was beyond him to understand. Those miserable Yankees had a way with them that was very annoying. He was glad he wasn't in Sergeant Harry Herford's shoes.

All this was too much for Neighbor Judkins's wife. She had lost none of it that could be achieved by ear, first through the keyhole, and then when the noise in the old kitchen admitted it, by opening the entry door to hear the better. She now advanced with as-

sured step and propitiating smile. "We must submit to the emissaries of our Majesty," she said graciously. She had heard that word somewhere and had studied it carefully. "Good Sir," she entreated, "I am Myles Judkins's wife — you must have heard of him, for he is a good and true Loyalist. You will remember that."

"I will remember that," said Sergeant Herford, but not regarding her. "Madam, your pardon, I crave it," he bowed to the stately woman with angry eyes, "but I must do my duty." He swept past the outstretched arm of the young girl, and with a low order to his companion, he marched into the common room.

## XV

“I’M PROUD TO SAY I WROTE IT.”

**K**EZIAH, a docile child on her stool, busy in her simple task over her sampler, now suddenly stood before the mother, independent and defiant. The attack upon the home had bridged all at once the distance that a young maiden treads slowly toward maturity.

Sergeant Herford, proceeding to his now hated task of searching the house, felt her scorn all along his back, playing havoc with the glory of the gay uniform, as he turned into the common room, till he was ready to curse the obligations that came with wearing it. He tried to give a warning suggestion to his companion to be not over-scrupulous as to the search he was to put through above stairs. But that individual disregarded entirely any sort of suggestion, and immediately sprang off to tread heavily the low stairs as he mounted to the chambers above.

“I ask your pardon, Madam,” young Herford turned to the matron, but his glance included the girl. She appeared not to see him. Myles Judkins’s

wife and Nancy crouching on the floor were as if they did not exist.

Mrs. Hodder regarded him silently. The sergeant, thus forced to go about what he evidently considered a duty, departed through the entry. They could hear him in the common room and the bedroom beyond. They could not know, of course, that a perfunctory glance was really all that he vouchsafed in either place; that he frowned savagely and once even stamped his foot, while several exclamations, not intended for polite society, escaped him.

"If I only had a gun!" Keziah seemed suddenly transformed to the son that good Mrs. Hodder had always longed for, as she stood there and glowered at her mother. She set her strong young teeth together, "I'd teach that horrible British officer that we can take care of our homes."

"*Hush!*" cried her mother in alarm.

"I wish't you had a gun," Nancy lifted her head and found her tongue; "I'd love to see you, Kizzy, shoot that old officer as you said you would."

"For the love of God, Nancy, be quiet!" commanded Mrs. Hodder, hoarsely. It was too late. Neighbor Judkins's wife gave a gasp; the corporal sent above stairs came down suddenly with jubilant leaps, but not too late to catch Nancy's speech. His brief authority had been pleasant to him, and he threw

back his head and announced importantly, "For treasonable sentiments, you will be reported," glaring at the girl standing with blazing eyes in the middle of the old kitchen.

"Oh, sir!" Mrs. Hodder deserted her self-control and threw restraint to the winds. She took a long step forward and clasped her hands. "She is but a child," she implored.

"I'm not a child," Keziah cried it out defiantly. "I am a woman — I am fifteen years old." She drew herself straight and faced the soldier. Nancy, with big eyes that held a terrified enjoyment of the scene, burrowed on the floor only enough to save her from observation; she was determined not to lose one whit of the performance going on.

"And do you stand by what you have said?" The corporal's gaze from his little ferret eyes and his manner were now almost insolent. He was getting into luck. Since his commanding officer had so strangely weakened, he must be all the firmer. Oh, what good fortune would fall to him; perhaps a grant of land, or equal emolument, for landing a rebel in the net spread by a shrewd King and his Parliament!

"Oh, no — no!" Mrs. Hodder dashed over to Keziah and gripped her arm. "Pay no attention to this child," she begged, "she knows not what she says."

"I know perfectly well, Mother; let me go." Keziah sought to shake her off.

"And do not heed her, sir. She is a child, and uses only the thoughtless words of a child."

Myles Judkins's wife, finding small attention paid to herself, crowded up. "What odds does it make anyway what she says? She's always been on t'other side."

"That accounts for this, then," said Corporal Condon, flapping a square paper-covered book before their eyes. "I've found this copy-book, Miss," he said exultantly, "above stairs. It convicts you, for I suppose it's yours by the treason you've just uttered."

"It's mine," said Keziah, "and I'm proud to say I wrote it," and she put out her hand for it. "And what right have you to touch my things, I should like to know?" she demanded.

"No, you don't, Miss, get this copy-book so easy as that. It's treasonable, and as such it stays in my hands till I can put it where it belongs." The corporal backed off with a laugh, "and as to right, — Hoh! Hoh! — that *is* rich! Right? Why you, and such as you, have no rights, except what the King gives you. This beggarly house," — he glanced around in contempt, meanwhile cramming the copy-book into his pocket, leaving his sentence unfinished as Sergeant Herford suddenly appeared.

His boyish face darkened angrily. He glanced sternly from one to the other. "What is it?" he cried sharply into the now flushed countenance of his assistant.

"A matter of treason," Corporal Condon was determined to make a bold front. "I've found it out above stairs, and she — " he twitched out the copy-book from his pocket to shake it at Keziah, "has confessed it all."

"Give the book to me," commanded Sergeant Herford.

Very unwillingly, it was handed over. His superior officer, assuming an indifference to the whole matter, whirled the leaves rapidly, "I see nothing but a schoolgirl's love of scribbling," he said carelessly. "Why this tempest over nothing, Condon? We have not found what we came to search for; we must look elsewhere for our deserter. Come, we are wasting time here in silly talk." He turned with a careless air toward the door.

"But you haven't looked — you haven't examined it," the corporal cried, eagerly gaining his side. He actually snatched the book before Sergeant Herford could protect it from his grasp. "There! what think you of that?" whirling the leaves.

It stared up at the officer in clear black letters; Keziah's quill was guiltless of a good point. Across the page, the damaging sentiment ran:



"My country is Boston Town in New England. Oh, I hate that wicked King George, and I'll do everything against him that I can."

A bright color overspread the young officer's cheek to suddenly die down.

"What do you think of that?" cried the corporal again, this time more triumphantly. "This girl says she wrote it," slapping his thigh and leering at Keziah.

"Yes, I did," said Keziah, without a tremor. "The book is mine, and I have a right to say what I want to in it."

"Not treasonable sentiments, my fine Miss," began the soldier.

"Silence!" thundered Sergeant Herford, with a lightning gleam at his subaltern. "I am here to attend to this matter."

"I know all about it, and can report it," said the soldier, sullenly.

"You will make no report on this house, nor on anything that it contains. It is my province to attend to that," declared young Herford, flatly. He folded the copy-book and thrust it into his pocket, but a glance at the face of the corporal told him that the whole thing would be common talk in the quarters most dangerous for the well-being of the family he was now quite determined to protect. That it would

go ill with him if it were not reported, he also knew perfectly well. He brought up a smile to his face. "I wish you good day, Madam," he said courteously, pretending not to see the agonized face of the mother. For the Tory's wife, he vouchsafed no regard, though she kept saying obsequiously, "I have no sympathy with rebels against good King George — " He did not apparently hear her, yet a contemptuous smile hovered around his lips. He stopped one second in front of Keziah, standing as defiantly as before, but thinking better of any attempt to speak, with the sharp little eyes of Corporal Condon upon him, he motioned to him to proceed and followed him rapidly to the outer door.

"Oh, sir!" in the agony Mrs. Hodder seized his military cloak he had thrown over his shoulders, and held it fast. He turned swiftly, but in that instant his face changed utterly. It was as if all annoyance were wiped out, and a smile, reassuring and even tender, spread over his countenance.

"Don't lay it up — don't report this against my girl. She's all we have," the mother brought it out with a groan.

Suspicious ears were in front of them. Turning swiftly, the corporal's ferret eyes were upon them. A dangerous man he was now to this family and to

Sergeant Herford himself. This last, however, threatening as it was, did not occupy his mind as much as the shadow that involved the household so suddenly dependent upon all the tact that he could muster to extricate them from the dilemma in which they were now thrown. His face at once changed swiftly into a stern, uncompromising front. But Mrs. Hodder had seen the smile and the luminous message shining through it. Her soul was comforted; and though a deadly dread was hers, as she staggered back to drop into a chair in the middle of the kitchen, and the two soldiers went down the path from the house-place, she felt warmed by the silent message.

"I couldn't help it, Mother," Keziah tumbled over rather than ran to her mother's side, and fondled the hard cheek. The reaction had come; she was a child again.

Mrs. Hodder passed her hands like one benumbed over the girl's head.

"What you've done to this house!" Myles Judkins's wife raised her skinny hands piously; "a thankless child is like a serpent's tooth."

Nancy's head came up like a turtle. "I wish't you had a gun, Kizzy," she craned her long neck excitedly. "O dear me! be they really gone?"

"Mother — Mother," wailed Keziah, "don't look so! Oh, I couldn't help it, Mother!" she sobbed, and

shook all over, burrowing deeply in the long black apron that covered the stuff gown.

The matron tremblingly smoothed the bright brown hair. She tried to speak, but no words came.

"To think of saying anything against *our* King!" spluttered Mrs. Judkins, agonized because no one attended to her. "It is treason, there ain't no other word for it, and you can't get around it."

Keziah and her mother, detached from the other two in the old kitchen, clung together in helpless woe. Keziah, although as firmly in love with the real sentiments in her heart, was aghast to find a storm of remorse sweeping them down. "I've killed my mother," kept surging through her brain.

"Your father must know, oh Keziah!" Over the bright brown head, Mrs. Hodder breathed the words, but Myles Judkins's wife, who felt it her duty to draw near, possessed a quick ear. She now squeaked out, "To be sure, your father must know of all these goin's on, Keziah Hodder. I'll get Myles to tell him; as I heard th' whole thing, it'll come pretty straight. Yes, Myles shall do it."

"No, no," Mrs. Hodder lifted her face, her hands still enfolding her daughter. "It is for me to tell him; Keziah and I will do it."

"An' I ain't expected to tell my own husband," exclaimed Mrs. Judkins, in her squeakiest voice;

“well, ef that ain’t th’ beatenest! I don’t b’lieve in married folks havin’ secrets between them.”

“But this doesn’t concern you,” began Mrs. Hodder, with a slow dignity.

“I shall make it my dooty,” declared Mrs. Judkins. “I’m obleeged to, ’cause I heard it.”

“An’ me — I heard it, too,” shrilled Nancy, jumping to her feet to stumble over to them, “it’s my dooty, too.”

“*You!* Oh, Lord save us,” screamed Mrs. Judkins, turning on her. “You hold your silly tongue! One word from you, hussy, an’ I’ll get you took up for stealing of Mrs. Knox’s flannel petticoat hanging on her clothesline.”

Nancy, horribly frightened, ducked quickly. “I didn’t mean I would tell,” she said sullenly.

“And you will not let pass your lips, Mrs. Judkins,” Mrs. Hodder looked at her entreatingly, “one word of what — ” she drew in her breath sharply — “has taken place here to-day.”

“I feel it to be my dooty,” repeated Myles Judkins’s wife loftily.

Nancy gave a birdlike glance out of the small paned window and screamed shrilly, “Here’s Mr. Hodder now, his very own self!”

In he came through the shed door; they could hear him strike his heavy shoes against the step to knock

off the dirt. Keziah clutched her mother desperately and burrowed deeper than ever in her lap. In a moment he was in the kitchen, and Mrs. Judkins concluded that she wouldn't introduce the subject, but let matters take their course. Israel Hodder, she could see with one glance from her sharp little gimlet eyes, was in one of his bad tempers.

"Isr'el Hodder, there has been troublous times here." After all, Mrs. Judkins found it beyond her to keep her tongue quiet. She must start the thing along.

What was the woman saying? Israel Hodder glared at her. He disliked Amanda Judkins only a little less than he did Myles; and he feared them both.

Mrs. Judkins's high cheek-bones flamed a lively red. She moistened her thin, puckery lips with the tip of her hard-worked tongue, "You sh'd 'a' come home sooner. Oh, land save us! it'll be just awful for you, Isr'el."

Mr. Hodder tried not to start, but he made bad work of it, pretending he was shifting feet because he was tired. His long gaunt face worked convulsively, as he continued to stare at her. Then his eye fell on his wife's bowed head and the hands still smoothing the brown hair of their daughter. He kept his gaze on the two figures as if fascinated, then he slowly turned to the woman with the high cheek-bones and

the puckery mouth. "What you sayin'?" he demanded hoarsely.

Mrs. Hodder lifted her face, "Israel," she said. But Mrs. Judkins shrilled in, cutting her short.

"I'm sorry for you, Isr'el Hodder. It'll be hard for ye to fix up, but — "

"Wife, what does all this mean?" he broke in savagely. His long face had gone quite white. He laid a heavy but trembling hand upon her shrinking shoulder.

"Israel," began Mrs. Hodder again. This time it was the young girl who interrupted. "I'll tell him, Mother," and before the quick protest could be spoken, Keziah had leaped to her feet, tossed back her brown hair, "Father, I've told the truth to a British soldier." Israel Hodder's face went from white to red.

"What truth?" he shot the question at her. His wife rose from her chair and made a movement to put herself before her child.

"You stand back, wife," Mr. Hodder was rapidly coming to himself. "I'll attend to Keziah. What truth, I say?" he demanded harshly.

"I said I hoped he'd never find the soldier who had deserted and come over to our cause — the soldiers, there were two of them, came here to look for him this afternoon — and that we'd protect him."

"You said what?" Israel fairly thundered it now, looking down into the brown eyes of his daughter.

"I said that we'd protect him," repeated Keziah, not flinching.

"What right had you to say that?" snarled her father.

"Why, wouldn't you, Father?" she faced him, clear-eyed. Neighbor Judkins's wife clasped and unclasped her hands in real enjoyment, especially when she glanced at Martha Hodder, standing still as a statue and with a face as white.

"That's my business. Go on," he roared; his hard black eyes blazed.

"And they found my copy-book upstairs; they had no business to touch my things," declared Keziah defiantly. She kept her eyes steadily raised to those flinty black ones.

"What copy-book?"

"My own copy-book; and I wrote things they didn't like — and they said it was treason. I'm glad I wrote them — every single word."

"What things?" Her father was holding himself in hand, but his face was like a sleeping volcano; only the eyes blazed.

"I said," replied Keziah, in a clear, high tone, "I said that I hated the wicked King George, and I'd go against him in every way I could, and so I will! Oh, Father, don't look so!"



The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when she was lifted by such a strong hand that she was conscious of a rush of wind only as she was carried along. A breathing space — and she was without the door, thrust far beyond the house-place. She heard her mother scream; she dimly felt that it was the first time in her life. She felt, rather than heard, the big door being slammed to, and the latch-string, she could even hear that twitched in. Above all, or was it only a dream — she could hear her father's voice as he bore her along. "Go from this house, you'd bring ruin on it to stay here, and join the —" too bad a word for this page, with which Israel Hodder designated the citizens of Boston fighting for their liberty.

Two minutes — or was it two hours? — she stood there, dazed and wretched. Then she crept up to the door. "Father," she cried, her lips against it, "let me in, I didn't mean to do harm — I didn't, Father — oh, truly I didn't!"

All was still as the grave. How was she to know that the father had hurried his wife into the common room and shut the door. Mrs. Judkins, really scared at the storm she had raised, was perfectly willing to let it now rage without her; so she edged along the entry to the front door — tumbling over Nancy down on the floor, her eye at the keyhole.

"I thought you'd gone home, you little varmint,"

exclaimed Mrs. Judkins, getting her long figure up to stand on her feet. "What do you mean by knockin' decent, respectable people over in this way?"

"Oh, Mrs. Judkins, I didn't knock you over," sniffled Nancy, putting her dirty apron to her eyes, "I didn't see you comin' and I didn't mean to, an' I —"

"You get along to your home as fast as you can kite," said the exasperated woman, feeling of her knee. "I declare, I d'no but what I've put the bone out; it hurts awful. I fell clean over your miserable carcass."

"Yes'm," said Nancy, meekly. Neighbor Judkins opened the big front door, "Now scat," she said.

No need to tell Nancy; she was already well out on the road and headed for the miserable little cottage she called home, shared by a swarm of children, dirty and forlorn as herself, all living down on the Marsh.

Mr. Israel Hodder now walked into the entry. "If I hear any one speaking to that daughter of mine, I'll reason with them."

"I ain't a-goin' to speak to her," said Mrs. Judkins, tartly. "Lord save us, Isr'el Hodder, I've got other business to 'tend to better'n to be botherin' with your fam'ly." She limped off from the flat stone, as the big green door was snapped fast.

"Mother," Keziah was sobbing now, her face

against the door, "you might come and speak to me even if Father won't let me in. Oh, Mother!"

Only the wind in the trees, and the twitter of a bird in the branches, who cocked his pretty head, oblivious of the troubles of Tory or Colonist. A death-like stillness gloomed about her. It seemed as if she had been put forth from home for a time beyond count. Was it that day when she had sat, a careless girl on her stool, with no more worry in life than to finish her sampler? Oh, why had she fretted because everything was so dull? Sweet now would be the stint, any task, no matter how hard and tiresome, that might be set for her fingers to do.

"I've been a wicked girl," moaned Keziah, leaning against the door, "and God is punishing me. Well, they will let me in soon, if I only wait."

It was an hour that she stood there, although she had no count of time. She was only conscious that she was cold, but it was more through the benumbing of her heart that didn't seem to beat. There was no noise within the house, nor any sign of life about. Again, how was she to know that her mother was on her knees by the old calico-covered chair in the common room, waiting and praying for the frenzy of passion to pass from the man who was watching any attempt to go to the daughter his own hand had thrust forth from the home.

“They are coming — sometime,” said Keziah softly, as the darkness settled about her. “It’s hard to hold on someway —” her fingers slipped further along the door jamb, and this time she could not recover her grasp; they gently fell to her side, as she staggered off, to waver, and finally to relax in a soft little heap in the house-place, like a child going to sleep.

## XVI

### “HER MOTHER MUST KNOW”

THERE was outspoken talk going on in which everybody expressed his sentiments plainly so that there was no danger of being misunderstood. It generally happened so in the parlor of the Mather Byles house. Each one spoke his mind; none clearer than the reverend gentleman himself.

On this occasion the two daughters took part, Miss Catharine especially branching out in some lively sallies that earned for her considerable attention, to which she pressed forward a young girl, her guest. “If you think my tongue pleases you,” she said to the group of gentlemen attracted by the cleverness of her wit, “I can tell you it is nothing compared to the power of expression that this young damsel possesses. Verily if you could hear her — no, no, Anastasia, it is useless to protest against it.” She drew her forward, the ring of gentlemen willingly stepping back to be the better able to judge of the beauty of which most of them had already heard.

Anastasia, vexed as well she might be at this sort

of attention, but knowing the only way to get clear of it and escape the caustic tongue was to meet it with indifference, assumed this, and twirled her fan languidly, not deigning to answer a word.

“If wit had been given to this young lady,” said a gallant, bowing low and placing his hand on his embroidered waistcoat in the region of his heart, “it would have been overpowering to our sex. Beauty alone, such as we now contemplate, suffices.” He ogled the fair, disdainful face, putting up his glass and coolly regarding her through it by a prolonged stare.

Anastasia returned the gaze without a quiver, but the disdain spread until her whole countenance was so eloquent with it, that in confusion the gallant turned suddenly aside to the great delight of the other gentlemen. A derisive smile at his expense went around the circle.

Seeing this, Miss Catharine went to his relief by diverting her attack to another unfortunate member of the company, and suddenly propelled upon him a question, to answer which, she hoped he would be obliged to stand up for the Patriot party, or to repudiate it and its policy and methods. He had come to the doctor’s parlor for the enjoyment that Tory and Patriot alike found in the witty parson’s conversation; he was no talker himself. Moreover, as he

had the reputation of being one of those neutral individuals described in the common tongue as being "on the fence," he was quite willing to hear and to see, while he remained in the background. Here he had kept himself thus far.

"Mr. Padgett," Miss Catharine's sharp eye had long ago discovered this and marked him for a victim, "can we not get your opinion on this subject that is now mightily to the front? Do you not think the Regulation Acts, as passed for the government of our Province, are wise and timely?"

The circle immediately forgot the gallant's existence, who breathed a long sigh of relief where he had worked himself off to the outer fringe, while it opened to the person now addressed, to take him in.

"Indeed, Mistress Byles," and the color mounted his cheek, "I really cannot—I do not feel it in my power —" and then he stopped.

"Oh, then you do *not* think that Lord North has devised a wise and just plan?" she insisted, driving the question home hard, her voice cutting the pause, for every one had dropped their talk to eagerly wait for the reply.

"I really cannot say," he answered in a low voice, with an eye over to the parson, the one individual most to be dreaded, although the atmosphere was wholly Tory.

“What’s that?” the sharp tones of Dr. Byles cut in. He deserted abruptly his corner of the apartment where he had been measuring wits with those who cared to unsheath their tongues against him. And he now came striding over, his sharp eyes focussed on the victim.

The question was asked again by Miss Catharine, delighted at having stirred up her father. The parson waited for the reply, glaring at the unfortunate man, who for very especial reasons locked up in his own breast felt it extremely hazardous at this time to commit himself. In that flash of time while Dr. Byles, and the company in sympathy with him, cruelly pinned him down for an expression of his sentiments, he met the eyes of Anastasia. Soft and blue they were, and altogether alluring. Now they were rapidly gaining a new quality; something was rising from their depths at which his heart leaped, as if he had found a friend.

It gave him courage. “Why do you ask me?” he fenced, lifting his head with a boldness he did not feel, although the blue eyes, gathering their new expression, were reënforcing his strength.

“Why do I ask you?” roared the doctor at him. “Zounds, man,” striking his hands together hard, every word coming sharp and stinging, “because you, as we can plainly see now, by evading this question,



favor the rebels. Well, you, and other rebels like you, should be made to acknowledge your treasonable sentiments that are working the ruin of this town and Province."

"You have no right to draw that inference," said Mr. Padgett, haughtily, "either about me or other rebels, as you are pleased to call us, Dr. Byles."

"It's treason of the rankest sort," the doctor drew himself up and bellowed it forth. But he fenced in his turn, for he was completely astonished to find himself slipping on to the ground of general statements, instead of cornering his man. However, he had gained something toward placing him. "The Port Bill was the very thing needed to subjugate the rebellious followers of Adams and his party. And the Regulation Acts, to clinch the matter, will bring those who are audacious enough to question the authority of our Gracious Majesty to their shame and confusion. Why, this maiden here," he turned abruptly and put his hand on the slender shoulder, "is wise enough to see that, as I know by my many conversations with her. Speak up, child," his fingers held her with compelling force.

Anastasia gave a light little laugh. "Oh, yes," she said carelessly. Then she shook the waves of soft yellow hair away from her brow, looked intently at the stranger from whom the transference of the

parson's attention had been made to herself; but her eyes had changed. "As for me, there can be no other government save that of King George," tossed her head and beat the floor with her slipper, the same blue one given her by good Mistress Knox of the Patriot party.

It was impossible for even Dr. Byles to be quarrelsome after this, for the burst of enthusiasm rang through the big apartment. Youth and beauty had spoken for the King — could any one desire more? Each man vowed he must drink to her, and to her allegiance to royalty, and the overthrow of treason in the Colony. And presently she was in the centre of an animated throng, the glasses of wine lifted high in her homage, with a little thrown in for the King.

A man, young and stalwart, passing by at this moment, looked in at the brightly-lighted home, the candles all aglow, of the pastor of the Hollis Street Church, and stopped with an exclamation that, but for the noise within, must have been heard. He clenched his strong, brown fists and gazed with bated breath. Then he set his teeth together hard, and strode off into the dusk of the early evening.

What an enemy to the Cause she was! And in Dr. Byles's home, the most conspicuous Tory of the time, — working against the struggling Province, and for an unjust and tyrannical King!



THE GLASSES OF WINE LIFTED HIGH IN HER HOMAGE.—*Page 234.*



Tom Horne did not once think the sharp and sudden pain that made him stagger like one bereft of his senses was aught connected with any love for the girl. That love he fondly believed he had by this time crucified, and that his heart was now without any other rival, wholly wrapped up in the Cause he had espoused. He did not know that Anastasia was at this moment feeling her soul withering within her, while she preserved outward composure. She noticed that the stranger, when all the rest of the company were toasting her sentiments, only made a pretence of raising his glass to his lips. Above it, his eyes were cold and contemptuous.

She looked away, unable to endure the sight, but the gaze followed her, and it was a positive relief when the hour soon came for the breaking up of the party. She was cloaked and hooded, and away with her escort, raised to the seventh heaven of bliss to carry off the prize from all the other gallants. With that same uneasy feeling at her heart and vexation at herself, Dr. Byles, and Miss Catharine, who had precipitated the annoyance of the evening, she was a silent partner in the walk.

But she spoke once, and stopped suddenly. "What is that?" listening intently.

"I heard nothing," said the escort, whose ears were only for the girl at his side.

“It is a moan of distress — oh, look!” With that, she broke away, and running to a house-place a bit removed, she threw herself down by a dark object. “It is a woman — why, it’s a poor girl — O me!”

The young gallant leaned over to view what his beautiful companion was gazing at. Her hood had fallen back, and she now turned her face up to him. “It is a girl,” she kept saying, “oh, help me to lift her,” she implored, meanwhile chafing the white cheeks and brow.

“You can do nothing,” said the young man in perplexity. This was not at all to his liking. He glanced up and down the street. No one was coming to their aid; it was absolutely quiet.

Anastasia was becoming angry. “Then I will try what I can do myself,” she said icily. With all her endeavor, she could not raise the figure, but the girl opened her eyes.

“Try to get up,” begged Taisie, “you can if you will. See, I will help you, and this gentleman here.” She turned to him and commanded, “Put your hand under her arm, and I will do so on this side. There — ” The girl turned a dazed face to her — opened her white lips as if about to speak — then sighed convulsively.

“What in this world are you going to do with

her?" gasped the young man, not liking this sort of business, as they staggered off with the half-conscious figure between them.

"Take her to my house," said Taisie, curtly; "pray, why not?" she set her teeth together upon her pretty lip, as the girl lurched over toward her, bringing the weight cruelly upon her soft arm, and making her own footsteps so uneven that she was but a poor guide. The young man was also having a bad quarter of an hour; together with the discomfort of the walk, was the vexation at having fallen from grace in the estimation of his divinity.

At last, there was mother's candle burning brightly in the common room. Home was reached! If ever Taisie was glad to see it, it was at that moment. The three staggered to the door, and bracing herself against its jamb, still holding fast to the girl, she opened it. "Good night," she said.

"I ask your pardon," said the young man, fumbling for a self-possession he rarely found to desert him.

"You need not — good night!"

"But, Miss Tulley —"

The two girls — for somehow Anastasia had the poor creature within the doorway — disappeared.

He was shut out in the darkness, in a fury at his bad luck, and his own stupidity at not playing the winning cards in his hand better.

“Mother,” Taisie dragged the girl along to the side of the table where the candle was burning, and Mrs. Tulley sat sewing in its light.

“Merciful goodness!” Mrs. Tulley sprang to her feet and screamed, then put out her arms, for she had nearly knocked down the poor figure — she could scarcely see what — that her daughter was half carrying.

“Take care — it’s a sick girl,” said Taisie, in a matter-of-fact tone, as if she had been accustomed to bring in to this quiet household such objects every day. “Quick, Mother, we must lay her right down on the floor.”

This Mrs. Tulley seeing, she gathered her wits together, and the girl was presently lying on the floor, one of the rag rugs drawn under her head. Then Taisie threw off her hood and cast aside her cloak, and stood and looked at her. Mrs. Tulley gazed alternately at her daughter and the girl on the floor.

“Where did you get her?” she found voice to say.

“Never mind now, Mother,” said Taisie, impatiently, “the thing is to do something for her. What shall it be?” She knelt down and passed her hand over the poor face.

Mrs. Tulley was over by the fireplace, and pouring boiling hot water from the kettle into a small tub,



saying, "I must get her feet het up," and now quite herself, the matron of affairs.

"Can't you tell me?" Taisie's yellow hair, fallen down, touched the white cheek. The girl opened her eyes and stared wonderingly. Then she put up a shaking hand. "You're good to me," she said simply.

"Oh, now you can speak," cried Taisie, joyfully. "Tell me," she seized the hand and held it firmly, "who are you?" She demanded it in such a compelling tone that the girl said at once weakly, "Keziah Hodder."

"Keziah Hodder?" repeated Taisie.

"There," Mrs. Tulley bore along the tub of hot water and set it down, "now we must get her feet in as soon as may be, and — "

"Mother," Taisie, still holding the hand, cried out, "who is Keziah Hodder? Who can she be?"

Mrs. Tulley set down her tub. She thought a moment. "Her father is a man that works down to the barracks, some one said. But he's got a good wife," she hastened to add. "Where did you find the girl?"

"On the way from Dr. Byles's," said Anastasia quickly. "Never mind, Mother, I'll tell you all about it by and by. Yes, we must get her feet in the tub. Oh, you poor Keziah Hodder!" Taisie was now

bending over her, the yellow hair, that had escaped its blue ribbon, mingling with the brown locks straggling off from the poor head on the braided rug, "do try to sit up. We can't do anything for you, Mother and I, unless you help yourself."

"I'll try," came from the weak lips.

"That's right," said Taisie, encouragingly, and presently her mother and she had Keziah propped up on a wooden chair, her shoes and stockings off, and her cold feet in the tub of hot water.

And her tongue was loosened before many minutes, to let out the pitiful tale in dribblets, a miserable little stream of woe, that made Mrs. Tulley get behind the girl and lift her hands many times during the recital. Anastasia's blue eyes blazed fire. She had hard work to keep from stamping the floor and raging out her condemnation. At last she asked, "But why did your father do such a perfectly dreadful thing as to turn you out?"

"Because I stood up for Liberty," said Keziah, faintly.

"*What?*"

"For Liberty," repeated Keziah. Then warmed and revived, she found her heart again. "And I'm glad I did. I'd rather die than be a traitor!"

Anastasia staggered back, her blue eyes wide. She opened her mouth to answer sharply — caught

her breath as she gazed at Keziah's face, walked off to recover herself, and let the mother question Keziah.

What! was she always to be met by the foolish faith of those deluded persons believing in the ultimate victory of the people fighting for Liberty? Why must they be thrust in her way! If they must exist and work out their own destruction, why need such a pitiful spectacle be given to her to witness? Now this girl — Taisie went up and down the room like a hunted animal — the idea of her getting into such trouble with her foolish tongue. But here she pulled herself up at thought of the cruel father. Was it possible he was a Tory! Of course, he must be to have become so enraged at his daughter. She blushed with shame. If such as he were in the ranks that held her, Anastasia Tulley, bound heart and soul to the King, why — a wave of repulsion swept her from head to foot.

Well, anyway, there was the girl's poor mother; Keziah now was pouring out her heart, and sobbing on Mrs. Tulley's breast. "Oh, Mother — Mother — and she doesn't know I've got in where it is warm, and somebody to take care of me!"

Without a word, Taisie seized her cloak and hood lying where she had thrown it, and went rapidly to the door.

"Where are you going?" Mrs. Tulley broke away from the sobs, to cry out.

"To tell her mother that Keziah is here," said Taisie, briefly, and opening the door.

"Anastasia," cried her mother, getting up from her knees as quickly as she could, for they were stiff, "you can't — at this time of the evening. Wait until your father comes home."

"I must go now," said Taisie, running out, "her mother ought to know. It'll kill her to wait —" She left the door wide open, her voice coming back from the road.

## XVII

“I MUST TAKE CARE OF HER.”

**A**NASTASIA hurried along the thoroughfare, retracing the steps that she and her escort had taken in conducting the girl to the cottage on Rawson's Lane. Turning several corners on her way, her mind was only intent on getting to the girl's poor mother as speedily as possible. Though she had never been out in the evening alone, being strictly guarded in all these ways by a true Puritan up-bringing, she felt no fear. Indeed, she thought not of herself at all, for her mind was in a turmoil about other things. “She belongs to the Patriot party. Why did I trouble about her?” she fumed to herself as she hurried on. Then she could feel the flush of shame under her hood, till she pushed it back from her hot cheeks. Remembering instantly where she was, alone on the street in the evening, she pulled its border into place again by a hasty hand. At last she was at the house-place where she had found the girl lying, an unconscious little heap, on the ground.

There was no light in the small house, except a tiny ray in the farther room that denoted a solitary candle. Anastasia was on the point of rapping at the door, when it was suddenly thrown open, and a tall, angular woman, with hair dishevelled as if pushed back by frantic hands, met her suddenly. As she was rushing out with wild eyes, she nearly threw the girl off from the big flat stone. Taisie involuntarily put up both hands to hold her back.

"Let me go," cried the woman, struggling to get by.

Anastasia was slight, but she had muscles of steel.

"No," she said quietly, "your daughter is —"

"My daughter! I am going to her." She made a desperate effort to thrust the figure that opposed her to one side.

"I have your daughter safe and sound, Mrs. Hodder," Taisie could scarcely get the words out, her breath being nearly spent in the struggle. No sooner had they been uttered, than the mother's frantic hands relaxed. She searched the face from which the hood had fallen back, with a lightning glance, then as suddenly the wild eyes closed, and her head dropped forward to her breast; Taisie thought that she was going to faint, and she threw her arms about the big figure.

"You know I've come to tell you all about it. I've got Keziah at my home," she said it all as naturally

as if she had come to impart an everyday bit of information, and even gave a little unconcerned laugh of reassurance for the fading consciousness to recover itself. "Now —" and she was leading the half swooning mother through the entry and to the nearest chair, "you see, I've come to tell you this, so that you may not worry; Keziah is going to stay with my mother and with me."

"Who are you?" demanded Mrs. Hodder, abruptly, looking up at her from the chair.

"I am Mr. Job Tulley's daughter, Anastasia," said Taisie; "you know who my father is, I think."

"What! not the girl they say is a Tory," cried Mrs. Hodder, in a shrill voice, trying to spring from her chair.

Every speck of color fled from Taisie's cheek, and she had not a word to say.

"I'd rather my daughter had waited in the cold — ay, and had suffered till I could get to her, than to have been picked up by you," said Mrs. Hodder, in a hoarse deep voice of scorn. "Let me go. I will bring her home." But she did not leap from the chair as she intended.

"Listen," said Anastasia, as hoarsely; "she is with my mother, and under my mother's care. She believes as you do." She still barred the way so that all efforts to leave the chair were fruitless. Then she

did what surprised her as much as the woman; she leaned forward impulsively and set a kiss on the poor distracted cheek.

Mrs. Hodder stared helplessly at her; her large hands that had been working convulsively lay quiet on her lap. "Now suppose," said Taisie, "that you should come with me and see for yourself how comfortable Keziah is." And she put her hand persuasively on the big shoulder. She spoke quietly, but she was very pale.

Suddenly the door was thrown wide. A tall man stalked into the room. "Where is Keziah?" he stormed, not seeming to know or care who was there. "I can't find her."

Anastasia turned and met him face to face. "What did you say?"

"My daughter — Keziah. Wife, what have you done with her?" He started toward the woman in the chair.

"Stay," said Taisie, coolly, and intervening; "perhaps I can answer that question."

"You? Who are you, — and what do you here?" cried the man at her.

At first the girl thought he had been drinking, but she soon saw that there was distress in the wild eyes, and not intoxication. This did not prevent her from shooting at him in indignation, "Your daughter is



where you won't get her, Israel Hodder. Oh, you wicked, cruel man, to turn your child out just because she wasn't a Tory!" Then she drew a long breath, and the color, so long absent, flooded her young face.

Israel Hodder stared at her keenly, then he burst into a short, sardonic laugh. "I know you now. Why, you are a Tory yourself," he shouted. He had been wild with distress; now it was anger that raged through him.

Anastasia panted in indignation. To stand there and be classed with wicked people who would stoop to all sorts of dreadful things, — oh, it was outrageous — abominable!

"You wretched man!" she cried. "How dare you speak to me like that!" drawing her slender figure to its height, and looking like an angry princess. "Oh, I believe you've done something awfully wicked, besides being a Tory!" She shot it out at a venture.

In an instant, Israel Hodder shrank before her eyes. Where was the tall, square-shouldered man dominated by angry power that her eyes had just held? He was casting furtive glances about the room and his big hands shook.

"I didn't mean —"

"You've been doing something bad, and you're afraid that it will be found out," continued Taisie, following up her advantage.

"I tell you I didn't mean —" he stammered, drawing closer, with an imploring black eye.

"Stand back," commanded Anastasia. "Now, Mrs. Hodder," turning to her, "you get your hood and shawl on, and come with me to Keziah."

The mother looked up into the young, authoritative face, but she hesitated. "I think — as long as Keziah is safe — I'll stay — with my husband." She scarcely breathed the words out of stiff lips, but her eyes and her face were at peace.

"With that creature!" exclaimed Taisie, in the greatest contempt.

"He is my husband," said Mrs. Hodder, "and I think he is sorry —"

Anastasia turned and dragged her hood over her face with an impatient hand, hurrying to the entry. But as she opened the outer door, a large hand put itself on her arm. The grasp, however, was timid. "You are good — I didn't know — folks said you cared for nothing but dress and show. Besides, you are a Tory, and Keziah is suffering just because she won't be one."

In all her life, Mrs. Hodder had never made such a long speech. She stood quite still; her eyes said, "Forgive me."

"Never mind," said Anastasia, kindly. Then she added, as she turned in the house-place, "I don't

mind what you or folks say about me — that doesn't matter. Keziah is safe and well at our house." She was gone, the woman in the Hodder doorway looked long after her. Her daughter was safe — thank God — but she had stung by her cruel words the daughter of some other woman.

Anastasia had less consciousness, of outward things, if that were possible, on the return home, than that possessing her on the way to the Hodder household. But as she reached the corner where she saw her mother's candle-light, her heart gave suddenly a great throb. A man stepped out from behind a tree — a shrinking figure, with his hat over his eyes, and stood in her path. Despite her efforts to keep calm, she was thrown into a sudden terror. She went rapidly on, however, showing no fear, and essayed to pass him.

"Miss Tulley," he said, moving to keep in her pathway, "I know what you've done —"

"Who are you that dares to speak to me?" cried Anastasia in a bold, assured tone, though inwardly she was shaking with fear.

"You've taken that 'ere girl of Isr'el Hodder's," said the man, ignoring the question, "to your house. Now I wouldn't, for it'll get yer into trouble, sure as shootin'. Them soldiers warn't after a deserter this arternoon. Thunder an' lightnin' — no! They

pretend it's that — but Isr'el's ben stealin' from Sergeant Herford, and the young chap went there to look around a bit,—an' while they was a-doin' it, they found evidence against th' girl. Now I'm a-tellin' you all this 'cause I don't want you to git inter trouble, bein' as you're a Tory, same's me." He pushed up his slouched hat, and she saw it was Myles Judkins.

"Get out of my way!" Myles never knew what it was made him move from the girl's path. She only spoke the words, and he was left where he had sprung aside, to see her disappear; then he watched till she entered her father's house.

Anastasia went through the kitchen, tossed off hood and shawl on the way, and to the loft stairs, where she saw the light of another candle. "Don't come up," her mother began, but the light footstep already had passed over them and she was at the door of her little room. "Why where —" she began.

"I got her up here and made a bed on the floor," said Mrs. Tulley, pointing over to the corner of the attic.

"That's not right," said Anastasia, "she is going to have my room."

"But, daughter," began Mrs. Tulley.

"She is going to have my room," said Taisie, calmly. She ran in and turned down the bedclothes, then hurried over to the pallet in the corner where Keziah lay with wide-open, waiting eyes.

“Oh, I’ve seen your mother,” said Taisie, kneeling down, and taking one of the trembling little hands, “and everything is all right. She understands that you are here, and she will be over to-morrow.”

Keziah gave a low sob and the tears trickled down her round cheeks.

“Now, then,” said Taisie, briskly, “you hop up right away.” She threw back the quilts.

“Where’re you going to take me?” gasped Keziah in sudden terror and shrinking back under the bed-clothes.

“Never you mind, — oh, you goosie,” said Taisie, with a pat on the back; for she already had the girl sitting up on the pallet. “Nothing can get you into harm here, so don’t worry your silly little head. Come along.” She gently led her across the garret and into her own little room.

“Why, you’re going to give me your room,” gasped Keziah, holding back. “Oh, I can’t take it!”

“You get into this bed,” said Taisie, hastening the process. “There — there you are. As snug as anything —” She was rapidly tucking her up with small pats. “Now, then, says I, just shut your eyes, and you’ll be as bright as a bird in the morning, when your mother comes.”

The pallet in the corner held a slender figure that lay quite still all the night. But the busy brain

was working hard. She put aside the rage and mortification that tore her heart and soul, at the Tory affiliations that had been thrown at her all the evening. What she must do now was to save the girl, thrown so on her mercy, from shame and distress, that recognizing her nature, Taisie knew she could illy bear; for she had studied the brown eyes and gentle face, that despite its brave stand, was not fitted to long endure persecution. Some one must take up Keziah's cause.

"Why should I?" Anastasia fought it all out over and over on her pallet. "The girl is nothing to me—" Then the appealing little face, its childlike gratitude; moreover, the brave stand the poor little thing had taken, the suffering she had endured,—in a moment Taisie was on the other side, a tide of remorse sweeping over her. She sat up straight on the pallet and beat the pillow as if that were to blame for her sleeplessness.

"Yes, the only thing to do is to see Harry Herford. Of course I must get the copy-book back; and whatever that miserable wretch of an Israel Hodder has done, it must drop. Keziah shall not be disgraced." She threw herself back on the long-suffering pillow and dragged the quilt up under her chin; at last she could go to sleep. In a moment it was thrown back and Taisie was as wide awake as

ever, crying to herself, "Only fifteen — O dear, dear!" For she felt her two additional years, as indeed she might, with all a woman's natural intuitive powers added to her Boston Town experiences, to lift her high above this poor little creature, thrown so suddenly upon her protection; and a smile ran over the face on the pillow as it brooded over the prospect of helping her. "Well, I must take care of her," she said to herself in the darkness. "To-morrow morning the first thing I will run down and get Mrs. Knox to help. Mr. Knox can tell Sergeant Herford to come there, and I will settle it with him. That will be easy enough." She smiled still more now at the remembrance of the ecstasy exhibited whenever any little favor or attention was accepted from this young officer, who had, to use the expressions of his brother officers, gone completely "off his head" over Mistress Anastasia Tulley. "Now I must get to sleep, oh, Tory — Tory!"

It rang in her brain all through that sleepless night. The girl in the little bedroom, being provided for, Anastasia's thoughts now turned to herself, and the blue eyes had not long been closed when the mother came to the side of the pallet in the early dawn.

"The girl is worse," she said briefly. "I just came up to see, and she knows nothing."

Taisie threw back the bedclothes and sprang to her

feet remorsefully. "Oh, I ought to have watched her!" she said, running in on bare white feet to her own little room. It was too true; Keziah's brown head was tossing restlessly on her pillow, while her parched lips muttered unconscious words.



## XVIII

### LIFE OR DEATH

SIMEON, who wouldn't have been a boy if he had been on hand when an errand was wanted, was off as usual. So Taisie hurried for Dr. Benjamin Church, Keziah's mother having already arrived. Then, without wasting a moment, she must get the ear of Sergeant Herford. But it wasn't through the agency of Mistress Henry Knox after all that it was achieved. Suddenly, when turning a corner, she came face to face with one of the gay uniforms she was socially so well accustomed to meet. Above it was a bright, youthful face that now flushed with ill-concealed joy.

"Mistress Tulley!" exclaimed the young officer, his obeisance mingling reverence with the gayety of old acquaintance, for by this time Anastasia had in him a firm friend, who seemed to her, with his light-some qualities of heart and mind, to be little more than a boy; "this is a favor indeed," bending his ardent glance of admiration upon her face, "to meet you."

Anastasia put aside the ordinary civilities of the encounter. "Oh, Sergeant Herford, you are the very one I want to see," she began.

"Is that so?" he couldn't conceal his joy. It ran all over his boyish face, flushing the pink cheeks to a brighter hue, and his blue eyes shone.

"Because there is some one who needs your help," ran on Taisie, outwardly unconscious of the havoc she was making with his emotions, and perfectly oblivious to the sudden rout of his joy. "I must state it in haste, Sergeant Herford; the house you went to yesterday —"

"Do not speak of that," he put up a protesting hand. He was irritated now. To follow the collapse of his joyous hopes; it was too much. No man could bear it well; and he stood in gloom before her. "I couldn't help it," he said like a sullen boy.

"Did you suppose I thought it a congenial task for you?" cried Taisie with sudden warmth. "Oh, Sergeant Herford, it is unlike you to want to spread aught but happiness around you!"

His face lightened; it was comforting to think that she understood.

"Now you must do this, — help me to relieve a great deal of unhappiness and misery."

"What can I do for you, Miss Tulley?" cried the young officer in astonishment, and quite lifted out of

himself in the evident distress of the girl. "Pray command me, I will assist to my utmost ability."

"I know you will," said Anastasia, with an enchanting little smile. "It is this. The man, Israel Hodder, has been wicked, no doubt. He has abused the trust that enabled him to work for you officers. But especially he has used you ill, Sergeant Herford, and —"

"Oh, I know all about that," returned the young officer, carelessly; "he has relieved me of some useless articles of silver that encumbered me. Home friends will be foolish, you know, Miss Tulley, and load down a soldier with things he is much better without; so this man, Hodder, thought, no doubt. But what of it?" he asked in surprise.

"Only this — to save his daughter from disgrace that might end in death," said Taisie, "I want you —"

Again he was guilty of interrupting. "His daughter? I didn't know he had a daughter, nor anything about the man, save that he was recommended to us officers as a good worker. Who is he, anyway?"

"It was his house you visited yesterday," said Anastasia, "and the young girl you saw was Israel Hodder's daughter."

Young Herford's face went very white. "You cannot mean it!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Taisie; "now you see how nobody

else can help but you. Oh, where is that copy-book?" she cried suddenly, putting out an eager hand.

Young Herford plunged both hands in his pockets, rummaged desperately through them, his face expressive of great concern.

"Believe me, Miss Tulley," he pulled it out at last from an inner pocket, "I was never so glad in my life of anything as to get rid of this book." He put it in her hand. "And now about Miss Hodder?" He hung on her answer.

"I will tell you later. Now, who was the other soldier with you?" Anastasia clutched the copy-book with jealous fingers, and looked for a quick reply.

"Oh, never mind," the young officer was almost irritable. It seemed unnecessary to be asked this by the girl before him, who in some inexplicable way was mixed up with that other and younger one of yesterday's affair.

"It is by no means a foolish question," said Anastasia, calmly, "as your manner indicates, Sergeant Herford. I ask it again, who was that soldier accompanying you yesterday?"

It was impossible not to reply. "Corporal Condon," said Harry Herford, driven to the wall.

"Very well. Now I want you to send him to my father's house. I would have speech with him."

"Impossible!" exclaimed young Herford, flatly.

"Is it so if I wish it?" said Anastasia, calmly. There was something in the blue eyes and the lines of the mouth that had smiled at him, that made him hasten to say, "Why, he is not the man you would want to know, Miss Tulley."

"Is he not a good man?" asked Miss Tulley, innocently.

"He's good enough as the world ranks goodness," said Harry Herford; "yes, far better than many a man higher up in our regiment; but socially, Miss Tulley, he is far beneath your notice."

"I was not aware that I was asking you to send him for any social reason," said Taisie, quietly. "Listen, Sergeant Herford, I will tell you the whole. Keziah Hodder is at my house, and she is ill. She must be protected from all that could result from her unfortunate sentiments in this book," she tapped the copy-book in her hand, "and by her tongue."

"Good God!" cried the young officer, starting forward; "tell me," and he smote his hands together. "It is nothing but the passing shock, and fright, maybe."

"Oh," said Taisie, shaking her yellow head, "I do not know; we can none of us tell. She was delirious this morning. But do not stop to think of that now." She was frightened at his face and

manner. "And I should be at home this instant. Send Corporal Condon to me as soon as possible." Without another word she turned and retraced her steps to Rawson's Lane. She knew, without seeing him, that he stood gazing after her, shocked and dumfounded.

How it was arranged, she never knew, nor did she care, so long as her command was obeyed. It was within the hour, when, as she was preparing a hot drink for the sick girl, she heard her mother say in a surprised tone, not unmixed with alarm, "Why, here is a British soldier in the house-place."

"I will go to see what he wants," said Taisie, setting the tea-kettle back quickly.

"No, daughter, that is not seemly," said Mrs. Tulley; "I will see what he wants."

But Taisie still said, "I will go." Moreover, she was well on the way. She closed the entry door and threw wide the outer one. The soldier, standing there expectantly, started back, stammered, bowed a great many more times than was really required by the courtesy of the times, shifted from one foot to the other, getting each in the way of its fellow, his eyes riveted on the well-known face of the little beauty.

She was all smiles, as she put out her hand. "It was very good of you, Corporal Condon," she said sweetly, "to bestow your time when I asked Sergeant Herford to request you to come."

The young soldier by this time was ready to fall at her feet and do her bidding, whatever it might be; he vowed as much. Looking into the limpid blue eyes, he knew he could die for her, and he held his breath to find what her command might be.

“Corporal Condon,” then she became serious, and the laughing curves and dimples fell into the grave lines befitting some weighty matter under consideration, “it is just this. I need your help; we all need it.”

“I’ll give it, I swear,” cried the young soldier, eagerly. He hadn’t naturally pleasant eyes, they being small and ferret-like; but now they looked human, and as if their owner were absorbed by a real desire to accomplish good service; “whatever it is, I will do, Miss Tulley.”

“Nay, I will not take advantage of you, Corporal Condon,” said Anastasia, gravely; “I will state the case just as it is, but I feel sure you will lend your aid.”

He was about to vow and declare again that he would, but she put up her hand for silence. “There is a young girl in this house, she is *my* friend,” Anastasia gave good emphasis on the pronoun; “she is sick, it may be unto death.” Here the beautiful blue eyes became so sorrowful that Condon’s little ferret ones could have wept in sympathy. “I will tell you who she is. Keziah Hodder, the girl that —”

He stepped backward awkwardly; to save himself, clutched the door-jamb, turned all sorts of colors, and stammered out, "What!"

"Oh, Corporal Condon," Taisie was shaking that yellow head of hers, "it is a dreadful blow to a girl like her — just think, she is much younger than I am — to suffer such a shock as yesterday."

"She's a blasted rebel," began Condon, coarsely, and his little eyes gleamed. Then he remembered where he was. "Beg your pardon," he brought up humbly, ducking his head.

"I am a Tory!" exclaimed Anastasia, suddenly. She drew her slender figure up to its greatest height. "She is *my* friend and under *my* roof. Isn't that enough that *I* will answer for her? Verily, Corporal Condon, you do take upon yourself over-scrupulous responsibility, when everybody in this town knows that no more loyal subject of our Gracious Majesty exists than Anastasia Tulley."

To appease this angry young goddess was now the only thought of Condon. All the rebels in Christendom might slip off unrebuked if only she would smile on him once more as at the beginning of the interview. He tried to worm himself back into her regard, and presented such a pitiable spectacle that slowly she relented.

"I could but take you at your word, Corporal Con-



don," she said sweetly, "but I see that your heart is in the right place."

"It is — it is," declared the young soldier, "only try me and see; what do you want me to do, Mistress Tulley?"

"Only to keep speech back in regard to her, and aught that took place, or was said, in Israel Hodder's house yesterday." She looked him straight in the eyes as she dealt out each word.

"I promise you," he said at last. Then she stretched out her hand and the smile came. "Believe me, Corporal Condon," she said as he took it, not daring to press it as it lay an instant in his big palm, "you will never regret this. Our good King George does not want his soldiers to do aught that would not fit the English gentleman, and he would commend to their mercy defenceless youth that should have their especial protection. And now I thank you for myself and for *my* friend," again the emphasis that bound her to Keziah.

The interview was over. Condon the soldier walked at least an inch taller and seemed to himself to be treading on air. The entry door was shut and Taisie was in the kitchen, her mother's eyes upon her, while the girl turned faint in the reaction.

"It's all right, Mother," she said; and when she got breath, she laid it all before her.

"Pray God it does not come too late," breathed Mrs. Tulley; "she is sick unto death it seems to me, Taisie."

Anastasia turned and strode savagely over the loft stairs; she ground her teeth. "I'll fight death," she said; "everything else is all right now. Do you suppose I'll let her die?" as if she were combating some person.

But when she looked down upon the face on the pillow of her own little bed, and then at the misery of the mother watching in speechless agony beside it, her heart began to fail her. To work — to work — she must do something. And she went down over the stairs to the kitchen, sent her mother into the bedroom to lie down, and feverishly attacked everything that suggested toil, as a deliverance from the fear that now racked her.

"Don't you find her much worse?" breathed Mrs. Tulley, gazing up at her daughter as she tucked the old gay patched bedquilt around her.

"Oh, maybe," said Taisie, nonchalantly; "but then you know, in a little while, a change may come all in a sudden. Now shut your eyes and go to sleep, Mother," she gave a little pat on the shoulder.

Mrs. Tulley poked up her head to show a pair of anxious black eyes. "It will just kill her mother," she said, "if she dies."

"She isn't going to die," declared Taisie, an awful feeling at her heart; "the very idea, Mother!" She hurried to shut the bedroom door.

"Now, Grandfather," she said, "don't you want to let me tie your comforter around your neck, and go out for a little walk? I'm going to sweep out the kitchen, and it's a good bright day."

"No, I don't," said the old man, from his corner, "an' I ain't no Tory."

"Well — never mind," said Taisie, impatiently, as she picked off his flannel comforter and hat from their nail behind the door.

"There you are now," and she wound the first article around his old neck, and set the hat on his head. Then she put her hand under his arm.

"I don't want to go out," cracked grandsir, querulously, "I don't, I say."

"Now good-by," said Taisie, as he was presently out of his chair and doddering over, leaning on his stick, to the door; "what a good time you'll have in all this beautiful sunshine," as she helped him over the flat door-stone.

"An' I ain't no Tory," he said, sniffing the sweet air in great content.

Taisie slammed the door hard and picked up the broom, beginning to sweep violently.

"Tory, — I hate the word!" she exploded, chasing

imaginary particles of dust all over the floor, for it had already been swept clean that morning by Mother Tulley's hand.

A timid rap on the kitchen door, yet she heard it, leaning on her broom handle to listen for its repetition. Again it was sounded. Taisie flung down the broom, and, marching to the door, confronted the last person in the whole world whom she wanted to see, — Israel Hodder. She would have shut the door in his face, but he put his great foot in front of it, and fearing an outbreak that might disturb the poor, half-crazed woman upstairs, if not the uneasy delirium of the sick girl, she wisely decided it was a case requiring tact rather than anger. Besides, there was the other mother in the old bedroom.

And as she looked into the face before her, she was astonished to see the change wrought by a few short hours. It was haggard and wretched. No longer the seat of passion, the black eyes under their shaggy brows were pitiable of expression. Like a whipped dog the man looked, and there was something appealing, like the dog begging for mercy at the hand of his master. There was also a sense of contrition; slow in coming, it looked sincere and of abiding quality. For her life, Anastasia could not avoid recognizing the fact that she was relenting toward the man, villain though he had been, passionate and cruel. She

stood quietly in the doorway. It was not for her to speak. He must declare what he had come to say.

"I'm going to give myself up," said Israel Hodder.

"*What!*" exclaimed Anastasia, startled out of her customary composure.

"I've been a thief," he said, in stolid phrase, one word just like another so far as expression went. "I've stolen from Sergeant Herford, and I'm goin' to give myself up to him. But before I do it, how is my daughter?"

He strained his big hands together, till Taisie heard the joints crack as if they were coming asunder. "You must not — you shall not," she commanded.

"How is my daughter?" he cried in anguish.

She tossed aside the question. "Israel Hodder, Sergeant Herford will not listen to you."

"I've stolen from him," repeated Israel, supposing she had not heard.

"Hush!" Taisie glanced anxiously around the house-place. "Do not speak a word till I have finished. All is right so far as Sergeant Herford is concerned. I have seen him this morning. He will never bring you to justice."

He stared at her out of lack-lustre eyes. At last he comprehended. "You have seen him?" he gasped.

"For the sake of your daughter, Israel Hodder,"

she sternly answered, "yes, I have. She shall never be disgraced by you. And now just one word. Do you keep away from this house. Go back to your work, and be an honest man."

"Honest — O God!" He cast an agonized glance up at the sky.

"Yes," said Anastasia, firmly, "honest." She wondered that she did not spurn him with a blighting glance, — she, who knew so well how to bestow it. "It is not too late for you to make a name that your wife and daughter will yet be proud to wear."

"Myles Judkins will hound me to death," he muttered, bringing his gaze down to her face. "It was he that told Sergeant Herford, to set him against me."

"Myles Judkins!" exclaimed Anastasia, in scathing tones; "what decent man in this town will listen to him? Go back to your work and live an honest man, else you will kill your daughter, if so be she gets up from this. She is very sick, Israel Hodder." She must tell him the truth to prepare him for what, she shivered to contemplate.

He kept his gaze on her, as if imploring for a better answer, then slid to the flat door-stone, buried his face in his hands, his elbows on his knees, and broke into bitter tears.

"Halloa!" Simeon ran around the house-place.

When he caught sight of Israel Hodder, he backed off suddenly.

"*Whew!*" he whistled.

Taisie shut the kitchen door, to run around through the entry to the big front door. "Here, Simeon," she called and beckoned. And the boy, accustomed to obedience when the call came from that quarter, stepped up to the spot.

"What's that old curmudgeon doing on our step?" he burst out wrathfully.

"Hush!" said Taisie.

"Well, I ain't going to have him sitting on our step," went on the boy, his pale blue eyes blazing, "and I'll make him get off, yes sir, right straight away, and then I'm going to get a big pail of water and wash it clean." He started, but Taisie had him by the arm.

"I tell you to stop."

Simeon, looking into the blue eyes, thought he would.

"I've told him not to come here again," said his sister. "You let him alone. He'll go away presently, Simeon; and he's got an awful load to carry. Don't you say one word to him; don't even look at him. Do you hear what I say?"

"Yes," said Simeon, meekly, "I do, Taisie."

## XIX

### EVERY MAN MUST NOW FIGHT FOR HIS RIGHTS

THE month of April, 1774, in which the hated Regulation or Reconstructive Acts had passed in quick succession, had put, as we have seen, councillors and judges of the King's appointing over the long-suffering Colonists. Town-meetings were forbidden. Either they might be held simply and solely to elect officers, or the Governor must issue a permission. Troops were to be quartered upon the town. Was anything more needed to reduce the people to slavery? What a summer it was! All their prosperous trade depressed by the blockade of Boston harbor in June. Deserted wharves and warehouses stared the spectator in the face. The only alleviating feature of this widespread misery and humiliation was the knowledge that sympathy from other towns and colonies was profusely expressed. And this, before long, took shape in action. Money and food were generously donated to the suffering Bosto-



nians, who would rather starve than desert their principles; would prefer to die, than to live as slaves.

Commander-in-chief of the Continent, Thomas Gage, who, after the recall of Governor Hutchinson in May, had been appointed his successor, began now to be most heartily disliked. On him devolved the hateful task of closing the port of Boston and of enforcing the Regulation Acts. The only way for the citizens to meet his authority with the strength of proper resistance, was for the Committee of Correspondence to take the lead in this critical stage of public affairs. A "solemn league and covenant" was drawn up to close all commercial relations with England, and to stop the purchase of English merchandise. This was sent broadcast to all the towns in the province; everybody unwilling to sign it was to have his name, also, broadcast to the public eye. Samuel Adams and the rest of the Patriot party redoubled their zeal for a Continental Congress. Once get that started, and the strength from such a union would carry them all well on the way to a more definite struggle, with hope of an ultimate victory.

Governor Gage, about this time overcome by vexation at all these efforts on the part of the Patriots, who were steadily gaining in sympathy, very unwisely, without the backing of the Council, sent out a proclamation against the decision not to purchase British

merchandise. He denounced it and its originators in hard terms. This had the effect of sending many more hitherto neutral or lukewarm Colonists to the support of the harassed, but firm, Patriot party.

So the summer wore away. By August these Reconstructive Acts were in full working order. In that memorable letter written by Samuel Adams in June, he had said, "Our people think they should pursue the line of the Constitution as far as they can, and if they are driven from it, they can with propriety and justice appeal to God and to the world. . . . Nothing is more foreign to our hearts than a spirit of rebellion. Would to God, they all, even our enemies, knew the warm attachment we have for Great Britain, notwithstanding we have been contending these ten years with them for our rights!" Alas! there is a limit to human endurance; a call for submission to halt, when Justice takes command.

A large military force now took possession of Boston Town. The rattle of the drum and the tramp, tramp of the British troops were incessant in the ears of the Patriots. The old Common had within its confines the Fourth, Fifth, Thirty-eighth, and Forty-third regiments; also twenty-two pieces of cannon and three companies of artillery were encamped there. Fort Hill had another encampment; also Salem had one regiment, and two were at Danvers,

where the Governor had his residence for a while, moving into Boston in late August, 1774, where his regiments followed him. Boston was truly a beleaguered town, held down by the mandates of the King and his Parliament to that position in which affection for the Mother Country could no longer have a voice. Every man must now fight for his rights.

And now arrives Hugh, Earl Percy, sent out from England. He came attended by Colonels Pigott and Jones. Percy was really one of the finest specimens of an English gentleman, destined, as we all know, in his later life to succeed his father as Duke of Northumberland. He had already won his spurs in the Seven Years' War, and now almost thirty-two years old he reaches Boston Town, July 5, 1774, to take command of the camp at Boston, whenever the absence of Governor Gage should render that necessary. He came none too soon for the royal purpose. For the Colonists were openly disobeying the tyrannous mandates, and ignoring the cruel and unjust orders of the royal governor, powerless to enforce them through the royal judges and the royal army. The Patriots by clubs, caucuses, and conventions forged ahead, shoulder to shoulder, a mighty but untrained army, yet strong in their reliance upon the God of Right.

At last, in September, came the Suffolk Resolves; those famous articles of Independence drawn up by

Joseph Warren, who stepped into the shoes of Samuel Warren, so to speak, to direct affairs, while that doughty patriot was away serving the Colonies in the Congress at Philadelphia. They were bold, and clearly stated; defining what the Patriots would do, and would not do, as well, and breathing throughout every one of them the very spirit of Liberty. Paul Revere rode with them to the Congress, who hailed him and his message with delight, to put upon it the seal of approval with a recommendation to all the Colonies.

All this urged on Governor and Commander-in-Chief Gage to still more desperate methods. More troops swarmed into Boston Town, the Provincial powder was seized, fortifications were thrown up on the Neck to command the sole entrance by land that Boston possessed. The cruel bands of despotic power were drawn tighter about the devoted Patriots; dark were the days, and anxious nights marked the lapse of time.

Tom Horne, all through these summer months, was apparently lost to everything but the pressing affairs put into his hands by the Patriot party. The leaders with loud acclaim now began to class him with Job Tulley of his own home town in old England.

“Verily,” said Paul Revere one day, “if a few more could come to our aid, like those two men, we could rout the enemy.”

Tom went on, day by day, steadily winning the regard of the men in affairs, making good all the praises passed on him by good Parson Witherbee, and sticking closely to Job Tulley in patriotic co-operation. Taisie's father, in his absorption in the cause he had espoused, had let everything else slip from his mind, he supposing all things right between the two, and he welcomed the friendship of the lad with double satisfaction, looking forward, when he thought of the matter at all, to a closer relation yet. But Tom grimly set his teeth together and hid the pain in his heart, giving no sign. He had not set his foot on the threshold of the Tulley homestead for many long months, now, and those two young people of old St. Botolph's Town, who used to run about together in pinafore days, were as widely apart as the veriest strangers. What was worse still, their paths were daily diverging more and more.

On Anastasia's part, the days were full, too. Keziah came timidly up into health and strength from the borderland, a weak little thing, with thin hands and hollow cheeks. She deprecated her illness and that she had taken Anastasia's bed and room and made all this trouble. And she cried, her head on her mother's arm, often quite overcome at the memory of it all, until Taisie one day, in sheer despair, broke out upon her with the vigor of her old speech that had

been all this while tempered down to a gentleness surpassing even that of the girl's mother.

"Now, then, Kizzy," she had adopted the pet name as one more cheery; Keziah seemed so stern for such a girl, "for shame!"

Keziah lifted her face in amazement from the side of the big calico-covered rocking-chair, where she had turned it. Where was the gentle voice and sweet smile that was always for her when Anastasia came to her side?

"There has just got to be a change," declared Taisie. She had a bowl of gruel in her hand, and she looked formidable as she towered above the little figure, wrapped up in an old comforter.

"Oh, I'll take it," said Keziah, with an eye for the gruel, although just at that moment she could not think of anything she wanted less.

"I don't mean the gruel," said Taisie, "although of course you must take it. It's something quite different I'm going to say, and vastly more important."

"What is it?" asked Keziah, in surprise, opening her mouth for the first spoonful and wishing there was not so much in the bowl.

"When you have finished this," said Taisie, calmly, and feeding out the spoonfuls with a steady hand, "I shall tell you."

At last the bowl and spoon were taken away. Then

Taisie drew up a chair and put herself on it. "Well, now I am going to have something to say," the yellow rings of hair waved about her temples the same as ever, but the cheeks held hollows underneath the blue eyes. As for the color of the sweet rose, it was all gone. Yet the compelling power of the face was in all its old force. "You are not happy here; you must go home."

The ends of the old comforter were thrown aside. "Oh, don't send me home, Taisie!" cried Keziah, in sudden terror.

"I must," said Anastasia, shaking her head. "You say such dreadful things, that sound as if you were unwilling to please me, when I love to have you in my room."

"But you have no bed except one on the floor," broke in Keziah, with a little sob.

"Well, and your mother had one in the other corner just like mine, when you were the sickest," said Taisie, composedly; "don't you suppose she was glad to do it?"

Keziah shivered as if it hurt her to remember this. "But she's my mother," she said; "yes, of course she's glad to do it."

"Yes, and that's just what I don't like," said Taisie; "you aren't willing to believe that I'm glad, too, to give up my things."

"And you've worked, oh, Taisie, I've made you so much trouble," mourned Keziah, hurrying on with her accumulation of woes.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Anastasia, with a bright laugh. Then she sobered down, "Keziah," she said.

There was something in the tone that startled the younger girl. Taisie's face was working badly. Despite all her efforts, the mouth trembled. She put her hands up to smooth it, but without avail. Then she laughed, a broken little peal of amusement. "How foolish I am," she said; "don't think anything of it, child, that you've seen me like this."

"But I shall think — I can't help it," declared Keziah, dreadfully distressed, "for oh, I love you so, Taisie!" she leaned forward and tried to throw her arms about the slender neck.

"Kizzy," said Anastasia. She caught the trembling little hands, "I love you very much. You are my own dear little sister; I shall always call you so."

"Do," cried Keziah, in great satisfaction, as the two girls clung together; "and I won't ever say anything you don't like. I'll take your bed and your room and all your things, forever, if you want me to."

"All right," said Anastasia, delighted that the gloom had gone. Keziah was even laughing now, and a pretty color was stealing up the thin cheek.



But the older girl's face fell into the grave lines once more.

"Keziah."

"Oh, don't call me that, Taisie!" protested the girl in the big calico-covered rocking-chair.

"Oh, I forgot — Kizzy, I want to ask you something, and you must never tell a soul; it's a secret between us. What makes you want to serve the rebels?"

"Rebels?" repeated Keziah. Then she sat straight in the big chair. "No one should call the good Colonists rebels," she declared, with great dignity; her check now fairly glowed.

"Why, aren't they, to disobey the King?" persisted Taisie.

"The King has broken his compact," said Keziah, with the air of an old Patriot. Where was the feeble child in the chair, nursed and tended back to health?

"Um —" said Anastasia. She folded her slender hands around one knee, drawing it up while she swayed thoughtfully back and forth. "Well, go on."

"I should think that was enough," said Keziah; "after he has done that, it is quite time to stand up for ourselves. Oh, Taisie, I wish you believed it all!"

"Oh, no," cried Taisie, sharply, releasing her knee, "I am a Tory," and she was back in her old manner again.

“You are not a Tory any more than I am,” cried Keziah, throwing her arms about the knees, and trying to drag the “sister” nearer. “You believe as I do — we all want you to. Oh, Taisie, come with us! Everybody loves you.”

“There is where you are wrong,” cried Taisie in a sudden gust of passion that darkened her face and flashed out in the blue eyes. “I’m not loved, — only flattered, till I am sick of it all. Oh, Kizzy, Kizzy!” she put her cheek close to the hot little one, and Keziah was aghast to feel a rain of tears down her neck.

“Who is it?” she whispered with the intuition of her sex.

“Oh, nobody — nobody,” cried Anastasia gustily, “I’m just silly, that’s all.”

## XX

### THE LITTLE MAID AT WAR WITH HER- SELF

“IT’S nothing but misery all around,” Taisie flung the things in the corner of the attic she now called her room, to right and to left with an impatient hand. She had hung up an old chintz curtain dividing off the corner, which, despite the pallet on the floor, had blossomed out into some efforts at adornment, poor indeed, but still expressing the fact that it was a girl’s room. Her pretty clothes depended on nails from the rafters, and in a rough box also covered with chintz were her other treasures. One bit of cloth in which was a sprig of lavender, if unrolled, would have disclosed a small gray brocaded pincushion around which was folded a creased and much worn paper, across whose face ran a boy’s big, uneven handwriting. But this little lavender-scented cloth was doomed to stay unrolled through many long months, Taisie never trusting herself now to look at it. It would be worse than gazing into the dead face of a friend.

“It’s war — war,” Taisie was making up the pallet

in the corner; "and there is mother crying her eyes out over Simeon acting and talking so. O dear, that boy!"

She flung the coverlet over the pallet, beat the pillow savagely into shape. "I'll try once more to reason with him, and get him to keep still, at least before mother."

"Clatter — clatter," a boy's rough shoes coming over the loft stairs, two at a jump, made her leave the pillow, push aside her chintz curtain, and run out into the middle of the attic.

"Oh, Simeon," she said in her pleasantest tone, "that you?"

"Yes," said Simeon, turning his freckled face upon her, "I guess so."

"Well, now, Simmy," Anastasia had him by the arm, "come over here."

"What you want?" cried Simeon, cocking up his eye at her. "I ain't goin' on any errands, Taisie. It's Saturday morning, and Joe Lovering and me are —"

"Don't say Joe Lovering and me," corrected Anastasia, who always, even in the old St. Botolph days, had tried to be fine in speech. "Say 'Joe Lovering and I,' can't you remember that, Simmy?"

"No, I can't," he said stoutly, "and it *is* me," smiting his chest with a small fist.

"Well, never mind," said Taisie, resignedly; "you always will be a coarse, rough boy, I suppose."

"An' you'll always be a fine lady — O my!" Simeon twitched away from her and minced across the attic floor, twirling an imaginary fan with perked-out fingers, his round freckled face drawn up in a simpering smile.

"Simeon Tulley!" cried Taisie, angrily.

"And Lord Percy — oh, yes, we know him now," Simeon tossed his shock of brown hair and simpered worse than ever; "met him at the ball at the Province House. Oh, la, yes!"

For one wild moment Taisie was for capturing him, to bestow one of the smartest shakings his stocky shoulders had ever received; the next she held herself back, remembering mother; she must keep control of the boy if she expected to reason successfully with him.

"Oh, well, if you want to be disagreeable, Sim," she said indifferently, "I'm sure I don't care in the least."

Simeon tossed off the simpering smile and the imaginary twirling fan. If Taisie didn't care, there was no fun in teasing her. "What do you want to stop me for?" he demanded crossly, stalking up to her.

"If you've got through with your performance," said Taisie, regarding him calmly, "I'll tell you."

"What d'ye want?" he roared it impatiently at her.

"Oh, now you're more natural, Simmy," she smiled sweetly at him. "Well, I'll tell you — it's about mother."

"What about mother?" Simeon plunged up in front of her to blurt out the question anxiously.

"Well, you're worrying her to death."

"I worrying mother?" cried the boy, with big eyes; "what d'ye mean, Taisie Tulley?"

He seized her arm to pinch it between distressed fingers.

"Ow!" exclaimed Taisie, shaking herself free. "Don't you touch me, Sim," she commanded, angrily.

"Well, you said I worried mother. Oh, I don't!" It was a wail that now came from the boy.

"Hush — for mercy's sake — you'll only make matters worse if she hears," warned his sister.

"Tell me — tell me — how?" gasped Simeon, digging his grimy little knuckles into his pale blue eyes.

"Well, by your foolish talk of going to war, and being a Minute Man, and all that stuff," said Taisie contemptuously.

Down fell the grimy knuckles. "Foolish talk — Oh, Taisie Tulley!"

"And that you're going to fight when you get a chance."

"And so I am," declared Simeon, squaring up at

her. "And mother says I may. She thinks it's all right."

"No, she doesn't," contradicted Taisie, flatly.

"She does, too. I tell you, she does—she does—she does—she —"

"Stop saying 'she does,'" commanded Taisie, crossly, and advancing with a summary shaking in her mind.

"Well, she does — she told me that I could go — mother's a brick!"

"Well, you've wheedled her into it," said his sister. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Simeon Tulley?" She intended to be withering; instead she started backward, as the boy sprang into the middle of the attic floor. She had never seen him look so big, this short, stocky figure that ran in and out of the home.

"Shame is it that I should feel? *You* are the one that is bringing shame to this house — to go against Liberty and the splendid men fighting for it. No wonder that Tom Horne won't have anything to do with you, old Tory!" he jumped down the loft stairs, leaving the girl with a face white to the lips, and distended blue eyes that seemed to see nothing before them.

She staggered to lift the chintz curtain and throw herself on the pallet. Cry? — oh, no; she was stung too deeply for tears! Just to lie still, with a frozen

heart and a brain that only whirred over and over, "No wonder that Tom Horne won't have anything to do with you, old Tory!"

Downstairs, Keziah Hodder, who the Tulleys insisted should remain with them until absolutely strong enough to return to the unpleasant memories of her own home, was busy in the woodshed, deep with Mrs. Tulley in the mysteries of soap-making. The commotion up in the attic had therefore passed off unheeded by them.

At last Anastasia got off from the pallet. It was maddening to lie there; and slipping out of the house, she wended her way to Madam Stedman's to learn the new stitch of embroidery promised by that good lady a full month ago. In one way and another, the girl had slighted the kind friend who would have showered upon her attentions in the shape of presents of clothes and trinkets enough to turn the head of an ordinary young person; but Anastasia had put them all aside; accepting only what was urged upon her in such a way that a deep affront would follow their rejection.

The failure to appear at the Stedman home in the past weeks and months had, however, been excused on account of the watchful care bestowed on Keziah Hodder, so suddenly thrown upon the mercy of the young belle. Madam Stedman had scolded well over



the strain that Anastasia had voluntarily taken upon herself. She would fade her lovely color, and spoil the fresh sweetness of the blue eyes; her beauty would be ruined!

But in spite of all of the care and worry and work, she was obliged, when scrutinizing Anastasia, to acknowledge that she was more attractive than ever, despite the pallor and the hollows beginning to come under the eyes. There was something speaking in the young face that had never made its eloquence felt before. "The child is a witch," said the old lady to herself, breathing a sigh of relief. And she began to take comfort in sending Betsey Gibson pattering down Rawson's Lane with baskets of wine jelly, chicken broth, and so on; quite enough for the whole family, under pretence that they were for the sick girl.

Anastasia presented herself suddenly before the big embroidery frame.

"Oh, you dear!" gasped Madam Stedman, looking up and dropping her needle; "come and give me a kiss, you pretty creature, you!"

Taisie bent to set an obedient kiss on the withered cheek.

"Well," the good lady in her delight had noticed nothing different in the girl's appearance.

"Now, sit you down, Anastasia my dear," she

chirped. "Get that ottoman and bring it quite close here; but first ring for Betsey to get you a sup of cowslip wine,—it will do you good after your walk, and warm the cockles of your heart."

"Warm my heart," thought the girl, bitterly; "will anything ever do that!" But the wine when brought by Betsey, together with some thin little seed-cakes, was good, and relieved some of the tension across the young breast.

"It's good for sore eyes to see you, Mistress Tulley," exclaimed Betsey, dallying after setting the tray down on the small table drawn up by the two ladies. "The times be so troublous, O Lord! war and bloodshed—and the troops a-comin' an' a-goin' an' —"

"Now, Betsey," commanded her mistress, irascibly, "do you just call in that tongue of yours where it belongs in your mouth. You make too free with your speech, woman. I'm sick of war and bloodshed—ugh! you make me as nervous as a witch."

"But we've got to have it," said Betsey, standing quite still in her tracks. "Lord save us, Mistress! an' best it should be over as soon as may be. Now my man do say that it will be a sharp fight when it comes, and he do say, too—beggin' your pardon, Mistress," Betsey bowed as low as her rotund figure would allow, but there was triumph all over her florid face, "that when King George has us all quieted

down into good peaceable subjects, things will be as they should be in this town."

"Your husband is a fool, Betsey Gibson," declared her mistress, "and if possible, you are a bigger one to listen to such silly talk. Now go back to your kitchen, where you belong."

Mrs. Gibson not only belonged in her kitchen, but she was there presently, while Madam fumed at every stitch over the embroidery frame, quite incapacitated for teaching Taisie anything.

"As if it wasn't quite enough for me to have received that detestable letter this morning from niece Hannah Kemp, without being further upset by that foolish Gibson woman," she sputtered. "Well, I'll try to forget her —" she sighed, "and leave matters with the Lord, who surely is competent to make us free and independent colonies. Now, Anastasia, I'll tell you about Hannah and get that off my mind." She deserted the embroidery, turning her back upon it, and drew out of a work-bag depending from the frame, a missive covered all over and criss-crossed by thin, trailing lines with a voluminous amount of writing.

"This," she shook it at the girl sitting quietly on the ottoman, "is from that silly girl. I won't try to read it to you. It's nearly put my eyes out. I've been all the time since breakfast, till a few mo-

ments before you came, trying to make it all out. But I'll tell it to you and make it as short as possible. That Hannah Kemp, the hussy, what do you suppose she's done now?"

Taisie professed herself unable to guess, and showed by her manner that neither did she care. "I don't wonder you aren't interested," said Madam Stedman.

"Oh, forgive me," cried Anastasia, the color flying to her cheek. "I am very rude, I know."

"You are not rude at all," retorted the old lady. "I felt that same way about Hannah myself. She never did have anything that was of interest to other people to tell; only talk, talk about herself eternally. Well, of course this letter is on the same strain," she shook it again, "but this time it's roused me, till I am quite angry."

A red spot glowed in either cheek and the old eyes snapped. "To make a long story short, that girl has gone and married a Tory! Just think of that, my dear, when I've had her in this house time and again, on visits, and she's seen for herself how we poor people are struggling for our rights. She's met the best people in this town, — Mr. Warren and Mr. Hancock and Mr. Adams. I've had them all here in my home. Oh, the whole of them, and she's heard how beautifully Parson Cooper can preach, yes, and there's Mr. Revere, — I couldn't tell you how much has been

done for that girl to get some sense into her head, let alone Lucy Flucker and her splendid husband, Mr. Knox. I'm boiling over, my dear." Indeed she looked it, as she leaned forward in her chair from which her ample figure, in its flowing morning robe, billowed on either side. "Do say something," at last she panted.

"A Tory?" Anastasia faintly repeated it like an automaton. The same hateful words had accompanied her hither, and could fall easily from her lips.

That set Madam Stedman off once more. "Yes," her cap strings were pushed back by an impatient hand, "he's rich, of course, or Hannah wouldn't have looked at him. And I'm glad he is, for I shan't have to do for her any longer," she added. Then a blush of shame rather than anger dyed her wrinkled cheeks, for the good lady was much given to concealing her beneficence. "Forget that I said that, my dear," she begged, much mortified, "but that girl always riles me up so, I lose my head sometimes. Yes, and oh, my!" she lifted both hands, "you ought to see how patronizing she is; invites me to visit her. I forgot to tell you she's settled in New York; there's a regular nest of Tories there, and she sends you her love. 'Be sure to give that Miss Tulley I met, my love, Aunt.' Oh, it's writ quite plain."

"Thank you," said Taisie, quietly. Madam Sted-

man laughed; then thrust the letter into the work-bag and turned briskly to the embroidery frame.

"Now, do you wonder that I am upset this morning?" she said. "Well, let's get it all out of our minds, and you and I will have a good time together."

"Madam Stedman," Anastasia leaned forward on the ottoman, "I must speak. You never would believe me when I've told you that I am a Tory."

"You a Tory!" Madam Stedman gave a comfortable little laugh, and went on setting even stitches. "Yes, I know you've said so, but you aren't one any more than I am. You can't help being sweet and pleasant to everybody; it's your way, just as sure as it is for a bird to sing. So get that idea out of your silly head, my dear."

"But the truth must be told," persisted Taisie.

"Say no more about it," commanded Madam Stedman, as decidedly as she had always repulsed the same idea.

"I cannot be quiet to-day," said Anastasia. Her cheek had gone whiter, and Madam Stedman was laying down her embroidery needle to ring for Betsey to fetch another glass of wine, when Anastasia stood beside her.

"You must hear me," she cried passionately; "I know I am putting aside all my best friends. I'm ruining my home. No one will love me. I am a

Tory, — I am — I am — I am — O dear me, — I am —” with a wild sob. She was hanging both young arms around Madam Stedman’s short, fat neck.

In a few minutes she was on the big haircloth sofa, its front studded with brass nails, and Madam Stedman was chafing her hands. Mrs. Betsey Gibson, summoned by a sharp clanging of the bell, plunged in with uplifted hands and a “Lord save us!”

“She’s all tired out taking care of that Hodder girl,” said Madam Stedman, crisply. “Now, if you want to do anything to help, Betsey, run up to my room and get the camphire bottle, instead of staring your eyes out.”

## XXI

### MORE TROUBLE

MISS Catharine Byles rapped at the door of the small house on Rawson's Lane with no gentle thoughts in her breast. The face lost none of its asperity when Mrs. Tulley opened the door. "I desire to see Anastasia," said Miss Byles in a dictatorial tone and stepping into the entry as she spoke. Personally there was little love lost between the two women; but Taisie's mother, no matter how much she disliked the daughter of the Tory minister, or any one for that matter, was gentle hospitality itself when a visitor sought entrance.

"Anastasia is not within," she said quietly.

"Indeed?" Miss Catharine arched her eyebrows and her tone signified a personal affront. "Pray when did she go out?" she demanded.

"About an hour since," replied Mrs. Tulley still quietly. "Will you come in?"

"No — yes —" The vexation on the face of the



young woman did not disappear, but she followed her hostess into the keeping-room, arranging her flounces and petticoats till they flowed handsomely about her feet as she settled back in the chair that Mrs. Tulley, with old-time courtesy, placed for her acceptance.

"I want to know why your daughter does not come to our house as usual?" The young woman's dark eyes were bent with sharp inquiry upon the quiet face above the long blue stocking that the busy fingers were knitting.

Mrs. Tulley stopped the gentle clacking of the knitting needles. She lifted her eyes and paused a bit before she replied: "Anastasia has been very busy; we have had sickness in the house."

"I have heard of that," Miss Byles gave a sniff of disapproval over any such way of keeping busy. "Israel Hodder's girl. A mighty poor thing in my opinion it is, to waste time that might be given to friends and genteel society over a little rebel like her."

Mrs. Tulley began to knit once more, not a ripple of annoyance disturbing her face.

"Yes, a mighty poor way," reiterated Miss Catharine, fidgeting on her chair. She burst out at last as no response came, "And those who harbor people who indulge in treasonable sentiments should be dealt with in a summary fashion. That's what my father says."

The knitting needles went on steadily with their monotonous clack. Miss Byles could stand it no longer. "Can't you speak, woman?" she cried sharply. "Your daughter, Mrs. Tulley, were she at home, would echo my sentiments well. Oh, you should hear her hold forth at our house."

"My daughter can speak for herself, Miss Byles," said Mrs. Tulley, with dignity. "It is not pleasing to me to have her quoted in this way." This time she laid down the long blue stocking in her lap and folded her hands above it.

"And she has spoken," declared Miss Byles with venom. "It has done my father good to engage her in conversation. And he brings her and her words into notice, I can tell you, at every possible chance he can get. Oh, she is a splendid influence in our Loyalist ranks!"

The smile that this reflection brought up spread all over the young woman's face. She was becoming genial, and now thought it really quite worth her while to await Anastasia's return, the expediency of which she had up to this time doubted.

"I will give you one instance of Anastasia's loyalty to our good King," said Miss Byles, with as much confidence as if the subject were a welcome one. "She said —"

"Excuse me, Miss Byles, I cannot listen," Mrs.

Tulley gathered up her knitting work and moved toward the entry door.

In all her life the young woman, who had been accustomed to ride over other people with her dictatorial ways, had never encountered a person like this one. She stared perfectly dumfounded at the retreating figure, then flounced off from the wooden chair.

“Madam, your manner is not to my liking; I refuse to stay here to await your daughter’s return. Give her this message — to come to my house to supper to-night — remember to-night. She will meet goodly people there, even Lord Percy and some of the first British officers of the highest rank.” With her head held high and a supercilious smile on her lips, she brushed past the tall, thin figure in its stuff gown.

“Lord Percy will surely bring some of his officers,” she repeated, turning as she reached the flat door-stone; “I have it in a note writ to me by his own hand.”

Mrs. Tulley closed the door after her and went this time to the kitchen. She stood a moment by the table between the windows, then passed slowly to her old place of refuge, where she fell on her knees by the bed.

“That she had died — that we all had died before we ever set foot in this town!” she moaned. Her lips were parched and dry. She didn’t cry; she was past all that, and not a tear would come.

"Mother," exclaimed Anastasia, hurrying into the bedroom. She didn't see the figure on its knees. "Oh," and she was backing out.

"Anastasia," Mrs. Tulley followed her into the kitchen, "I must give you a message."

"What message?" the girl's foot was on the lowest step of the loft stairs and she paused a trifle impatiently.

"Miss Catharine Byles has been here," the tone was quiet, and the face told nothing.

"Well?" said the girl. She looked a bit bored. "What did she say?"

"That she wanted you to come to supper to-night."

"Is that all?" said Taisie, indifferently.

"No; she wanted me to tell you that Lord Percy and some British officers of the highest rank were to be there."

There was an awful pause. The mother's heart seemed to her to stop its beating, and all the world to stand still. The girl never moved her foot on the stair, but seemed lost in considering. "Did she say anything else?"

"Yes," Mrs. Tulley's tones were just as evenly quiet as before. "She said you were a splendid influence in the Loyalist ranks."

Anastasia's hand on the railing of the loft stairs gripped it till the nails seemed to dent the wood.

Her foot never moved, however, and her face did not change. "Well, I don't believe I can go, Mother," she said, still indifferently; "I have other plans for to-night."

To any one looking on it would have been the most commonplace of scenes. Taisie was soon up the stairs, and the mother was by the table trying to knit. Some one hurried around to the kitchen door. "I want to come in — may I?"

It was Mrs. Henry Knox. A smile beamed on the pretty face assured of a welcome as she answered herself and came in. "Where's Taisie?" she began breathlessly. "Oh, upstairs? Don't call her; Taisie? — Taisie?" She ran over lightly to their foot, "Don't come down. See, I'm up!"

Taisie met her at the head. "I'm going into your room," Mrs. Lucy Knox laughed and dragged the girl back of the chintz curtain that hid the pallet and the big box. Although she had been there several times before, being now on such intimate terms with the Tulley household that she came and went without ceremony, she always said the same thing. "Oh, you dear thing! — it is so sweet of you to do all this for Keziah Hodder. You are the making of that girl, Taisie."

"Oh, no," said Taisie, bitterly, "say rather the unmaking, Lucy." It was always Lucy now, as to

an older sister, and the little wife of the bookseller never ceased to thrill at the appellation from the girl she had grown to love.

“Oh, child — child,” Mrs. Knox seated herself on the pallet, pulling Anastasia down beside her. “What’s the matter with you? You’re all tired out working for Keziah. But it’s been blessed work, oh, you dear!” She kissed the cheek nearest to her. “Well, I have another piece of work for you to do.”

“What is it, Lucy?” asked Anastasia, but there was no enthusiasm and her voice sounded flat and weary.

“What has gotten into you?” cried the little matron, leaning forward to peer into the pale face. “Why, Taisie, you’re not the least bit like yourself,” she cried in dismay.

“No,” said Taisie, pushing back the yellow rings from her forehead, as if their weight distressed her. Then she gave a little laugh and pulled her face into shape. “Oh, girls are queer things,” she said carelessly; “bear with me, Lucy. I’ll get over it soon.”

“Are you in love?” cried Lucy, in consternation. “Oh, Taisie, I wouldn’t think it, and not tell me!” She ran over in her mind at least a dozen brilliant marriages that Taisie might accept or reject, any one of which would raise her to first rank in England when the conflict was over, and things were eventually

settled. It had been a great worry on the little matron's mind lest a match with a Tory should be made. Not that she ever seriously considered Anastasia's Loyalist talk to be anything but the light, piquant chatter that all the girls naturally considered should be brought forward for the delectation of gallant British officers. But they were so brilliant and fascinating, these scions of old England, — oh, if Taisie *should!* So she had trembled on through the past months. Now she was in positive terror.

"Tell me you are not in love," she pleaded anxiously.

Anastasia broke into a scornful peal of amusement. "Love?" she cried; "the very idea! Oh, can't you believe me, Lucy? Love? — no, and no, and *no!*"

"Well, I am relieved," said Mrs. Lucy, with a sigh of great content, "because I want to pick out a husband for you, Taisie. Oh, if you only could find some one like my Harry! Well, now I'll tell you what I've come for, and the piece of work that only you can do. Listen. Madam Stedman has got a young girl from the country — from Concord, I believe."

Taisie listened without interest. Concord must be the place where Father Tulley went to the Provincial Congress. "Well, what of it?" she asked indifferently.

"Why, this girl fell in the road just before Madam

Stedman's door this morning," said little Mrs. Knox, "and they brought her in there."

"Fell?" echoed Taisie.

"Yes, fainted, I suppose; and they brought her in to Madam Stedman's house, as I said. She has revived, but the good soul doesn't know in the least what to do with her to keep her from dwelling on something she is worrying over. I don't know what it is, and Madam Stedman doesn't. But she begged me to get you. 'It takes a girl to understand a girl; now do you get Anastasia Tulley over here as soon as you can,' she said."

"I suppose I must go," said Taisie, getting slowly off from the pallet.

Little Mrs. Knox eyed her keenly. "Perhaps you're not well. Oh, don't try, Taisie, if you're too tired. I'll run back and tell Madam Stedman," and she got up and shook out her skirts.

"I'm not tired a bit," declared Taisie, unhooking her cloak and hood from their peg. "So good-by, unless you're coming with me."

Little Mrs. Lucy was close at her heels. "Stay there a minute," said Taisie. She went into the keeping-room and over to her father's desk in the corner. In the drawer she knew she would find a piece of paper, and the quill was by the inkhorn. But the paper, she had seen when her father opened



the drawer the evening before, had slipped, in a way papers have when wanted, to one side. Taisie pushed the other things off hastily. One slip thrust up its end and her hand was on it, when the familiar turn of some of the letters on its surface arrested her eye. The words "minute man" struck her like a blow. And she knew that Tom Horne was already as good as dead to her; in reality, as well as in spirit. He was already enrolled for the war whenever it should come.

Anastasia placed the note she had written to Miss Catharine Byles in her mother's hand. "Get it over somehow," she said, "if Simeon doesn't come home from school early, for I can't go myself, you know, Mother; come, Lucy."

"Well, I am glad," Madam Stedman saw the two advancing down the road and she hurried out into the spacious hall to meet them. "Now, my dear," paying small attention to Mrs. Lucy, "you must do what you can to help me get this poor young thing out of her pitiful state. Dear me — I'm sure I never had such trouble when I was a girl," Madam Stedman kept talking fussily in a loud whisper just without the keeping-room door. "She's in there," she said in a sepulchral tone.

"Won't she hear?" ventured Taisie, hoping to stem the tide.

“La — no! and she’s in such trouble, she won’t notice. The first thing I knew, there was such a tumult in the street, I thought maybe the war was actually going to begin, and I left my embroidery and ran to look out. Then I sent Betsey Gibson to see what it was all about, and she ran in screaming at the top of her voice that it was a young country girl and they didn’t know where to carry her.”

“O dear me!” exclaimed Taisie.

“Yes, my dear,” said Madam Stedman, impressively, “‘a young country girl, and they don’t know where to carry her’; those were Betsey’s very words. So of course I said, ‘Bring her in here,’ but I thought I had better see to it myself; Betsey Gibson is as clumsy in speech as she is in body. So I went out there — yes, in this morning gown — just think of that!” Madam Stedman lifted the flowered breadths that floated over the quilted petticoat, — “right straight out among all those men. I’m quite shocked, my dear, when I think of it. But I couldn’t let that poor young thing of a country girl lie there in front of my house. Well, they had propped her up against a tree and there she was, more dead than alive, and they all said she was dead. But I thought, once let Doctor Church get hold of her and he’ll bring her to; and I sent one of those men running after him and so I had her in here.”

“And he did save her?” Anastasia found herself tingling with interest as she held her breath for the reply. Little Mrs. Lucy all this while, having heard the tale, stood quietly by.

“No; he’d taken it upon himself to be off with his saddle-bags of medical stuff, riding miles, no one knows where. But I did quite as well without him,” said the good matron, warming with pride; “and the poor young thing is saved swallowing his nasty stuff. I’m quite pleased the way it has turned out.”

The good soul folded in satisfaction her plump hands across the place where the waist line of the morning gown should be, if nature and art had provided it. “And now come right in, you must see her at once.” She flung wide the keeping-room door and ushered Taisie, the little matron in her rear, up to a wide couch piled high with pillows, against which a young girl with a very white face was lying.

Anastasia gazed at her silently. She never could explain the feeling that she experienced as the eyes in the pale face turned up to her. It wasn’t that they were beseeching — this she could have welcomed, for the reflection would follow that help would be needed; her help, — as Madam Stedman had said. But this young girl, upon whom she was now looking, was not a suppliant for anything, even sympathy. She was overwhelmed with an agonizing load, of

that there could be no doubt, but she was bearing it — nay, she must bear it — alone, so the eyes and the whole face told her.

Anastasia put out her slender hand and quietly laid it on the other, a brown little one, accustomed, one could see, to toil. She did not say she was sorry nor express sympathy of any kind, and at first Madam Stedman was wofully disappointed. "I don't understand it," she was saying to herself in a puzzled way. "I thought Anastasia was going to bring her out."

Betsey saved the situation by rushing in tumultuously. "Drat that Mis. Hannah Barker!" she exclaimed, in an irritated tone.

"Oh, you stupid clumsy thing!" Madam Stedman had her out in the spacious hall and closed the door. "Don't you know any better than to talk that way and tell it all out before that poor, sick young thing?"

"You told me to tell you what that Mis. Barker woman said," replied Mrs. Gibson, in a high, wrathful key

"Well, I didn't tell you to blat it all out in there," said her mistress, pointing to the keeping-room.

"She said," answered Betsey, "that she don't know what her kinswoman Deb'rah Parlin has been a-doin', an' that maybe she'd got into trouble with the Britishers, an' madded some on 'em. An' that she was a lone woman, an' a relict, an' she warn't a-goin'

to get into no trouble, but maybe she'd walk up tomorrow, an' if she ain't no better, that you must send out to Concord for her folks."

"Well, I never!" Madam Stedman's hands were lifted high. "A relict and a lone woman; I should think she ought to be! I pity the man who could live with her. I should rather die."

## XXII

“AS GOOD AS GOLD AND AS TRUE AS  
STEEL ”

“IT does take a girl to do for a girl,” said Madam Stedman to herself the next day. “I was right in sending for Anastasia,” she added in great satisfaction. “Bless her heart! And Mrs. Tulley is a good soul to let her stay. I ought to go down to see that woman oftener. Let me see, I’ve only been once since Lucy Flucker took me there.” A flush of compunction stole over her large cheeks. “Well, well — what with that Betsey Gibson to look after, and all this frightful turmoil that turns Boston Town upside down, I don’t seem to get along anything. And I’m not so young as I was once. Well, now I’ve got to do for this Deborah Parlin from up country in old Concord. But Anastasia will take that off my hands, thank the Lord! I must write to the girl’s mother — I best do it now — that she’s got to stay here till she gets well. That Dame Barker — faugh!”

There wasn’t much to do for the girl who lay so quietly against the pillows of the big carved four-poster in the spare room, except to make all things

bright and cheery around her. This was exactly what the other girl, flitting in and out, did with all her might. There was not much talking going on, and sometimes Madam Stedman, with her ear ready for it, fretted to herself because of the silence; but Anastasia knew better than to break it with speech of her own. So beyond the cheerful "Good morning," or, "Is that gruel right?" as she brought the tray to the bedside, or "I think your pillows look as if they wanted a bit more beating up," or something else of the sick-room parlance that naturally should be spoken, she let the girl alone. But the eyes in the pale face roved after her, always with that haunting look in them that drove Taisie nearly wild to encounter.

"It seems to me there's nothing but trouble in this world," she said passionately to her own heart one morning, when safely out in the hall. "Sickness and death aren't anything, but oh!" Then she gave a great sob. "Do you suppose," she took herself into confidence, and wrung her slender hands together, "that she's got anything like mine to bear? I hope not; oh, I hope not."

Madam Stedman calling her, they met at the head of the stairs, as the girl was humming a lively tune much in vogue in that day.

"Now, I know she's better," said the old lady, cheerily.

"I don't say that," replied Taisie, cautiously, "but she certainly is comfortable. Oh, she'll be all right soon, never fear, dear Mrs. Stedman."

"What do you suppose she's got on her mind?" projected Madam Stedman, in an awful whisper, loud and guttural. Taisie involuntarily glanced at the sick-room door.

"My dear!" exclaimed the matron, "she never can hear that."

"I don't know," said Taisie, dubiously; "if you don't want any one to hear a thing, she will be sure to, and a whisper, — oh, that's worse! That drives me frantic."

Madam Stedman linked her fat arm in the slender one. "Oh, you are such a funny puss! What should I ever do without your good spirits to cheer me up? Well, I could wish you'd get the girl to talking a bit. It would do her good to ease her mind, maybe. Girls can best start a chatter by themselves. So I'll leave you to manage it."

"I shall let her speak when she gets ready to," said Taisie. "I shouldn't want to be poked up. She doesn't look like talking yet."

But she was surprised to hear, when returning to the handsome spare room, a faint little call from the big four-poster. Taisie was on her knees before the fire, that, the day being cool and the blaze being cheery,



had been laid on the hearth. Its bright flame had died down, Betsey Gibson, with other matters on her mind requiring, in her estimation, more attention than the making of a good fire, having slapped the wood on before the kindlings were quite ready for it. Anastasia, kneeling there, had induced the little winks of discouraged flame to revive to their duty, when the feeble call came. She deserted the fire and sprang to her feet.

“What is it?” she was by the bedside, then she saw it was nothing urgent. Still there was a new light in the haunting eyes.

“I must go,” said Deborah, putting out a trembling hand to push away the bedclothes, and essaying to sit up.

“Go?” said Taisie, gently; “go where, Miss Parlin?”

“I have stayed too long,” said Deborah; “I must take up my search for my father.”

Taisie hesitated; then warranted by the look in the girl’s eyes, that seemed hungry for responsive speech, she said, “Cannot I help you to look for your father?”

“No — oh, no,” Deborah’s eyes gathered a sudden terror; “I must go.” She tried to get past the tall, slender figure to set her feet on the floor.

“Miss Parlin,” Taisie put firm fingers on the

trembling little brown hand, "listen to me. I'm a girl like yourself and I don't want to dictate, but you ought not to think of going away from here yet. See here," with a quick decision, "you can sit up. Wouldn't that be fine! I don't wonder that you are tired of that bed. I'll draw up that big chair in front of the fire. Now —" she was talking fast, getting the clothes worn by the girl who had so suddenly dropped into the life of this household, and helping her into them, "Now, then — that's one step nearer for you to get to your home," and Deborah was within the spacious chintz-covered chair, sunken back between its two big wings.

"I do not mean I should go to my home," said Deborah Parlin quietly. "It was to Dame Barker's I had in mind. I must stay in Boston Town and search for my father."

"Search for your father!" repeated Anastasia in a gasp, forgetting her caution; "oh, my dear Miss Parlin, is he lost?"

For one instant, Deborah hesitated, with white lips tightly closed, then she turned her face up to the astonished one above her. "Yes, he is," she said, "lost to us at home, and to his country."

"What do you mean?" Everything in the way of reticence was now lost on Anastasia. She got in front of the big wings and her compelling eyes held

the girl in the chair. "Oh, Miss Parlin — what *do* you mean?"

"You are good and kind —" it came in broken sentences — "you will understand — besides, I ought to tell you, for I cannot deceive you. You would not do for me so tenderly did you know the truth."

"What dreadful thing is this you want to tell me?" exclaimed Taisie. Then repentant at having helped along the recital, and only anxious to stem it, "Don't try to speak — listen — all I could do to help you, I'd do, though you had the most terrible tale to unfold. Don't speak, I beg of you."

"I ought to tell you," said Deborah, growing calm as the other became more agitated. "I am the daughter of a traitor; my father is a Tory and in the British army."

Anastasia fell back. The girl in the chair started and put out her hand to save her, but the swaying slender figure recovered itself to dart around the chair with the big wings. Not a word could she speak.

"I do not wonder that you cannot bear the thought of sheltering the daughter of a Tory, Miss Tulley, when you have such a father. I have heard of Job Tulley in the Provincial Congress at our Town, and the Patriot that he is. You are worthy of him. I shall always bless you. My father was as good, thank

God, and the soul of patriotism, till he was led away by a British officer, disguised as a poor pedler, who's made him believe that the right was wrong. Remember that, I beseech you, dear Miss Tulley."

Twice Anastasia tried to speak, but her tongue seemed fastened to the roof of her mouth. She clung with both hands to the top of the big chair and held on with all her might.

"I must go." This time Deborah Parlin spoke the words with firmness, starting forward, with mind fully made up.

"Anastasia," came in a loud, flurried call from below.

"Madam Stedman wants me." The girl behind the chair tore off her grasp, and glad of the interruption, dashed off to answer it.

"They've sent for her — you must get her ready — her mother says she must go home. O dear — dear — how some people do act!" Madam Stedman, down in the wide hall, poured it all out incoherently. "Don't come down — just get her ready. He says her mother is in a bad state to get her. O dear — dear!"

"Do you mean that I am to get Miss Parlin ready to go home?" asked Taisie, pausing halfway over the stairs.

"Yes, yes, child. O dear me — tell her Abner Butterfield has come for her. He said as soon as

you could, for her mother is in a bad state, but you are not to tell her that, oh, dear — dear!”

Anastasia, dashing back again, threw a glance out of the window. Drawn up in front of the handsome mansion was a roomy old cart with pillows and blankets waiting to be folded around the sick girl.

“Miss Parlin,” Taisie went up to her and hung over the big chair, where the girl, though determination rested upon her face, still waited. “You can go from here — though let me tell you that I mourn greatly to lose you.”

A faint color stole into the wan face and the eyes lifted gratefully.

Taisie drew a long breath. Something was on her tongue’s end, yet she did not speak it. “It is no time for it now,” she reflected.

“Your mother has sent for you,” she said instead, “and Abner Butterfield has come for you.”

“My mother has sent for me, and Abner Butterfield has come for me?” repeated Deborah, sitting forward in surprise.

“Yes, he is below. I will get your shawl and hood. See —” she brought them swiftly from the big mahogany clothes-press none too soon, for Betsey Gibson, with a great clatter, was in the room, sent by Madam Stedman to facilitate matters. If the girl must go, it was well, especially since the big tall country-

man, Abner Butterfield, had taken her into confidence as to the mother's condition, that the going should be hastened. So the old lady stood at the foot of the stairs, shouting out directions that nobody paid attention to, seeing that the two engaged in the work were wholly absorbed in it.

"I'll carry her," Betsey Gibson stretched out her sturdy arms.

"I can walk," said Deborah, faintly.

"Land alive!" Betsey already had her in her arms, bearing her off over the stairs. The girl tried to speak, putting out a grateful hand as Betsey bore her past Madam Stedman.

"There — there, don't try, my dear," said the old lady, "I know everything you would say."

Abner Butterfield was at the side of the roomy old cart. He turned, all his soul in his eyes, and reverently received the slight figure that Mrs. Gibson felt called to deliver to him with many charges.

"Set her in careful," she charged; "she's ben awful sick, Mister. I thought at fust we couldn't bring her to," she kept chattering on, after Deborah was lifted in, running around to the other side and clambering up on the step to tuck the blankets in.

Madam Stedman pushed back the shutters and watched the proceeding from one of the keeping-room windows.

“Just see that poor man’s face,” she cried to Anastasia in the other window, half concealed by its shutter; “it’s easy to see where his heart is. But that flower of a girl is worthy of a finer mate, it seems to me. Well, love goes where it is sent. Oh, that Betsey, she’s, as usual, terribly in the way,—clumsy creature!”

Anastasia, crouching back of the half-opened shutter, was oblivious of Betsey Gibson or any other abstraction. Her gaze was fastened on the face of the young man tenderly absorbed in the welfare of the girl, who, in Madam Stedman’s words, “it was easy to see” had his heart.

A fierce light burned in the blue eyes that were watching, her hand pressed on her heart, its fellow clenched by her side. “Love goes where it is sent, yes, that is true as death,” she muttered.

Another pair of eyes, dark and piercing, was on the old cart and its occupants, as the tall, slender figure in the uniform of an officer in one of the British regiments paused for a breathing space as he was passing by, his gaze riveted on Deborah Parlin’s face. Anastasia held her breath and shrank farther back behind the shutter.

“Why, there is Lieutenant Thornton!” cried Madam Stedman, in great surprise; “how dreadfully he looks! My goodness me! the man must have been

terribly ill to look like that. Well, he is coming in, of course. Is my cap on straight, Anastasia? We've all been in such a to-do, I'm sure it must be awry."

But the old cart, with Deborah by the side of Abner Butterfield, rumbled off before she could receive the answer. The young lieutenant started suddenly, and strode by with savage step. It was as if Madam Stedman did not exist, and her mansion were a reality of no importance, so far as attention from him was concerned.

"Well, did I ever!" exclaimed the incensed matron, waddling over to Anastasia's window and bursting with spleen. "To pass by this house, and not even look in, and me in plain sight in the window!" Betsey Gibson clattered noisily into the wide hall, but her mistress had the keeping-room door fast with decision. "There, she's shut out, anyway," she announced, coming back to Anastasia. Then her thoughts flew off on a tangent. Afterward she would deal with this young officer who had dared to slight her, Madam Stedman. "He'll have no more invitations to this house," she decided within herself. "Bernard Thornton, high and mighty though he is, shall have his come-uppance!" When she had settled the nature of his punishment, she was affable once more.

"I must say I am sorry to have that young person go." The kind-hearted mistress of the mansion



sighed as she turned back to the girl still standing in the window. "I've taken quite a fancy to her. She's pretty in her way, but oh, not a rush-light to you, you beautiful creature!" She put her plump old arm affectionately over her protégée's shoulder and turned an admiring gaze up to the face above her.

"Oh, she's quite beyond me in everything!" Taisie's voice was hoarse and strange.

"My *dear!*" exclaimed Madam Stedman, protestingly.

"Hers is a beauty that draws love," Anastasia breathed it bitterly.

"Love!" cried the old lady, much offended. "Well, don't I love you, Anastasia? You know I'd give you half I own, and I love the very ground you step on."

"Of course you do!" cried Anastasia, abruptly yielding to the affectionate pressure of the old lady's arm. "But she is good, oh, Madam Stedman, any one can see that! as good as gold and as true as steel."

"Well, and so are you," declared Madam Stedman, her eyes sparkling in wrath to hear her idol disparaged, even by herself.

"Oh, no, I'm not!" Taisie flung off the kind arm and plunged to the door; "your words hurt me like a cruel knife thrust; never say them again to me!" She shot the words out passionately.

She was over the stairs on angry feet. The next moment she was back, the yellow head drooping, to say humbly, "Oh, do forgive me, dear Mrs. Stedman! I was bad and horrid to speak so."

"All right, my dear; I used to have tantrums now and then when I was a girl, and I don't forget it," said Madam Stedman, indulgently.

## XXIII

### POVERTY BUT NOT SLAVERY

**A**NASTASIA hurried over the crooked thoroughfare with uneven footsteps. "I should have told her that I am a Tory, but how could I? I had no time and she was so sick and pale; but I must get the truth to her someway."

A man of swift gait and determined mien approached, but when he saw it was Job Tulley's daughter, he averted his face and passed by silently. "Very well, Mr. Paul Revere," said Taisie to herself, tossing high her yellow head; "I have as much right to have Tory sentiments as you to hold your own. And I think I can exist without your regard."

Mr. Revere, on his hand, was communing within himself, "It does no good to warn Job Tulley about his daughter; we all realize that the man is full of anxiety and crowded with work for the Cause, and it will break him down, especially as it would only result in a useless struggle. She is as pig-headed, they say, as she is beautiful."

"Mistress, do stop!"

Taisie looked down as she was turning the corner, with her young heart swelling with bitterness.

"What do you want?" she cried impatiently; "and don't you touch my gown," for the dirty fingers of a big girl were clutching it, and she angrily shook it free.

"Oh, Mistress Tulley, do hear me!" the girl's big black eyes were raining tears. She shifted uneasily from one foot in its ragged shoe to the other. "Just tell me one thing," she implored.

"What is it, and who are you?" demanded Anastasia in the same breath.

"I'm Nancy Bucks," said the girl, answering the last question.

"Well, I know no more who you really are," said Anastasia, coldly, "than before. Pray, Nancy Bucks, why do you stop me like this on the thoroughfare?"

"Because," Nancy clasped her grimy hands, and became incoherent at once, "I must know about Keziah — oh, Mistress Tulley, it was me that made her sick — 'twas me! An' I've been an' peeked into th' window of your house every day — 'twas me that made her sick, but I didn't dast to go to the door — 'twas me that made her sick," she kept repeating.

"Now you are talking wildly," said Anastasia; "you had nothing to do with Keziah Hodder's

sickness. Remember to speak the truth," she commanded sternly.

"It is th' gospel truth," declared Nancy, positively, and bobbing her shock of unkempt black hair. "I swear it black an' blue, hope to die if 'taint, cross my heart an' —"

"Stop your nonsense at once," said Taisie, sharply.

"An' I didn't think when I got her mother's doughnuts out o' th' stone pot as th' Britishers was a-comin' in th' house," snivelled Nancy, digging one set of knuckles into a black eye, "no, I didn't, Miss, true's I live, I didn't."

"I don't know what you are talking about," began Taisie, her mind quite made up to shake this troublesome creature off and go on her way. At this minute a baker's boy went by with a basket on his arm. Involuntarily Nancy gazed open-mouthed at the contents — a generous loaf and some rolls. It was like the stare of a hungry animal. Taisie half turned to go home, whirled around again.

"Where do you live?" she asked abruptly.

"Down on th' Marsh," said Nancy, in astonishment.

"Come along!" Anastasia retraced her steps with nimble grace.

"Are you goin' to my house?" cried Nancy, scuffing after on her poor shoes.

"Yes," said Taisie, briefly.

“Are you goin’ to my house *really?*”

“Yes, I said so —”

“True’s you live?” cried the girl. She had hard work to keep up, for the sole of one shoe was worse than the other, and both plagued her.

“Don’t you ask me that again,” commanded Taisie, flashing an angry look from her blue eyes. Then she saw the difficulty of her progress. “Oh, you poor thing — your shoes hurt you!”

“So-so,” said Nancy, indifferently, looking off at the sky. “Maybe there’s a stone in this one. Wait a minute, can’t you?”

“Yes, indeed,” said Taisie, kindly.

So Nancy sat down and extricated the pebble, flinging it wide in the road. “Folks must have an awful good time who don’t have to poke stones out o’ their shoes,” she said, getting up and shaking down her gown, “there, that’s as good as pie now, an’ feels real good.”

Anastasia regarded her silently. “What made you so surprised to think I was going to your house?” she asked, as they walked on a bit.

“’Cause no one ever comes,” said Nancy, “’Cept Mis. Hodder. Yes, an’ Mis. Adams, she comes sometimes, but that’s all.”

“Have you got any brothers and sisters?” asked Anastasia, to make conversation.

“Oh, just lots!” said Nancy, “more’n enough, I tell you; there’s Eliphalet an’ Jonadab an’ Susan an’ Makepeace an’ —”

“Never mind the names,” said Taisie.

“How’ll you know how many I’ve got?” said Nancy. She was beginning to enjoy herself, now that the stone was out of her shoe and this tall, beautiful young lady, the belle of the town, was evidently not cross with her.

“Why, you can tell me the number,” said Anastasia.

“Well, I’ve got to prove it—how’m I goin’ to unless I give ’em each a name? There’s Prudence—no, Temperance comes after Makepeace, an’ then —”

“Don’t you speak another name,” said Taisie, with a little laugh. When she heard that, Nancy laughed too, and cocked up one black eye to be sure that amicable relations were really adjusted.

“We ain’t so dreadful poor,” said Nancy as they walked on and other topics seemed to be exhausted. “Mis. Adams is poor, too; I was down there once, an’ mother she goes an’ helps her sometimes.”

“Your mother goes to help another woman, when she has all those children to take care of!” exclaimed Taisie, in surprise.

“Sure—an’ why not? An’ Mis. Adams has some, but not so many as us,” said Nancy, with pride.

"Who is Mrs. Adams?" asked Taisie, having no interest in the answer, but simply to talk.

"Why, don't you know Mis. Sam Adams?" cried Nancy, coming to a sudden pause in astonishment.

"Oh!" said Anastasia, "I have heard of him — Mr. Adams."

"He don't have no time, Mr. Sam Adams don't," went on Nancy, standing quite still in her tracks, "to earn money. He's got to take care o' things in the town, an' see that the pesky Britishers don't lick us."

"Well, come on," said Taisie, abruptly. So while Nancy's tongue ran on about Mr. Sam Adams, as well as her panting would allow, for she was having hard work to keep up with the swift footsteps, the tall girl's brain was busy tracing out other matters.

"Nancy," she said suddenly, "does your father believe in what Mr. Sam Adams is doing?" She turned her keen blue eyes upon the grimy face.

"Of course," said Nancy, with a most decided nod of her head; "why, I thought everybody knew that. An' my mother says she don't mind bein' poor, if only them Britishers will go home an' leave us alone."

"Does she really say that?" Anastasia's voice was stern, each word cutting the air. "Don't you dare to tell me anything that is not true, Nancy Bucks."

The girl threw back her head. She might be



dirty and common, but there was no gainsaying the pride in her black eye and possessing her whole face. If ever truth spoke, it could be plainly read here.

"I'm as proud as you be of bein' a lady that my father an' Mr. Sam Adams, they both thinks just alike!"

In a minute, down went her black frowsy head as a recollection smote her. "I did say," she mumbled, "when the Britishers bust into Keziah Hodder's house, I wish't she'd had a gun, 'cause I wanted to see her shoot something. I didn't think she could hit a barn door. I was awful sorry afterwards, an' 'cause I stole th' doughnuts. But I never took Mis' Knox's flannel petticoat off her line; I didn't truly, Mistress Tulley, true's I live." She was now stumbling on deprecating feet by the tall young lady's side. "I was only lookin' at it, — it had lace all round th' edge, — when Mis. Judkins come by. Say, do you know Mis. Judkins?" she peered up into Taisie's face, beginning to be reassured again, it was so quiet.

"I have heard of her husband," said Anastasia, walking on steadily.

"Well, ain't he just dreadful!" said Nancy, disdainfully. "An' Mis. Judkins, — O my!" She lifted her grimy hands, "she's always a-snoopin' round, peekin' into folks's pork-barrels and sich, with that long nose, an' them little eyes."

“Never mind,” said Anastasia, “drop the Judkinses; I don’t care to talk about them.”

“Well, he’s got fetched up,” said Nancy, in great satisfaction; “hain’t you heard o’ that?”

“Never mind,” Taisie began again.

“But this is news,” persisted the girl. “Tain’t right not to hear news when it’s brung to you. Well, he was cotched last night settin’ fire to Mr. John Crane’s shop.”

“Mr. John Crane’s shop!” cried Taisie with a start.

“Yes,” Nancy bobbed her head in great delight. The young lady was really becoming interested.

“Well, that long man, th’ one that come from England — that works for him; lemme see, I’ve forgot th’ name — but you know who I mean —”

“I’ve heard of him,” said Taisie, hurriedly, “but what about him? I mean about it? Go on!” she stopped abruptly, but did not face the girl.

“Well, he heard old Judkins a-scrowgin’ round, an’ he jumped out after him, — an’ oh! there was a fight, an’ old Judkins is awful strong you know, an’ —”

“And what?” Taisie gave a little scream and seized the girl’s arm.

Nancy’s eyes flew wide and she forgot to shut them. “And what, and what?” Taisie shook the arm; “why don’t you go on?” she cried.

"Why, I can't," blubbered Nancy, "you scairt me so, Miss."

"What did Judkins do?" demanded Taisie, hanging to Nancy's arm.

"Nothin'! he couldn't — th' long man, that one from England, you know, knocked him down an' I hope he stomped on him."

"Why didn't you say so before?" the hand fell off from Nancy's arm. She immediately began pityingly to feel of it and to nurse it.

"I was so afraid that Mr. John Crane's shop was burned," said Anastasia, gustily. "Oh, you did frighten me so, Nancy Bucks! It would have been a great loss to the town."

"There's a plenty o' carpenter shops in town," said Nancy, "an' I 'mos' know my arm's black and blue."

"You poor thing," began Taisie, "but you shouldn't have startled me so about Mr. John Crane's carpenter shop."

"An' I'm glad I'm home," observed Nancy as they came in sight of a small ramshackle house. If anything else was needed to convince Anastasia that the destination was within view, the swarm of children tumbling out of the door, in a tumultuous greeting to their sister, for whose approach they had apparently been watching, would have settled the ques-

tion. "Mother'll give me some opedildoc to put on it; my arm aches awful where you pinched it."

"Nancy," said Anastasia, coming to a dead pause, "stop right here; if you won't say anything about your arm, I'll give you something."

"What?" asked Nancy, her black eyes glistening in view of a bargain.

"See — do you like this ribbon?" Taisie pointed to one at her throat, a gift from Madam Stedman.

"You just bet your boots I do!" cried Nancy, in a transport.

"Oh, don't talk that way!" reproved Anastasia, unpinning the ribbon.

"An' my arm don't ache a mite — phoo — no!" exclaimed Nancy.

"Oh, then there's no need for me to give you the ribbon!" said Taisie, making as though she were going to pin it on again.

Nancy was now in an agony. "Don't, Miss," she begged, "I hain't never had a ribbin in all the world 'cept a piece I got off from Mis. Hancock's cat on th' Common one day, but it was all dirt."

"It served you right," said Anastasia, severely, "taking off the ribbon from the neck of a pet cat. Fie, for shame, Nancy!"

"I was pleasin' th' cat," said Nancy, stoutly, her black eyes glued to the beautiful red ribbon; "she

was a-scrowgin' dreadful an' a-rollin' in the dirt to git it off. You can't say I stole it, for she held still an' give it to me — so there!"

"Well, I see very well that you don't want this," said Taisie.

"Oh, I do — I do!" Nancy's distress was now pitiable. "Please, Miss," she begged, clasping her dirty hands, "do give it to me."

"Will you keep still about your arm?" demanded Taisie.

"I will — I will — oh, I will!"

"And don't you look at it yourself when anybody is by — remember!" The coveted object was coming closer to the grimy hands.

"Oh, I won't — I won't! — I don't want to see my arm."

"Take it, then." Taisie lightly tossed the red ribbon into the clutch awaiting it, none too soon — the Bucks children were swarming all about them.

"We've got doughnuts!" yelled several of the voices.

"An' th' baby's got some milk," sang out another, "an' Mis. Hodder's there."

"An' she's brung lots o' things," shrilled the biggest boy.

"Never mind," said Nancy, loftily, "I've got this," flaunting the red ribbon before the awed group.

Taisie, in the midst of the swarm, was swept in

over the rickety threshold. There sat Mrs. Bucks with gaunt face but happy eyes; the latest baby was in her lap, drinking, with round, contented eyes rolling above the brim of the mug, some milk, evidently supplied by a bottle held by Mrs. Hodder.

She rose when Anastasia entered, a beautiful smile running all along her large, heavy face. "This is the one that took care of my Keziah," she said to the other mother.

"She's give me this red ribbin," announced Nancy, excitedly, bursting in to the centre of the group, the swarm of children closing in around to nearly sweep Anastasia off her feet.

"You see, Sarah and I were schoolmates in the old days," Mrs. Hodder began, "and we've never lost sight of one another."

"The Lord knows what I would have done without you, Martha," said Mrs. Bucks.

"See my ribbin," cried Nancy, waving it impatiently; "it's red, don't you see!"

"Thank the Lord, young lady," cried Mrs. Bucks, with grateful eyes for Anastasia; then she looked inquiringly at Martha Hodder.

"She's Job Tulley's daughter," said the matron, with the air of introducing a queen.

Nancy's mother bowed deferentially. Anastasia forgot to smile at the round-eyed baby, happy over the

unexpected mug of milk, and abruptly turned off to lose herself in the swarm of the children, investigating, most of them, the contents of Mrs. Hodder's basket. Nancy and the two girls next in age were lost in a corner over the charms of the red ribbon, each being allowed in turn to hold it for an instant.

"Yes, Martha," the thin voice of Mrs. Bucks carried further than she knew, "we've got along somehow with what you've brought. And Madam Hancock has been good. Some of the Loyalist townfolks have sent things, but I've made the children take them back. I couldn't swallow a mouthful o' vittles, nor let them, that belonged to a Tory. I wouldn't have a thing that a Tory give, stay in this house."

Anastasia, lost to all unpleasant thoughts, was laughing at the antics of little Peleg, who was next to the baby. He was dancing and cramming a doughnut into his mouth, tumbling down to sit heavily on the floor, rise and dance, and munch the cake without the slightest intermission. The girl turned her head to catch the whole of Mrs. Buck's speech.

"I must go home," she said hoarsely. Somehow she disentangled herself from the group with the consciousness of their shouts of disapproval; she said "good-by" to their mother, tried to smile at Mrs. Hodder, and fairly ran from the poor little house.

"She's remembered something she's got to do for

her mother, probably," said Mrs. Hodder. "She's an awful good girl, she is."

"I've heard that Mrs. Knox just sets by her," said Mrs. Bucks. "Ain't she good to give my Nancy that beautiful red ribbin, Martha?"



## XXIV

### A CONFERENCE IN OLD CONCORD TOWN

THE eventful year of 1775 opened by a valiant appeal in the House of Lords made by a good friend of the Colonists, the Earl of Chatham, who, upheld by several others, ably advocated the removal of the British troops from Boston. Alas — all futile was the attempt! Like to a rush of mighty wind was the opposing force that extinguished the flame of such endeavor. England obstinately followed up her rejection of the petition that Congress had commissioned Benjamin Franklin to make to the Cabinet, by this offensive action, and, still further to clinch the matter, she forwarded instructions to Governor and Commander-in-Chief Gage to press all royal mandates to a prompt and complete obedience.

This forced speedy action on the part of the Colonists. "Resistance to Tyranny!" they cried from one colonial outpost to another. The result was that a Congress meeting in Cambridge in February appointed a Committee of Safety. The delegates to the

next Continental Congress were also chosen; besides, the measures were commenced that showed the party to be preparing in good earnest to defend their rights.

General Gage, now thoroughly alarmed, as well he might be, at all this provincial activity, made spasmodic efforts to disband the militia and get possession of the military stores. Too late! the inhabitants of not only Boston Town, but of every hamlet in the Colony, were aroused, and determined that "Life and Liberty shall go together!" Besides, the militia by this time were pretty well trained, and not afraid to try their powers.

Strange it is that the services of Adino Paddock, who commanded the Artillery Company known as "The Train," were not sooner recognized as directly furnishing the very means for the militiamen to use all this knowledge against the encroaching forces of British aggression. Paddock, besides being an ardent adherent to the crown, was a capital drill-master, so that the Patriot army afterward reaped the benefit of all his instructions. And many of the young men going from "The Train" into the new organization, "The Boston Grenadier Corps," formed in 1772, with Henry Knox the second in command, were armed and equipped in a way to delight the souls of those ardent young patriots.

The spring, therefore, opening before the citizens

of Boston Town and its neighboring hamlets, was not so hopelessly lacking in preparation for the cloudburst of war soon to break, as a careless glance at the situation would indicate. Persecution had accomplished the very thing it was set in motion to prevent; and instead of scattering the patriotic forces, and thus stamping out the rebellion, it had welded in one common interest the whole Colony with an arterial sympathy running through the other Colonies as well. As one man they stood; as one man they would fight to the death.

This obstinacy terrified General Gage, and paralyzing his judgment and his course of action, it was impossible to secure the best results from the great and imposing array of British troops now quartered in Boston Town. There was a restlessness and an element of discontent among them, and much disorderly behavior not looked for in well-disciplined soldiery.

“Anastasia!” cried Madam Hancock, one March day, moving away from one of her big front windows; she took two or three stately steps down the apartment, her face flushed with anger, — “see, can you imagine such an affront!”

“What is it, dear Madam Hancock?” Taisie was running over some of the fine books on the luxurious mahogany table in the centre of the spacious room. She never saw any comparing with them in

other homes. Fresh from England, some came in every arriving ship, for the indulgence of the rich master of the house and his lady, who must, along with fine clothes, display other evidences of culture and good breeding.

Taisie laid down the book, with its elegant binding and rich plates, with a sigh, and turned to the window.

"See there!" cried Madam Hancock. Her voice was tremulous with anger, and she pointed an indignant finger toward the window.

"Oh, my dear Madam — it isn't possible!" cried the girl, her cheek also flushing. "I will raise the window and tell them to desist," as she saw the vandalism for herself. "Why, they are actually breaking down your fence!"

"Are you mad, child!" Madam Hancock seized her by the slender wrist. "A horde of drunken British soldiers — oh, what an indignity! Hush — do not expose yourself to insult. Oh, that Mr. Hancock were home — Heavens, what a noise!"

"They will shatter it completely," cried Taisie, her blue eyes flaming. "Madam Hancock, they are actually tearing it down! Do you hear me, and can you stand this quietly?"

"And yet that is just what I must do." But the good lady of the house was never so perturbed. Accustomed to have each command obeyed by those

around her, she must curb every indignant protest and see her husband's property ruined, and perhaps the very mansion invaded.

The soldiery she could rebuke; she had quite enough fire in her composition for that, and even in these troublous times, when an inflammable resistance might be disastrous, she would willingly enough attempt it; but a gang of drunken soldiers was quite another thing and she pulled Anastasia into the middle of the apartment, where they stood quivering with indignation, yet powerless to exercise it.

“We are reduced to having the protection of a guard,” cried the stately matron, her bosom heaving with indignation. “I shall ask Mr. Hancock to see that we get one. It is humiliating, but we shall be safer with one after this,” she pointed toward the window — the sound of the fence-breaking had not subsided. “Oh, what affronts are put upon us, Anastasia! I tell you solemnly, this state of things is past endurance. War — war — war! nothing else can result, and I, for one, shall welcome it. What insults are heaped upon us! Think you that we will bear them much longer, when even our religious meetings are interrupted, as the fast observed at the West Church was by those drums and fifes insolently played before the windows? Can you imagine any greater indignity heaped upon an indepen-

dent people than that!" She began to storm up and down the long, stately apartment, every now and then exclaiming, "War? Oh, I positively long for it to come!" while Anastasia slipped away to a corner, her blue eyes wild with fright. The slip of paper in Father Tulley's desk fluttered before her eyes, telling her that Tom Horne, a minute-man, would probably be one of the first to answer the bloody call.

The next morning a wagon containing a farmer and his wife, who were returning to their home in the country, took up at a convenient corner, not so very far from Rawson's Lane, a young girl. She was clad very simply, as the daughter of such a couple might be, yet no one who was in the least observant could suppose her to occupy that station in life. Anastasia proved a silent companion for poor Mrs. Babbitt and her spouse on the front seat. The good woman was just aching to talk, and it would have been agreeable to the farmer to pass the time of day, and to hear all the gossip of the heated condition of affairs in Boston Town, as they could do when once out on the open country road.

When Mr. Henry Knox secured their services to take the young lady to Old Concord Town, and to see that she was properly conveyed back again, they had hailed the expedition with joy. Good Mrs. Babbitt, seeing here a capital opportunity for a fine spell of

gossip on the way, expressed her pleasure at the addition of the company of the young lady on the back seat, and the worthy woman slapped the ends of her big plaid shawl comfortably about her ample person in great satisfaction.

"It's a mercy you want to go; I'm dretful glad of it. Like enough we won't any o' us git many more rides," she added cheerfully. "I alwus think every one may be my last in these awful times. An' just think o' th' poor men who's got to do th' fightin', let alone bein' killed in our beds an' houses burned over our heads! Silas, didn't you say them minute-men in Cambridge was a-gittin' ready along with all o' th' others?" She leaned over now to get her husband's ear.

"Hush!" he growled, slapping the reins over the back of the old white horse without any appreciable result.

"We are out in th' country now, who's a-goin' to hear?" said his wife, yet she looked scared to death, peering on every side.

"There's an ear maybe in ev'ry one o' them bushes," said Farmer Babbitt, shaking his stubby whip at the roadside.

Mrs. Babbitt twitched herself around straight on the seat and slapped her old shawl-ends tighter about her. But her tongue began again before a half-mile

was achieved. "Be one o' your friends a-trainin' to go with th' minute-men?" she began suddenly, whirling about to confront the young girl.

"No," said Taisie, with a heart that cried, "One who *was* a friend, is a minute-man." Then she said, "Oh, my father probably will." Why had she forgotten him and his peril before?

"Silas," Mrs. Babbitt twitched the old coat sleeve, "she," with a thumb thrust over her shoulder, "says her pa's a-goin' with th' minute-men. Ain't that jest awful! Your ma got any more children?" She fastened Taisie once more with her black eye.

"One," said Taisie, laconically.

"Girl or boy?"

"A boy."

"How old is he?"

"Fourteen."

"Oh, my! your ma's lucky; he's too young to jine 'em."

"He says he is going," said Anastasia, calmly.

"Goin', an' him only fourteen! Silas!" she twitched his sleeve again, "she says she's got a brother an' he ain't but fourteen, an' he's a-goin' with the minute-men."

"I ain't deaf," said Mr. Silas Babbitt. He shifted a quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other and spat over the front wheel.



"You didn't say nothin'," said his wife.

"You hain't give me no chanst to, so fur as I see," observed her spouse; "your tongue's a-runnin' like fire in a bresh heap, Lucreshy."

Lucreshy was already back at the charge. If she only got monosyllables, those were better than nothing.

"You goin' fur in Old Concord?"

"I don't know," said the girl.

"Don't you know where you are goin'? — oh, my!" ejaculated Mrs. Lucreshy Babbitt.

"I don't know how far it is," said Taisie.

"Oh! I s'pose you ain't nowadays related now to any folks out there?" Mrs. Babbitt waited for the answer that this time was somewhat longer in coming.

"No," Anastasia spoke it very slowly, but it was in a quiet and assured tone.

"Maybe you are desperately acquainted with some of 'em though."

It was longer yet before any reply came. In the meantime, Mr. Silas Babbitt nudged his wife in such a way that she whirled suddenly around on the old wagon seat and stared at him. "What's th' matter?" she asked.

"I wouldn't stir her up no more, ef I was you," advised Mr. Babbitt in a whisper that was perfectly audible to the back seat; "she's awful quiet-appearin', but th' feathers'll fly if you don't look out."

Mrs. Lucreshy, though not sharing in this belief, kept the back of her plaid shawl turned to the passenger whom she still regarded as the most harmless of mortals. What a pity that no one wanted to talk, and such a splendid chance! She clasped and unclasped her large red hands, and shifted her heavy shoes, unaccustomed to such repose. At last she broke out, "Say, ain't it jest awful, Silas, about that John Parlin?"

At the mention of the name "Parlin," Anastasia, who had been gazing off over the country-side and wondering how soon they would get to their journey's end, pricked up her ears. The farmer grunted, but made no reply. His wife hurried on, "There's them children left — three of 'em, I b'lieve, they say there is, an' his wife don't know no more'n th' dead where he's gone to."

Anastasia held her breath and clasped her slender hands under her cloak.

"They can't find hide nor hair o' him nowhars. Ain't it terrible? Where d'ye s'pose he's went to, Silas?"

"Dunno," said Mr. Babbitt, seeking comfort in his tobacco quid.

"O dear me! Land o' Goshen! Now ef you was to run off, I d'no what I'd do. Do you s'pose he's gone fur?"

“Dunno.”

“You said that before.”

“Well, I’m a-goin’ to say it agin. When I dunno, why, I dunno. Ain’t that plain?”

“Yes,” said his wife. “I s’pose ’tis. Well, ain’t it jest outrageous to see Debby —”

The girl on the back seat started forward under shelter of the broad back in the plaid shawl, and listened intently.

“I declare, I want to bust out a-cryin’, when I see her in meetin’. Take care, you driv right over that big stun. Did ye git shook up, Miss?”

She whirled round as suddenly as her portly body would allow, but Anastasia was nimbly drawn back to the proper seclusion of her face in its protecting hood. “Oh, no!” she said; “pray don’t mind me. And it doesn’t disturb me to have you talk, though I don’t feel like it myself,” she added hastily, and as it turned out unwisely, for it directed the avalanche once more upon herself.

“Sho now!” Mrs. Lucreshy was all sympathy. She leaned over the back of her seat.

“Be you subject to headaches?”

“No,” said Taisie, sharply.

“I was thinkin’ I might tell you somethin’ to take. You jest get some camomile blows an’ —”

“I tell you I don’t have headaches. I never have

them," cried Anastasia, feeling her anger rise with each word.

"Take care, Mother," warned Mr. Babbitt, "it's a-comin'; what did I tell ye? Th' storm's a-risin'."

Mrs. Babbitt took one look at the face from which the border of the hood now was pushed back by an impatient hand. But she saw enough. She drew a long breath and settled heavily down in her seat.

It was safe to converse with her husband, though, so presently she began again.

"That Deb'rah's an' awful smart girl. Land! how she'd fight ef she was a boy! Don't you say so, Silas?"

"Maybe."

"She'll be up an' at 'em someway, her an' Mel'scent, ef th' British does git into this town. What supports th' Parlins, Silas, now John's gone th' Lord knows where?"

"Dunno, I'm sure," Mr. Babbitt now shifted his big feet nervously and slapped the leather reins on the back of the old white horse once more; this time more effectively, for the creature actually took ten steps on what he intended for a run. Then he settled back with a thud of his heavy hoofs that made Mrs. Babbitt lurch forward, then twitch her Sunday bonnet over her large face.

"Gracious, I thought he was a-runnin' away.

Don't drive so fast, Pa. O my! Well, I'm afraid those childern'll go hungry to bed ev'ry night, an' Debby, well there — an' her ma so sick. It's a sin an' a shame, Silas, if they've got friends, let alone relations, to have 'em keep clear all this time. Oh, there's th' house now! I declare, I didn't realize we was so clost to it."

A small story and a half cottage set back from the road and under the branches of a venerable elm, now appeared to view. Mrs. Babbitt leaned forward to regard it with interest. But the attention she bestowed upon it was nothing compared to that of the passenger on the back seat. Her blue eyes fairly devoured it and its surroundings. "I'd like to git out an' pass th' time o' day with Mis. Parlin an' Debby," said Mrs. Lucreshy, "but I can come down some other time. What you goin' to do, Silas?"

"I'm goin' to stop," said Mr. Babbitt, drawing up the old white horse in front of the stepping-stones that served as a path to the green front door.

"I ain't a-goin' to stop, I told you. I'll have to come some other day," said Mrs. Babbitt, decidedly.

"I know you did," Mr. Silas Babbitt slowly put forth one big boot, then the other, and stretched himself as he shambled to the wagon side. "Lemme help ye down, Miss," he said, putting out a horny hand.

Anastasia stood straight in the wagon, all her slim height silhouetted an instant against the sky, then she sprang lightly to the ground.

"Land o' Goshen!" ejaculated the farmer, "you ain't no heftier'n a bird, an' as spry as a bee."

"Do you know th' folks in there," screamed Mrs. Babbitt, shaking her big hand at the Parlin cottage, — "Mis' Parlin an' Debby?"

"Yes," said Anastasia, pausing with a bright smile; "that is, I know one of them."

"An' you let me talk an' never stopt me, Silas," breathed his wife, gustily; "how could you!"

"Because I couldn't no more stop that tongue o' yourn, Lucreshy, than I could drive a pig where he won't go. Ye've both got to run yourselves out," as he climbed into the wagon. "Mr. Babbitt," Anastasia was saying, "Mr. Knox said you would send some one for me this afternoon to carry me back to Boston Town."

"Yes'm," said Mr. Babbitt, driving off. Mrs. Babbitt leaned far over the back of her seat to achieve a sight of the tall young lady stepping briskly over the flagstones until the green door had opened and she had passed within.

John Parlin's wife had answered the rap. Her white face showed no interest in the visit, and she pointed without curiosity to the inner room, where

in the corner at the spinning-wheel sat the young girl Anastasia had last seen in the old country cart by the side of Abner Butterfield.

Deborah glanced up — then stopped the busy wheel. She came forward and put out a welcoming hand.

“I am glad you have come,” she said, while a wan little smile lighted for a moment her face, “for I did not thank you, who did so much for me. I should have written, but my mother has been ill. She is far from well, and only but shortly from her bed.” It was a long speech for Deborah to make, but it had weighed on her heart that she had failed to give adequate expression to the gratitude always welling up within her at the kindnesses she had received.

“But you are standing; pray forgive me,” she moved with ready grace to bring a chair, “and if you will excuse me, I will get you some refreshment. It is not much I have to offer,” she said with simple dignity, “but —”

“I wish nothing,” said Anastasia, hoarsely, “and I will not sit until I tell you what I have come to say. Then, if you wish me to, I will accept a chair.”

Deborah Parlin folded her hands and waited patiently. She couldn't turn any paler, but her eyes grew painfully anxious, seeing which, Taisie began impetuously, —

“Oh, Miss Parlin! — I am not what I seem.”

Deborah drew a long breath. It was not what she was always fearing — something connected with her father. She put out her hand now, “Do sit down. Don’t feel troubled to tell me, whatever it is. I am in trouble myself, and I can feel for you,” she said kindly.

“Ah, but you haven’t such trouble to bear as I,” cried Anastasia, passionately, and she beat the floor with her foot. “I am — how can I speak it — you will put me from the door, Miss Parlin. I am a Tory!”

The poor room seemed to grow dark around her.

“And you dared to save my life, and make me your debtor,” it was being said in low accents, but terrible when the face of the girl, its pallor turning to the scarlet glow of anger, flashed the message. “Sooner I think would I have died than have received aught from the hand of a Tory.”

“Don’t — oh, spare me!” Anastasia put both hands before her face and cowered.

“Spare you!” cried Deborah, quivering with wrath; “you who have no temptation such as overcomes a poor person, to turn against this country and the woes we are struggling under! You, who in your woman’s veins, if you have any tenderness or even humanity in your nature, should thrill with patriotism



till you would give your life to aid the cause of Liberty! You a Tory! And *you* have made me your debtor!"

Anastasia cowered lower yet — a miserable, drooping figure, pathetic in every line.

"I would give the whole world to feel as you do," the words were low, just breathed in despair.

"What!"

Anastasia spoke through the slender fingers held tightly across her shrinking face. She would die, it seemed to her, if she dropped them to be exposed to that awful gaze. She repeated the words mechanically.

"Do you know what you are saying? Do you expect me to believe you?" Deborah's face was close to hers. She didn't offer to touch her — no contact with a Tory could be borne, but her anxiety to get the whole truth from this strange girl was overpowering her. "What words are you saying? I must know, and understand it all."

Down fell the fingers — one glance, and Deborah involuntarily laid her hand upon the slender, shrinking shoulder. "You are suffering," she exclaimed pitifully.

"I would die if, before I drew my last breath, I could say, 'I am a Patriot.'"

"And why can you not say it now?" demanded

Deborah. Was the girl mad? And yet the blue eyes, though convulsed with distress, held the clear light of reason.

“I do not know — something here —” Anastasia laid her hand upon her panting bosom. “Oh, you cannot guess — you are naturally good; it is easy for you to be led. I cannot tell what is the matter with me,” she said humbly, like a little child.

For answer, Deborah pushed her gently to the old haircloth sofa in the corner, and put herself by her side. “I know what it is — you don’t need to be led, you will soon come of yourself to the side of the Patriots fighting for liberty.” She was untying the hood.

“Oh, you are so beautiful!” she exclaimed involuntarily, as the yellow hair fell to the slender shoulders; “everybody must love you!”

“Oh, no — no!” cried Anastasia, wildly, “don’t say so; it is not true.”

“Yes,” said Deborah, firmly, “and you will be loved, for you are coming to your better self. See, I will tell you,” she began.

“Do,” begged Anastasia, piteously, her strength seemed spent, and she hung to the calm words as to her only help.

“You see we need you — we suffering people do — all your strength and influence — and a woman can

do so much, although it is the men who will fight. But if the time comes, oh, we will fight, too!" her breath came fast and her eyes glowed with sudden fire. "But you've got to see that it is wrong for us to be so oppressed, before you can be a true Patriot, for —"

"Oh, I do, I do!" cried Anastasia, springing from the old sofa and standing straight. Her nostrils dilated angrily. "I've seen it for some time. And I've fought against the conviction, and tried to kill it."

"You poor child," said Deborah, with sudden pity. It was as if she were a woman born to comfort and to teach, and the tall, slender figure before her belonged to a little child.

"I fought and fought," Anastasia tore at her kerchief over her blue stuff gown as if its light folds oppressed her. "Oh, I don't know why I am so wicked, Miss Parlin! and all the while I was seeing that the King was wicked and that the things he was making his people do were wicked. But I shut my eyes and I wouldn't see. And then — then —" her voice fell and her head drooped to her breast and the restless hand became still.

"I see," said Deborah, quietly, and a sudden pain came over her face, "we both have something to bear," she said quietly.

## XXV

“YOU MUST PAY WITH GOOD SERVICE TO  
YOUR LIFE’S END”

“**B**UT you haven’t yourself to blame and despise,”  
moaned Anastasia, her face flushing with the  
pain of her thoughts.

Deborah, for the first time since the disgrace caused  
by her father, thankfully cried within her heart,  
“No, I haven’t that, to be sure.” Then her thoughts  
flew back to the one who must suffer it. Now not  
only must she help this girl, but one more Patriot  
could be added to the ranks so sorely needing every  
accession. And what a convert she would make!

“Miss Tulley,” she said, pushing aside her own  
miserable thoughts that now returned with full force,  
“perhaps you will do better work because you have  
failed to do it before.”

“I not only failed, — I worked against the Patriot  
party; can’t you understand? I worked — I worked  
— I *worked!*” She tore herself from Deborah’s  
arm and sat straight.

"Yes, I see," said Deborah, calmly; "that is what I meant. Well, your work now for them may be better because of that."

"My work be better because I was a little villain before!" exclaimed Taisie, in sheer bewilderment. She stopped wringing her slender hands to stare at the quiet face. "Oh, Miss Parlin, you can't know what you are saying!"

"Yes," said Deborah, "I do really mean it. All the bad influence is now to be thrown to the other side. Can't you see that your Tory friends — and they have been so high and influential — will listen to you? And some of them, Miss Tulley, will, I truly believe, follow you." But her heart ached for the girl who must go through so much before this could come to pass.

Anastasia leaned forward and fastened her blue eyes on the other girl. She drew a long breath, "Do you really mean it?" her flushed face turned suddenly very pale.

"Yes," said Debby; then, because she felt impelled, "you know it will cost you much." It was hardly fair to lead this radiant creature into paths of suffering without a warning.

"I know," the blue eyes darkened, but not with apprehension; "that is the price I pay for what I've done."

"Yes," said Deborah. The truth must be spoken.

"I must begin it," said Anastasia, "at once, for my father —" then she remembered the other girl and her father, and actually clapped her hand over her mouth like a child detected in a naughty speech.

Deborah turned deathly pale. "Don't feel badly," she said, but she put her hand to her heart, "and I want to tell you about my father again. Perhaps I did not make it clear."

"Oh, I pray you, Miss Parlin, not to speak about it!" begged Taisie, quite conscience-stricken. "How could I forget! Oh, you see I am too far gone to save! I'm all selfish and bad and horrid. I was thinking only of myself."

"That is not so," contradicted Debby, and she managed to smile at her. "Your mind is *not* on yourself, but on the work you have set out to do. I must tell you plainly of my father, so that you will understand him better. It will comfort me."

Without further delay, the pitiful tale was all told. How John Parlin, from being one of the staunchest Patriots of the town had been led away by a poor man whom he believed to be a pedler. He, by his specious tales of the right and wrong of the struggle for Independence, had confused the mind of the father, ordinarily strong and clear, until now he was on the Tory side against his own town and Colony.

And being a determined man, who always did what he thought was right, he was actually in the British army. "And this pedler," finished Deborah, with long-drawn breath of agony that cut like a knife-thrust in Anastasia's heart, "was a British officer in disguise."

"Oh, dastardly,—horrible, mean!" exploded Anastasia. "Do King George's servants sink so low?" Then she was lost in amazement at what the Old Concord girl had borne, and what a father she, Anastasia Tulley, had, who was throwing heart and soul into the cause of Liberty! What had she done to work against him? How blind and contemptibly wicked she had been! Why hadn't God struck her dead, just as she had wondered that day when, back of the lattice window, she had railed at Him and shocked Tom? Then her heart, frantic for some comfort, caught at the thought, "Father doesn't really know—thank God for that!—that he has had a Tory daughter. Now the first thing when I get home, I will show him all my whole heart. He will set me to work in some way. And then I will write to Parson Witherbee, oh, that good, dear man!" All her soul was now swelling within her as memory and conscience strove together. The thought of the happiness she was to give the old minister in St. Botolph's Town buoyed her up and the light

came back to her eyes. She was really — for the minute — happy.

Then her mind reverted to Deborah and her needs. “Strange about that pedler. Cannot you get some clew to him?” she asked abruptly.

“Naught, save that he is a British soldier, in high rank, and —”

“What rank?” demanded the other girl, impatiently.

Deborah thought a minute. She had been so overwhelmed at the sudden meeting with the enemy of her peace in Boston Town that she had given no observation to anything but his face, on which she had riveted her gaze. He wore a uniform of the British soldiery and was by every sign an officer, but she knew nothing more. She shook her head, “I am sorry — I cannot tell,” she said shamefacedly.

“Um — well, I shall ask Lieutenant Thornton — he knows everything. Oh, what a miscreant to try such an underhanded, snaky way as that to bring to ruin this home! and you — oh, that he should have hurt *you* so!” She threw her warm arms around the girl who, shivering under them, said in a low voice, “He thought it was his duty.”

“Duty!” cried Anastasia, scornfully; “a pretty duty that was! Well, I shall do what I can, be assured of that, to find out who the miserable creature is.”



"But the mischief is done," Debby put her hand to her heart, an habitual movement these dreadful days. "Oh, Miss Tulley, do not spend your thoughts in fruitless efforts. The times need all your strength where it will tell."

Anastasia shook her yellow hair. Here was something she could do at once. She was sure to see Lieutenant Thornton. Few were the days in which, in some way, fortune failed to cross their paths. "I *will* know!" she cried to herself, her old impetuosity coming up.

"I will go and see the pretty lady," a small shout came from the inner room, followed by the smothered remonstrance, "you can't — Debby won't like it."

"I will —" then a squeal louder yet, "stop pinching me, Johnny. I *will* go and see the pretty lady."

Anastasia whirled about in her chair. "Oh, do let the children in!" she begged. "Yes, yes, if you don't, I am going to," she declared, with a little laugh. How strange that she could laugh!

She ran over and opened the door; Doris, plastered up against it, was so absorbed in preserving a defiant front to Johnny, alert to pull her away, that she immediately fell in backward to sprawl on the floor.

"Well, I declare!" cried Taisie, "that's a funny way to come in."

Doris gathered her breath and peered up shame-facedly.

"Well, now, here you are!" Anastasia had the stout little body on her feet and, taking her along, she got back to her chair. "Tell me your name," she said, to make conversation.

But Doris, although she was where she longed to be ever since she had opened the door a crack to peek through, to be twitched away by Johnny who officiously shut it fast, was not equal to the opportunity now it had come; she put her finger in her mouth and looked positively unhappy.

"I'll tell it," exclaimed Johnny, crowding up, — "it's —"

"No — no!" cried Doris. Out flew her finger and she got her pudgy body instantly in between, "it's my name; Johnny hasn't any right to it."

"Well, you've just told mine," said Johnny, in a dudgeon.

"Never mind," said Anastasia, soothingly, "now, then, what is yours?" to the small girl.

"It's Doris, and it's after my grandmother, and I don't like it."

"Don't like it! Now that's bad," said Taisie, shaking her head. "Well, what do you guess my name is?" She was smiling now over the children's heads at Deborah. How the poor room glowed!

Debby, standing there, seemed to feel its rose-color spreading over the gloom at her heart. She was amazed that she could for a moment forget her distress.

“Oh, I’ll guess first!” screamed Johnny.

“No, no! let me —” Doris wriggled to get nearer to the slender figure. But Johnny had the advantage, and every bit of its inches he meant to keep.

“Children,” said Deborah, reprovingly.

“Oh, do let them,” begged Taisie, indulgently. “You may each guess once!” she said, “and then I shall tell you. Now, then, what do you say?”

“Amelia Sophia,” said Doris, promptly, these representing her dearest friends.

“Hoh!” sniffed Johnny; “I think it’s —” he scratched his little poll.

“Well, what?” demanded Taisie.

“It’s —”

“Hoh!” cried Doris, in her turn. “He hasn’t got any guess,” whirling back to Taisie.

“I have, too,” cried Johnny.

“Well, what is it?” the young lady in the chair now burst into a laugh.

“It’s —”

“Oh, now I see Doris is right! you really haven’t any name to guess. Well, I’ll tell you mine.”

Johnny got his mouth all ready to protest against his chance to guess being taken away from him,

but the young lady's eye didn't seem favorable to such indecision, so he shut it and stood, a glum little figure, before her.

"It's Anastasia," she said. "Now don't you think that's a pretty name?"

"No, I don't," said Doris, bluntly. Johnny swallowed hard in his efforts to be polite, and said nothing.

"Oh, Doris!" reproved Deborah.

"But, you see, it's my grandmother's name," said Anastasia.

"Have you got a grandmother, too?" asked Doris, flying away from her disappointment that the pretty lady had such an awful name.

"Of course," Johnny was glad to find his tongue.

"No, she is dead, but my grandfather is living."

"Oh!" Then Doris snuggled up as close as she could for Johnny. "I think you're awfully pretty," she sighed, staring in great content; "ever so much prettier than Debby."

"Well, I don't" cried Johnny, loudly, and he beat the floor angrily with his coarse little shoe.

"That's right," said Anastasia, smiling at him in great approval.

"Children — children —" Debby laid a hand on either shoulder. "Oh, Miss Tulley! I don't know what makes them behave in this way. But they see so few people."

"Everybody says Debby is the prettiest girl in Concord," shouted Johnny, determined not to be silenced.

"Hush!" commanded Deborah.

"So she must be," cried Anastasia, "and in the Colony, too," she smiled over at her. "I'm going to call you Deborah," she declared with sudden audacity. She hadn't dared to before, for there was something about this Old Concord girl that forbade familiarity. "And sometimes I shall say Debby — so be prepared."

Deborah's face flushed with surprise. "I wish you would," she said, with all her heart.

"*Oh!*" the children jumped and screamed, the big knocker gave such a sudden rap.

"It is for me," exclaimed Anastasia, springing from the chair. "Mr. Knox arranged for some people who are going to Boston Town to call and pick me up."

"Oh, you shan't go!" cried the children, with violent hands upon her cloak. Debby's eyes clouded as if the sunlight had been suddenly withdrawn.

"Oh, I shall come again!" declared Anastasia.

"Will you — will you — will you?" cried the children, hanging to her.

"Oh, of course! ever so many times. So good-by. Now if you are not good, both of you, and if you plague your sister Debby, I'll come out and shake you."

"Shake us!" repeated Johnny. Doris had only round eyes for her.

"Yes, exactly so," Anastasia bobbed her head decidedly. Then she laughed and hurried to the door, managing to get her hand within Debby's on the way, to have a last word.

"I don't believe you'd really shake us," Johnny crowded after and lifted his round face anxiously.

"Oh, yes, I surely would!" Anastasia was running down over the grassy path to the wagon and the waiting people.

"I don't b'lieve you'd —" began Johnny from the door-step. But Debby pulled him back.

"Yes, I would," Anastasia, after she was in the wagon, shook her hand merrily at them. But her eyes were on Debby's face, framed in the doorway.

How strange that she could be so light-hearted when a whole world of gloom was pressing her down but a few short hours ago!

Oh, but just think of father and Parson Witherbee and all the happiness she meant to give! Tom? no, she didn't dare to think of him. But she put all her energies of heart and mind on this new path she must tread, of confession of the mistakes she had made, and the principles she would henceforth take as guide. Down deep in her inmost soul she realized that the old gayeties must slip off, the aspi-

ration for fine clothes and for Tory friends of wealth and position in Boston Town — all these must go to make place for the new work she meant to do.

These last, hard as they would be to forego, were as nothing compared to the obligation to confess that she had turned from a Tory to a Patriot. She clasped her hands tightly together in her lap and set her mouth firmly together. If ever there was a disappointed pair of individuals, it was the other occupants of the wagon. For the beautiful young lady, who certainly looked capable of contributing much that was conversationally agreeable, scarcely spoke a word all the way to Boston Town.

Then she sat more erect than ever, scarcely able to breathe for impatience, and being set down in the early twilight at the corner of Rawson's Lane, she sped on nimble feet, her heart bounding high with anticipation, to rush into the old kitchen.

"Oh, Father!" — could anything be more delightful! He was at home; she had been so afraid that he was off after supper.

Her mother started in surprise at the joyful note. Taisie of late had forgotten to use this to her father. He stood quite still, a paper in his hand, but the girl, so full of her own joy, noticed nothing and bounded to his side.

"Daughter," Job Tulley lifted his large hand solemnly, "curb your mirth. I have bad news."

"Bad news!" repeated Taisie, in astonishment. Her thoughts had instantly flown to Tom. But if it concerned him, there would be no letter. She had no time to think further. Job Tulley, ever a man of direct speech and few words, said at once, "Parson Witherbee is dead."

"Parson Witherbee — dead!" repeated Taisie, blankly. "Oh, no! he isn't — he can't be — he shan't be —" she added wildly.

"Stop your strange speech, Anastasia!" commanded her father, sternly, "I have the news here," tapping the letter with his big finger.

"Oh, daughter, don't look so!" begged Mrs. Tulley, quite gone now in distress as much worse as possible than the grief over the loss of the good old St. Botolph's Town friend.

"Mother," panted Anastasia, as if the news needed her confirmation, "Parson Witherbee is dead. Now he never will know!" Then she staggered to the wall and leaned against it. "Don't speak to me — I won't faint — don't touch me. I tell you I won't faint."

The letter dropped from Job Tulley's nerveless fingers, and he stared at her.

"Father, I must tell you," said Anastasia, catching her breath.



“Best not to speak now,” Mrs. Tulley, with a mother’s intuition, started forward.

“I’m going to begin now,” said Anastasia, firmly. “Parson Witherbee would say so,” she added brokenly. “Father, I’ve been a Tory —”

Job Tulley’s black eyes were wide with amazement. He was dumb from the same reason.

“I’ve been on the side of the British ever since I came from St. Botolph’s Town. You know I didn’t want to come and I was angry at — O God, forgive me — good Parson Witherbee.” She wrung her hands, “Don’t speak, either of you!” which wasn’t necessary, seeing that neither parent could; “and I’ve been with the Tories, eaten and danced and frittered away all this time — I’ve —”

“You’ve been great friends with Mrs. Knox,” said Job Tulley, finding his tongue. Was his daughter going mad?

“Oh, I know! — but she would not believe that I was a Tory. But I was, and every bit of influence I had, I threw on that side.”

Job Tulley covered his eyes with both of his big hands and sank to a chair to groan aloud.

“Father — Father,” Anastasia ran to him and got down on her knees, “can’t you forgive me? I believe as you do, — oh, I’ll serve all my life alongside you! Oh, Father, speak! I’m your little girl,

Taisie; do speak, Father!" She tried to pull away the hard brown hands, but he held them fast over his eyes.

"Job, do forgive her," moaned the mother, from the place where she still stood in the middle of the kitchen floor.

"No, Mother, he can't," Anastasia stumbled to her feet; "I must go from home. I don't blame him, Mother," her face was white as death and she put out her hands blindly. "Father is too upright and honest; I don't blame him, Mother."

"Stop!" thundered Job Tulley, dropping his hands and getting to his feet. "You're my daughter; flesh of my flesh and with my blood in your veins. I'll not turn against you, though you have turned against all that was true and honorable, and disgraced me and the Cause of Liberty. But, hark ye! Anastasia, as much harm as you have wrought, you must pay for with good service — to your life's end."

"Father, Father, I will," she cried, throwing her arms about his hard, wrinkled neck and sobbing there like a spent child. He gathered his great arms about her and held her close.

## XXVI

### "I AM A DAUGHTER OF LIBERTY"

SHE almost ran against him in turning the corner. He put forth his hand with the slender fingers, as shapely and well cared for as a woman's. "Oh, Mistress Tulley, I beg you a thousand pardons!" although the encounter was due to her impetuous speed.

"Oh, Lieutenant Thornton!" She was astonished to see how pale and thin he had grown. Suddenly it all came over her; Madam Stedman's speech in the window of the big mansion when they both stood watching Deborah Parlin's departure. "Oh, you surely have been ill!"

"No, no," he contradicted a trifle irritably, then made a movement to pass on. "I am due at the Province House. General Gage has sent for me."

"And still," said Taisie, with her old imperiousness, "I am in need of your attention just at present," then her face fell and the color left her cheek.

"Now it is you who have been ill," cried the lieu-

tenant with concern, his eye noting the hollows under the blue eyes and the loss of bloom.

"I never was better in my life," declared Taisie; "never mind about me, Lieutenant Thornton, I would engross your mind about weightier matters."

Here was the time for a flattering disclaimer. The British officer was too absorbed to render it. As for Anastasia, she was astonished to find that she did not mind its absence.

"I am a Patriot now, Lieutenant Thornton," she said, with a proud toss of her head. The color now came back to her cheek and she looked as in the old days. "You ought to know it before I proceed farther."

"So I have heard," said the lieutenant; then he put forth his hand. "I congratulate you, Mistress Tulley," he said gravely.

"You congratulate me?" repeated Taisie, wonderingly.

"For being true to your principles, whatever they are," said Bernard Thornton, with a sigh.

"Then, since you realize that," said Taisie, still very much puzzled, "I am free to unburden my mind. Lieutenant Thornton, what British officer was it, who, disguised as a pedler, lured Deborah Parlin's father to become a Tory?"

Lieutenant Thornton started as if shot, stared at

her out of eyes in which pain was now above their surprise. He staggered forward a step or two, as if going on, thought better of it, and stopped in her path.

"There is no use in subterfuge," he said in a low, broken voice; "I am that unhappy man, Miss Tulley."

"*You!*" exclaimed Anastasia, "you — that contemptible thing, a serpent and — " he was gone.

In an instant she was in his footsteps; fleetier than he, she gained his side. "Who am I to reproach you?" she managed to breathe; "I, who was a traitor to my father and to my Colony!"

"Mistress Tulley," the dark, lambent eyes, so full of pain, turned on her, "believe me, I would give my life to undo it all." He broke away from her, this time going on so swiftly it was impossible for another word to pass between them. Luckily for both, the lane through which they were passing was free of people. Anastasia was able, therefore, to compose her face and manner, as she hurried on, her mind in a turmoil now over this complicated state of things.

"I must go to Dr. Byles and tell him where I now stand," she said to herself; "he will slay me, perhaps, with his tongue, but I must get through with my confessions."

To get through with them and begin honestly her new rôle had been Anastasia's steady determina-

tion ever since she had rested in her father's arms and cuddled against his big neck. To tell it to right and to left wherever she met her Tory friends had been her plan. And well had she carried it out. Some had laughed at the story, declaring she carried it off well, and that she made the prettiest little rebel imaginable because she wasn't a real one, and this was only stage play. But when they saw that she was in dead earnest, then it was quite a different thing. All Anastasia's beauty and magnetism could not then save her from the cold, averted looks and bitter taunts. No more invitations from those sources — no more frantic competition for her hand in the minuet or the contra-dance at the next Assembly. Was she Anastasia Tulley, or some other girl, she wondered dully. But she smiled and was serene, and the beautiful blue eyes gathered a new light with a greater power for those who could discern.

Dr. Mather Byles knew the truth, she felt convinced, but she ought to tell him herself, to take up her duty as she saw it, for she was measuring everything by her father's conscience, that seemed to her the dearest thing on earth now. "To be worthy of him" was her one desire. She stifled her sighs at thought of Tom — he had forgotten his love — dead so long ago there was no chance of its revival. She

must make it up to her father for the disgrace he had unknowingly borne.

Dr. Byles was in his study, so the serving-woman said, and Anastasia marched in and straight up before the big table. He threw down his quill and looked at her.

"Dr. Byles, you know why I have come," she said, with no perceptible tremor, though her knees shook terribly.

Now the Doctor wanted awfully to say something with a caustic sting under a veil of humor. He never could lose sight of his reputation as a wit, even on the occasions calling for severest discipline. He usually gave his punishment in this way, and that hurt more than the ordinary castigations of reproof, because they impaled the soul that shrank from ridicule, who might perhaps glory in the martyrdom of pain; but here the case was different. No amount of ridicule, he knew, would move the girl before him. Oh, what stuff she was made of! He actually ground his teeth together to think that she was lost to the Tory cause.

"No confessions are necessary," he said in a hard, cold tone.

"Very well," said Anastasia, with high head, "I am sorry, for I want the pleasure of making them."

"*Pleasure!*" snarled Dr. Byles.

"It is, or ought to be, a pleasure, when one has come to one's senses," said Taisie, calmly.

"And you can stand there and tell me that, in my own house!" thundered the reverend gentleman, bringing his right hand, accustomed to pound the sacred desk, down smartly on the study table.

"As I made public profession to many Tory sentiments in this house," went on Anastasia, "it is fitting that I should here confess when they are not mine; otherwise I should be impertinent to come here at all."

"And you are impertinent!" cried the doctor, lost in his anger to everything else but that she, a contemptible little rebel, was facing him thus, and he got himself out quickly from his big chair. "You are all impudent, the whole set of rascally ingrates, who set yourselves against the King, and —"

"That will do," said Anastasia, raising her slender hand. "Good morning, Dr. Byles; I'll not trouble you again."

Unfortunately for Miss Catharine, she ran against her on the way out. Miss Byles had been told by the serving-woman who the visitor was, and she now lay in wait to whet her tongue on her, when her father's work in that direction was done.

"So you think, Mistress Tulley," she began in a high, unpleasant key, "that you are doing a vastly smart thing."



“Oh, no, Miss Catharine,” said Taisie, as pleasantly as if dropping in for a morning call, “I don’t think —”

“You do,” interrupted the young woman; “you are all buoyed up now with the most sinful pride, and what is worse, you are wickedly trying to undermine all the good you’ve ever done in being loyal to our good King. You are a wicked girl, Anastasia Tulley.”

“I have been,” said Anastasia, “I grant you that, Miss Catharine.”

“But you’ll come to your senses when we, who are loyal subjects, have our rewards. Oh, yes! then the whole beggarly crew you have now joined” — she gave a spiteful little cackle — “will get down on its knees to wheedle for mercy.”

“Call us not beggars, Miss Catharine,” commanded Anastasia. She was very white, and Miss Catharine thought in all her life she had never seen a pair of eyes she liked less to regard her. From a beautiful young girl Anastasia Tulley had changed instantly to a stern young woman, more than her match when it came to a battle of wits.

“I can say to you, because you are a young woman older than I, but not having enough difference in age to warrant my words being deemed disrespectful: You shall *not* call us, we who are Colonists,—beg-

gars, — nor take the decisions of God into your weak hands. He is ever on the side of Right, and I am not afraid to trust Him. Take that back, Miss Byles, if you please, what you said, ‘a beggarly crew’ —”

“Of course I didn’t mean just that,” Miss Catharine Byles, as hard as nails usually in her convictions and the expression of them, did manage to mumble this. She was only glad to usher Anastasia out of the door. Then she had an awful quarrel with herself because she had, for once, backed down.

The pieces of work to recompense her evil influences were falling into Taisie’s hands so fast these days that she wondered how she was ever to accomplish all of them. There was the new service that concerned the poor family of the patriotic fisherman, Peleg Bucks. First, Nancy’s mother was told of what the young lady who had so suddenly departed on that day of the visit to the cottage had believed, and then of her coming over to the aid of the Colony.

“But I shan’t give up my red ribbin,” cried Nancy in a terror when this all came out.

“No,” said Anastasia, with a bright smile, “I know Mrs. Bucks will call it a Patriot’s ribbon now. And I want Nancy to come to my house. Oh, do let her!” She glanced up at the poor woman, as

usual with a brood of children swarming around her.

“You want Nancy?” cried Mrs. Bucks. “Oh, what can she do, Miss Tulley?”

“Never you mind what Nancy can do,” said Taisie, brightly; “we will set her at something, and my mother can teach her many things.” No one but Anastasia knew what a long series of gradual leadings up to this plan had been worked out. Mrs. Tulley, wife of the Patriot Job Tulley, and now mother of the Patriot Miss Anastasia Tulley, had given herself up with pride and joy to many tasks that could help the Cause of Liberty. A line could properly be drawn, however, to keep out a quixotic proposition, such as the introduction of an untidy creature like Nancy Bucks into her neat kitchen; Nancy, who had run wild from sheer inability of the poor mother to train her in the midst of her rapidly increasing family.

“I want her to stay here all the while, Mother,” Taisie had said.

Mrs. Tulley recoiled in horror.

“Now, daughter,” she began.

Taisie ran up to put an affectionate arm about the spare waist.

“Now, Mother, do indulge me. I can’t do much with Nancy, having her here only days. She shall

have my little room Number Two." Taisie always thus dubbed the corner behind the old chintz curtain. "You'll see, Mother, Nancy will turn out a creditable success. Thank you for saying 'Yes.'"

"But I haven't said it," said Mrs. Tulley.

"But you are going to. Oh, I see it coming on your lips," said Taisie; then she leaned forward and set a kiss there. As it was in all New England families in those days, the exchange of kisses was rare, so good Mrs. Tulley felt this one drop clear into her heart, and in its warmth she would have said 'Yes' to whatever her daughter might propose, but Taisie had already rushed off toward Peleg Bucks's ramshackle cottage down on the Marsh.

Nancy then was soon in clover indeed, and scarcely believing her good fortune when installed in the Tulley homestead; and whenever she got an hour off from work, she ran down to Keziah Hodder's to display an apron she had made, or to boast of some art of housewifely knowledge. There was no reference to sugared doughnuts in those visits, unless Mrs. Hodder would offer her some; then, if Keziah were by, she would say with quite an air, "No, thank you, Mrs. Hodder, I have so many of them at home, I've got my sufficiency full." Then Mrs. Hodder took her in tow.

"How can you, Nancy," she would exclaim,

setting down her discarded doughnuts, "not mind your speech better, when I've heard that dear good Miss Anastasia work so over you? She'll mayhap be sending you to your home again, if you don't speak as you ought to."

"This is my home where I be now," said Nancy, beginning to blubber and putting up her last new gingham apron to her black eyes.

"No, indeed," contradicted Keziah's mother most decidedly. "Miss Taisie, bless her heart, has only taken you out of pity. Remember that, Nancy."

"Taisie wants you to be a good girl," said Keziah, whose warm little heart was touched by the girl's distress, "and you must mind your speech, for it makes her very unhappy to have you say 'be.' Don't you know how many times she has corrected you?"

"I won't say it," declared Nancy, dropping her apron-end, "and nobody is never goin' to take me away from my Miss Taisie Tulley. She's mine, and —"

"Don't say 'nobody is never,'" broke in Keziah; "you must say —"

"Well, they ain't," interrupted Nancy, leaving all corrections to her mentor, while she finished the sentence.

"Don't say 'ain't,'" reproved Keziah, ready with a fresh lesson.

"You won't let me say nothin'," grumbled Nancy.

"No, I won't let you say 'nothin','" said Keziah, firmly, feeling supported by the thought that she was helping Taisie, her "big sister."

"Then I'm goin' home," Nancy was now in a bad pet and she flounced to the door. Mrs. Hodder shot a warning glance at Keziah.

"See here, Nancy," Keziah bounded after her, "if you love Miss Taisie as I know you do, you must try hard to be a good girl and learn everything she tells you. She has lots of things to worry about these troublous times and ever so much to do. Shame on us all, Nancy, not to help her all we can!"

Since she classed herself in with the helpers, Nancy turned a willing ear. "And, besides, you don't know how we girls can all help the Patriot party. Taisie says the time is coming when there'll be something for all our fingers."

Nancy looked down at her stubby ones. "I'm willing," she said, concealing the pride in her bosom, "and I'll mind my P's and Q's after this, Keziah."

Which she did, and although she was a clumsy Patriot at first, under Anastasia's tutelage the Bucks girl became so far advanced that Job Tulley and his wife not only looked on her with favor, but began to bless the day when she became an inmate of their cottage.

Simeon was the only one who didn't look on the plan with equal, or any, favor.

"She tries to boss me," he said hotly one day.

"Well, what were you doing, Simmy?" asked his mother, gently.

"I only tracked up the floor. I couldn't help it — Joe was waiting." Simeon wished he had more excuses at his command, as he watched his mother's eye.

"Well, what did Nancy do?" asked Mrs. Tulley.

"She told me to get the cloth and wipe it up."

"Well, wasn't that right?" his mother pursued.

"Why, you never made me, Mother!" exclaimed Simeon, in surprise.

"Well, I suppose I ought to have done so," Mrs. Tulley had a pink spot on her cheek. "Oh, Simmy, mothers often let boys go when they really ought to repair the mischief they have made."

"I like mothers best," said Simeon, reflectively, "and Taisie is good enough now; but this girl just wants to make me stand round, and I don't like it. I'm going to be a minute-man; you said I might be," he straightened up his stocky figure.

"I shall take it back if you can't be man enough to repair all the mischief you make," said his mother, decidedly.

So Simeon patronized the floor-cloth at all such

times as he dashed into the kitchen with muddy feet, taking good care to have those occasions less and less frequent.

He did not know it, neither did any but the most keen of the patriotic old watch-dogs, how near were those days in which all the minute-men were to answer to the roll-call for the opening of the American Revolution.

The military stores were the objects of the intensest desire on the part of General Gage. To secure those would go far to break the backbone of the Rebellion. Get them, he must. The towns were gathering together, as silently as possible, but surely, collections of powder, lead, and musketry. General Gage was daily receiving intelligence at the Province House from his emissaries, who through disguises, or in the open, gathered it for him. This information as to the location of these stores, also the temper of the Colonists and the possible power they might wield in the event of a fight, was not reassuring. His anxiety was beginning to add to itself a steadily increasing alarm over the situation, and, unwilling to be guided by others better equipped by training and by natural qualities, he was rapidly issuing orders that often tended to confuse the minds of those under him in authority. In some cases, they would have done better to follow their own lead.



And Governor Gage must exercise his army — besides, he could frighten the rebels — so he issued a command to Lord Percy to march out five regiments on a roundabout route through the country-side; in all they were to make about ten miles. Of course, it was thought that the main object was an attack upon the magazines of the towns they visited. By this time the fire of preparation both in and out of Boston Town was smouldering ready for the flame of action.

They marched, these five regiments, so reported Dr. Joseph Warren of the Committee of Safety, without baggage or artillery. “Had they attempted to destroy the magazines,” he added, “or to abuse the people, not a man of them would have returned to Boston.”

Bold words — but whoever knew Dr. Joseph Warren to be afraid? And of such stuff was many another Patriot made — some to fill the graves of martyrs before long — yes; of martyrs and heroes.

The storm was rumbling — the signs were ominous; the clouds nearly ready to burst.

“Mother,” Taisie came into the kitchen one afternoon — indeed, the 18th of April, to be exact — “I must run down to see Madam Stedman.”

“Oh, Anastasia, you are so tired!” Mother Tulley many of these days was begrudging so many weary

steps of her daughter in her self-constituted work for the Cause of Liberty. "Why not wait till to-morrow?"

"Oh, Madam Stedman is not at all well," said Taisie, "and she is very nervous."

"I wish she could get rid of that Mrs. Betsey Gibson," said Mrs. Tulley, with much warmth; "it wears on her nerves. I'm sure it would on mine to hear her go on. It's almost as bad as having a British soldier about, to have his wife in the house."

"That may be," said Taisie, philosophically, "but Madam Stedman cannot get any other domestic, as you know, Mother."

"Why couldn't she have Nancy?" projected Mrs. Tulley.

Taisie dropped the clean towel in which she was doing up a bowl of chicken broth. Betsey would only allow it made in the Stedman mansion according to the Gibson rule. "Why haven't we thought of it before?" she cried.

"Nancy is doing first-rate. I never would have believed her to be so biddable. I should hate to have her go," and Mrs. Tulley's face fell. "But Madam Stedman must get out from under that Gibson woman's thumb."

"Yes, and now that she is sick," said Taisie, rapidly beginning on the folding process again, "Nancy can go and take care of her and cook the

nice broths the way she likes them. I will speak to her this very afternoon, Mother.”

But she spoke not of the making of broths, — nor any such small matters, — for the very good reason that something else much more important crowded it completely out.

To begin with, Madam Stedman was asleep in her handsomely carved four-poster when Anastasia lifted the latch and let herself in the big front door, on the edge of the twilight; and she hurried up the stairs, glad not to meet Betsey as long as she had the bowl of broth in her hand. She set it down on the table by the bedside, and drawing up a big chair, she put herself within it to wait until her good old friend should awake. It was almost the only rest of that whole day for her. The poor of the Patriot party were steadily on the increase. Taisie had not only joined the band of ladies ministering to these families, but she had put herself in the front rank of the indefatigable workers to investigate cases and personally to attend to them. She had been running about all day. Small wonder is it, therefore, that she laid her head against the padded chintz back of the big chair to rest, and so, the first thing she knew, Madam Stedman was leaning on her elbow, the lace ruffles of her nightgown sleeve falling away from the plump arm.

"I am so glad you are here," breathed the old lady.

"How long have I been asleep?" cried Taisie, springing out of the big chair, with the dewy eyes and flushed cheeks of a child waked out of a nap. "Oh, dear Madam Stedman, how perfectly dreadful of me!"

"Not so very long," said Madam Stedman, who had been smelling chicken broth, it seemed to her, for an age; "but now that you are here, Anastasia, perhaps you'd warm it as soon as possible. Oh, the stuff that Betsey Gibson calls chicken broth!"

"I'll have it in a trice," cried Taisie, merrily, seizing the bowl to skip over the stairs.

But she did no warming of its contents. On the edge of the kitchen she heard subdued voices, different, both of them, from Betsey's usual strident tones. With the caution born of watchfulness over the wife of a British soldier, Taisie paused in the entry — the door was ajar. A voice had evidently been inquiring for Gibson, for Betsey replied in a low voice, "He'll soon be here."

Taisie peeped through the door. It was a soldier in full regimentals, and he replied, "Then tell him to report himself at eight o'clock at the bottom of the Common, equipped for an expedition."

One long breath Anastasia drew — then over the

stairs she went, "Dear Madam Stedman," she leaned over the pillow from which the head in the elaborately beruffled nightcap was raised in surprise. Surely this was the quickest heated chicken broth in all this world!

Taisie put the bowl in her hand. "It is quite cold — don't ask me any questions —" she whispered, her mouth close to the ear back of the ruffles. "I am a Daughter of Liberty, and I must be away."

"Give it here," cried Madam Stedman, hungrily clutching it. "I can drink cold broth in the interests of Liberty as well as the next one. If my old legs weren't so rheumatic, I could use them, too."

Taisie scarcely breathed, getting over the broad, winding stairs. She let herself out as noiselessly as she had come in, while Betsey in her distant kitchen was conning over the message left her for her husband.

"Mr. Sam Adams, if I can but reach him!" Taisie ran at top speed through all the streets, avoiding by instinct such as might arouse comment on her strange behavior: but times were troublous and everybody, having enough big things to worry over, had small attention to give to minor matters. And whether it was seemly or not for a maiden to thus rush through the streets after twilight, Anastasia did not bother her head to decide. A Daughter of Liberty must work for her country at any and at all

times. At last she reached Purchase Street. Without the formality of a rap she dashed into the poor little house. She was by now pretty well spent, and with only enough breath to cry, "Oh, Mr. Adams! — a British soldier — talking to Mrs. Gibson — giving her a message — for her — husband — to be at — the Common by eight o'clock — equipped for an expe — expe — dition —"

The last word died away, the breath all gone, and Mrs. Adams caught the Daughter of Liberty in her arms as Sam Adams rushed from the house.



WITH ONLY BREATH ENOUGH TO CRY, "OH, MR. ADAMS!"—Page 388.





## XXVII

### “OF WHAT STUFF THESE PATRIOTS ARE MADE”

“CHILD, where have you been?” Mrs. Tulley reached the side of the kitchen table as Taisie sank into a chair and dropped her head upon it, her slender arms lying along its surface. “You are all worn out.”

“I’ve done such harm to the Cause so long,” breathed Taisie, faintly.

“Don’t try to make up for it all at once,” begged Mrs. Tulley.

“I must, Mother.”

“Where *have* you been?” The mother, bending over her, was smoothing the yellow hair, dishevelled as if tossed by the wind. “Tell me, Taisie,” her dismayed voice was very pleading.

“To Mr. Sam Adams’s,” said Taisie. She had no voice to mention the other Patriots to whom she had sped with her warning, after recovering strength.

“Clear down there to Purchase Street! Oh, child, there is something coming! I’ve felt it all day. Stay, don’t talk, I’ll get you a cup of herb tea.”

"Just a drink of water," Taisie put forth one hand. It trembled, her mother saw with increasing dismay. She hurried to get the cup of water from the bucket standing in the corner.

"Oh, that is good!" Taisie sat straight in the wooden chair and drained the cup greedily. "Now I am better, Mother; don't worry," pushing back the hair from her brow. "I'll tell you; come near, and let me whisper it. I'm afraid of even the walls." She pulled her mother's face down to a level with her mouth. "I heard, don't ask me how, that the British are to start on an expedition to-night." Never a whisper that brought more consternation.

"Then may the Lord help us!" prayed Mrs. Tulley, lifting her eyes toward heaven, "for your father will go, as soon as the alarm is given. We shall never see him more!" She clasped her thin hands and held them tightly together.

"Mother — Mother," cried Anastasia, getting up to her feet to lay her own young hands upon the toilworn ones, "don't feel so. You know that is what father came here to do. Can you grudge him the glory of being in the struggle? Why, if I were a boy, I would go, too," she declared, her beautiful eyes flaming. Unlucky speech; Mrs. Tulley drew in her breath to control her sobs. Then she screamed, "My boy — Simeon! Oh, Taisie, — Simeon!"

It was like the frightened cry of an animal, as she sprang to the foot of the loft stairs.

"Mother, Mother!" thoroughly alarmed, Taisie seized her to hold her back.

"My boy, he's gone, too. I know it, I know it! I told him he might go, God forgive me. My only son, — oh, I must see if he is in his bed, — but I know he has gone." She struggled to get her foot on the stairs.

"Now, Mother," said Anastasia, reassuringly, "you must just listen to reason. It is time to worry about Simeon when we know that he has really gone; and anyway I shall go up to see if he is in bed. I won't be a minute." She left the poor woman hanging for support to the stair railing while she ran at top speed up to the small room occupied by the boy of the family.

There was no one in the bed; the clothes were just as she had patted them down smoothly that morning. Taisie gave a hurried glance around that showed very plainly that nothing had been thrown about since she had set the room in order.

"Now may God help us, for mother will take it hard," she groaned.

Mrs. Tulley, with a wild glance at her face, knew the truth before the girl's feet had reached the kitchen, and giving a loud scream she was rushing to the outer door.

"No, Mother," Taisie had her firmly by the arm, "you are not going out."

"Who are you — only a daughter, to order your mother about?" cried Mrs. Tulley, who, gentleness itself in everyday life, was now quite beside herself.

"I am only your daughter, but I shall not let you go out, Mother," Taisie was leading her to a seat. But the frantic woman would not sit down. Just then a dreadful scampering was heard around the house-place, and Simeon burst in, his round face blazing with excitement.

"I b'lieve it's comin' —" he shouted, "somethin's comin', everybody's out, an' I come home to say I'm goin' to *stay* out!"

"Oh, my boy!" Mrs. Tulley held out her arms, and Simeon ran within them. "What's th' matter, Mother?" he asked, with big eyes.

"Mother doesn't feel very well, Simmy," said Anastasia.

"You sick, Mother?" asked the boy, anxiously. Then he put up one sturdy hand and stroked her thin cheek.

"Oh, my boy! Mother's not sick, now I've got you," she said fondly.

"Well, that's bully, now I must be goin'." He stepped off, squaring his stocky young shoulders like a man.

"Simeon, not to-night," said Anastasia. Then she glanced meaningly at the mother. Every bit of color died down in the boy's round face. "She said I might," he began, "an' everybody's out on the street, all th' boys an' men."

"Not to-night," said Anastasia. "Wait till morning, then you can talk it over with her."

"But I've got to go to school then," he was beginning on his old whine now when things didn't go just right, "an' th' other boys'll be ahead of me in knowin' about things."

"If you are going to be a soldier, Simeon," — Taisie by this time had drawn him off to a corner; the mother, seeing that the old kitchen yet held her boy, sank into the nearest chair, and hid her face in her thankful hands, — "if you are going to be a soldier, Simmy" (Taisie repeated it impressively), "you must understand that the first thing and the best thing to have is self-control. I wouldn't give much for a soldier who couldn't learn that!" Her scorn overflowed, and Simeon ducked his shock of brown hair in miserable dejection. "I should rather please my mother," she added.

"I want to please my mother," blurted out Simeon, very red in the face.

"And I would give up this one night. It has come so suddenly to mother, and you know she

doesn't like you to be out nights, the times are so troublous with so many rough men about. But whenever the war does begin, — oh, Simeon, I do verily believe she will let you go!"

"I know she will," declared Simeon, proudly, "for she said so, and mother never went back on her word."

"Can't you give up for her just this night, and soothe her, Simmy?" — then she finished, "such a mother as we've got!"

He couldn't say "old Tory" as he broke away from her. Taisie's heart throbbed thankfully at the thought.

"Mother, see here," Simeon was gently shaking her thin shoulder, "I ain't goin' out to-night — I promise you, Mother, — I ain't goin' — don't you see I ain't?"

"Yes, Simeon, I see." Then she got up straight to her feet, the paroxysm all gone, and put both hands on his shoulders. "I promise you again, you shall go to the war, whenever it comes."

"You don't need to do that, Mother," said Simeon, easily, "cause you've said it before. Now I'm goin' to bed."

Anastasia at last took her candle into the boy's room and shaded its light with her hand as she gazed at the round face on the pillow. "At 'em," mur-

mured Simeon; "old Tories!" His small fist, hard as nails, was clenched on the bedquilt. He was already a "minute-man," even in his sleep.

Taisie heaved a sigh, "Oh, Simeon, you will never have bad memories, for you have always been good!" She passed out to a sleepless dawn, for down in the old kitchen in the big chair she sat and watched for a possible return of the father, together with a careful oversight of the four-poster in the bedroom, where the mother wrestled with her fears. She held tightly clasped in her young hands a little gray silk-brocaded pincushion, but with it she held no hope that Tom still loved her; and he would be going to the war. Perhaps he had already gone. So the morning found them.

"Now to school, Simmy," said Anastasia, cheerfully, as the boy got through his breakfast somehow, — he was so wild to get out.

"Is it all right, whenever I want to go now, Mother?" he demanded, running around to her chair.

"Yes — and Simeon —"

"Yes, Mother." He turned back from his eager plunge to the door.

"Forget last night," she said. "Mother is glad to have a brave son, and she doesn't want you to remember anything but that."

"All right, Mother," said Simeon. "I knew

you'd come around, Mother, 'cause you're a brick!" He slammed his way out, noisily scampering off like a wild thing.

"Why didn't you come back last night?" Joe Lovering flung at him on the corner. "I waited for you — all of us did."

"Couldn't," said Simeon, laconically; "what did you do?"

"I'm not going to tell you," said Joe, in a dudgeon. He was a very good friend of Sim Tulley's, but he couldn't quite stand this.

"Needn't, then," said Sim, in a huff, and edging his way past the other boy. But this was disastrous to all ideas of fun or excitement. To have Sim Tulley cool off was to have the bottom drop out of everything. Joe plucked his jacket. "See here, there's enough fighting going on without you and me getting into a scrimmage."

"So I thought," said Sim, coolly, his hands in his trousers pockets.

"Well, I'll tell you about last night," said Joe. "You see —"

Both boys jumped. A rattle of drums and a squealing of fifes routed all thoughts of everything else. It was a sudden announcement of troops on the move! The two boys sprang to the corner. There a most brilliant spectacle greeted them, en-



livening to the eye, but maddening to the spirit of a Patriot. Line after line of British soldiery in gay uniforms swung along, entralling the gaze of the onlookers, who, Tory and Patriot alike, crowded each other on both sides of the road.

Into these crowds Simeon and Joe projected themselves without ceremony, their wide eyes fastened on the gorgeous mass of color and shining bayonets. Didn't the royal troops make a fine showing, though! The Patriot blood might boil at these redcoats desecrating Boston streets, still the blood in the veins of the boy of the period danced mightily, — it couldn't help it. Rattle of the drum and squeal of the fife; — *tramp — tramp* of the feet; those British troops played up well to their showy uniforms and trappings. Rattle of the drum — and squeal of the fife! Oh, if those soldiers only drew Patriot breath, that could make it right to admire!

"It's Percy's brigade!" cried Simeon, his light blue eyes in danger of never getting back into their proper place in his head. "Now, where do you s'pose they're going to?"

"Hush!" said Joe Lovering; he had grown wiser since his tutelage by Mr. Henry Knox; "don't ask where they're going. Keep still!"

The streets swarmed on the sidewalks with onlookers; the brigade, in fine line reaching nearly to

the bottom of the Mall, were, it was quite apparent, all ready for some important start — it was visible in every line of their scarlet coats. “Insolent!” cried many a Patriot between set teeth. “Now they’ll give the rebels their deserts!” said a jubilant Tory, and another cried, “Now, we’ll see of what stuff these Patriots are made!”

“Get out of the way,” shouted a corporal to the two boys, and turned them down Court Street.

“Come on!” cried Simeon, running down and turning the corner pell-mell. “Jimminy! we can see ’em all just as well here.” Sure enough, there was part of the brilliant brigade drawn up almost in front of Master Lovell’s school. Out tumbled a perfect heap of boys, wild with excitement. “Master Lovell says ‘war’s begun and school’s done!’” they yelled. “Oh, there’s Sim Tulley and Joe Lovering. Come on — come on!” because it really didn’t make any difference in such a supreme moment which school the Boston boys went to. There were only two classes, now, Patriot and Tory.

Up and down, perfectly wild, the boys all ran, in and out between the crowds, viewing the long line from many points. Simeon and Joseph clenched their hard little fists down by their sides as they ran, frantic to know whither these troops were bound. No one apparently knew; useless, even if the lesson

had not been pretty well learned to keep their tongues between their teeth, for boys to question.

"We must follow 'em as far as we can," whispered Simeon to Joe. "Let's get away from the other boys and do it."

But Lord Percy doesn't start. The long line waits and waits. What's the trouble — everybody wonders, even if they don't ask. At last the marines show up, kept back by some blunder in the order. The brilliant line is in motion; and, not exactly near the tail of the procession, Simeon and Joe keep a running accompaniment with their small heels to the rattle of the drum and the squeal of the fife. Past the Parting Stone, and so on and over, across Charles River to Cambridge — eight miles; the boys could have followed those troops twice that distance before they thought of such a thing as being tired.

"Yankee Doodle come to town," squealed the fifes. Simeon was too excited and angry now to mind what might happen to him, and he began to prance about.

"Hoh — hoh!" he screamed, unclenching one fist to snap his fingers. Joe Lovering tried to pull him back — Sim pushed him off and skipped worse than ever, perfectly willing to attract attention while he laughed, even when he knew that Lord Percy saw him.

“Bring that boy to me,” commanded Lord Percy. “What are you laughing at?” when Simeon turned his freckled face up at him. Joe Lovering, in an agony of dread as to results, ran up to his side.

“I couldn’t help it,” said Simeon, with a grin. “You go out to Yankee Doodle, but you’ll dance by and by to Chevy Chase.” He expected to be struck down and have perhaps every single one of the soldiers try to stick a bayonet in him. Joe Lovering gasped and shut his eyes for an instant, scared for Sim, with not a thought for himself, who was caught with him. Then he opened his eyes. Lord Percy was quite in advance, with the brilliant line in motion.

“Are you mad?” he cried, nipping Simeon by the arm.

“Oh, no! — it’s bully that Master Carter told us that old Chevy Chase thing just the other day.

‘A woeful hunting once there did in Chevy Chase befall —  
With stout Earl Percy there was slain.’

Oh, did you see his face, Joe? Did you — did you?”

“There’s going to be real fighting, Sim, Mr. Knox said, and we mustn’t use our tongues. Can’t you keep yours in your head? Oh, I’d give a shilling, if I had it, to know where those old lobster-backs are going. There’s been something doing somewhere. Look at ’em putting those boards across Charles

River. Do you s'pose we can sneak across some way?"

No such hope at this moment. Back, at the point of the bayonets, they were driven, to throw themselves hopelessly on the bank and watch the line of redcoats pass over the reconstructed bridge that General Heath had ordered pulled up. Alas! the boards were left piled conveniently near!

But all in good time, the bayonets disappearing with the soldiers who carried them, two boys, with the souls of men, trailed the redcoat line, even to a wondrous sight, a victorious Provincial band following from the fight at the Old North Bridge and putting to flight "the flower of the British army" that had silently set forth the previous evening from Boston Town bound for Old Concord and their military stores.

Oh, wondrous sight —

The power of God on the side of Right!

Simeon and Joe had never given up their faith in getting into some of the fighting. It was therefore no surprise, in the midst of the confusion in which they now found themselves, when a voice said to the stockier boy, "Since you're here, take this musket." It seemed the most natural thing in the world to look up in Tom Horne's face and to take the extra

one picked out of the hand of a dead soldier. Tom's face was pretty well covered with blood that he wiped off unconcernedly with his sleeve, that he might see the better, and he drew Simeon off to a bit of stone wall. Now that Lord Percy's reinforcements had come, it was not prudent to turn the victory into a Provincial slaughter. "But we shall have many another chance yet," said Tom, grimly, "as we follow them back. You know how to load and fire, Sim, pretty well. Be careful now, and if I'm shot—" he dashed off, with a hasty hand, the blood trickling down his cheek.

"You're shot now," said Sim.

"A mere scratch," said Tom; "listen — if I'm killed — will you — can you — take a message to Taisie?" He spoke with difficulty and his cheek burned, though unseen for the gore of the battle.

"Sure," said Sim, promptly, longing to be in the fight and fretting at the delay.

"Say to her that I died loving her. Will you remember just that —"

"Yes, all right, come on," said Sim.

Hardly had the words escaped his mouth than he was swept asunder from Tom by a mass of men, Provincials, leaping the stone wall in hot pursuit of the hated redcoats. What happened after that, Simeon never could remember. At last it was over,

as far as he was concerned. Somebody flung him aside to a patch of bushes, where he lay stunned. Taisie's brother must be saved to do doughtier service, so Tom decided. And the rest of the deadly work surged on, around the straggling line of red-coats, only anxious to get back to Boston Town.

Joe had been lost long ago in the *mêlée*, and was now fighting in the thick of the battle on his own account. Not being Taisie's brother, there was, unfortunately, no one to give him a musket; but being shrewd enough to use his eyes, he contrived to eke out a weapon that, in lieu of a better, served his purpose very well. It was a fence rail, and he whacked about with it so sturdily that few heads on which it descended could stand the concussion. As each went down, Joe's soul went up in strengthful pride — "Son of Liberty —" it seemed to sing through his brain. "I s'pose I'll be killed before I get through—but —" another crack on an enemy's pate!

Oh, what a day it was, ushered in by what a night, when Taisie, with wildly beating heart, sleepless in her big chair, watched over her household; the father as one of the Patrol Club, lynx-eyed to espy each movement of a Tory or the soldiery! Two and two, these thirty Patriots went about silently to patrol Boston Town.

In an interval one spoke to his mate, and another

message for Anastasia Tulley was delivered. "Say to her she must forgive me. I misjudged her sorely and gave her affront at Dr. Byles' house for being a Tory."

"Nay, she has naught to forgive," said Job Tulley, truthfully; "she was a Tory." The words hurt him sorely.

"That's more than wiped out by the work she has done as a Daughter of Liberty. And how was she to know that I was other than I seemed and playing a part. Nay — nay, Job Tulley, I must be forgiven, as I sorely affronted the maiden. I forgot the part I was playing in my scorn of her."

"Yes, she is a Daughter of Liberty, and has done the work of one this night. God grant she may do greater service yet. And you — think, man, what your part has been!"

"I want to forget the part, only to look at the result." He passed his hands over his weary eyes. Ah! how cunningly laid had been the plans for his entrée into such Boston society and general meeting places as best served the Patriot party, to whose interests he had devoted himself. As known by all but the trusted few, he had been a neutral citizen, or at least lukewarm in the principles of either party until it seemed impossible to tell which. How he hated the task necessary to be accomplished in just



this way, — the picking up of information not possible to gain by any other method!

The next day, the 19th, the wounded and dying were brought back to Boston Town. The war of the American Revolution had begun! And the tramp of the minute-men was heard through every hamlet and town, marching on with steady front to gather into headquarters at Cambridge. The war had begun, and with it came the siege of Boston in all its horror and desolation to be pressed upon the suffering citizens.

Some of the combatants were left on the field where they fell, to crawl to farm-houses for succor, — always, whether a Regular or a Provincial, to receive of that mercy that knows no distinction of friend or foe, but is Christlike in its service. One of those carried into Boston Town, a tall young man, turned his face to the wall and prayed to die. The surgeon had done with him, having just taken off his left arm, shattered below the elbow by a shot from a keen British marksman. “Why must I live?” cried Tom to himself in an agony that was lost to physical pain. Till then he had not realized the wild hope of yet winning Anastasia, for after he had been told that she had thrown herself heart and soul into the Patriot cause, he had ventured not a hair’s breadth toward her, no hope remaining in him that she loved him. Could she ever forgive this silence of his?

Yet in the day of battle, in the awful light of eternity, there flashed to him the knowledge that he had been wrong also. Tom must ever be truthful to himself as well as to others. Both he and Anastasia had made the common mistake of imagining that true love can die. It is impossible to kill it. He knew it now, with his good arm off, when it would ever be impossible to tell her so. Oh, the mockery of it! "Death, why did you pass me by," he cried in his agony, "and leave me dead to hope?" Then an array of brilliant lovers of the girl passed before his fevered brain, while he was maimed for life. He was yet to know that young Harry Herford, one of those lovers, lay on the Pine Ridge in Old Concord, his dead face turned to the sky. And another, the brilliant Lieutenant Thornton, concerning whom Tom had long tortured himself by the belief that Anastasia loved him, also lay wounded near to death in that goodly town, whose patriot citizen he had won to the service of King George.

Meanwhile, Simeon's one thought was to get home. After everything broke up in wild dismay, the British troops withdrawn to safety, the boy's thoughts, recovering from his stupor, flew to his mother. Not that he had had enough of the fighting, as long as there was any good to be gained, but reaching the present stage in the conflict, home was not only the

best place, — it was the only place in all the wide world worth considering. Mother — Mother — he kept the one word before his weary body and tired mind every step of the long way.

She ran out to the house-place to meet him, his musket almost dragging, he was so tired. She covered him with her arms, brushed back the tousled hair from his hot, grimy face and smiled into his tired eyes.

“Oh, my brave boy!”

He stumbled into the kitchen, she half holding him up. “I guess I’m hungry an’ —” He fell in a sleepy heap on the floor, his musket rattling down to his side.

Mrs. Tulley ran and got the pillow from off her bed in the bedroom and tucked it under his head; he only stirred to roll over and go to sleep again.

Anastasia ran on unsteady feet to the Hancock house. “Oh, do you know — can you find out where Tom Horne is?” she cried hoarsely. The time for reticence had fled. She didn’t care now who knew her heart. “Tell me, Madam Hancock, have you any news of the battle? Who was hurt? Where is Tom?” She knelt down by the side of the stately matron and hid her face on her lap.

“Oh, Anastasia,” Madam Hancock bent her sorrowful face over her without being able to give the

slightest comfort, "I know nothing — nothing — There, child, don't fret so. Thomas Horne has come to no harm, I'll warrant. He is smart enough to observe care, and he is so valuable to us, that I cannot think of danger coming to him."

"He never would give a thought to himself," shivered Taisie, burrowing deeper in the kind lap. "Oh, cannot Mr. Hancock find out?" She raised her white little face, pitiful as a child's in a hopeless entreaty.

"I'll see what can be done," said Madam Hancock, quite overcome, and frantic herself at the complications surrounding her spouse and the other Patriot leaders. "You stay here with me, Anastasia," she begged.

"No, I cannot, Madam Hancock," Taisie found her feet. "I must go. Mother needs me, and my brother has come home. He was in the fight." Pride passed its light over the face, but it soon went out dismally.

"What — that boy!" exclaimed Madam Hancock, remembering the freckle-faced youngster in the Tulley pew at church. "Well, we needn't despair as long as such children can fight for us. Now run home and take care of him; that's right, Anastasia."

Simeon was just rolling over to begin on another

nap. He opened one eye as Taisie came into the kitchen. "Oh, I forgot; Tom Horne told me to tell you that he died loving you, Taisie," he said sleepily.

"He died loving me!" Taisie slid to the floor and lay prone and still.

## XXVIII

“YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR OWN, TAISIE ”

**B**OSTON TOWN must take the consequences for her leadership in the rebellion. Martial law replaces civil government. It was the inevitable result. The siege of Boston had begun.

Citizens who did not have Tory affiliations began to hastily collect their goods and chattels to move out of town. On them General Gage descended with an order to surrender their arms, and military stores if they had them. They pretty soon found that unless they did this they couldn't get away at all. So a great number of “firearms, bayonets, pistols, and blunderbusses” were given up, for the townspeople had been, as we have seen, silently preparing for some time for defence.

General Gage, not content with this, began to put a stop to the country people in wagons entering the town, limiting the daily number to thirty. Here he was brought up sharply by Dr. Warren, who now was acting as Chairman of the Provincial Committee

of Safety. But as time advanced, the British officers began to realize it was better to get more people out of the beleaguered town than to try to support them. So they began to send many poor families away. Then there were royalist households moving in from the country. Confusion, attended with distress, and the suffering consequent upon insufficient food and clothing now stared every one in the face. Loyalists were rapidly coming to the aid of General Gage. Patriots were crowded to the wall, so to speak, but firm and defiant even in the face of not only all the distress of an apparently long and severe siege, but also handicapped by the presence of so many townspeople, whom it had been impossible to classify either as friend or foe.

It now became absolutely necessary to divide these people in the public eye and let every one know where he stood, either for British arbitrary rule or for government by a free Colony. Accordingly, those skulking behind a neutral fence had to show their colors. This was a great relief to the beleaguered Patriots. At least to know an enemy and give him his proper status is to be half equipped for the struggle.

The minute-men all over the country-side and from far distant towns and hamlets were rapidly forming into companies, remarkably well drilled, considering their poor opportunities. Every Patriot

who could shoulder arms was eager for the fray and speedily enrolled himself. To do this they had to steal quietly away from Boston Town to evade detention by General Gage. Among this number was Henry Knox.

Little Mrs. Lucy Knox wrung her pretty hands and walked up and down on excited feet. "I thought I was brave — but Harry does not come — oh, this dreadful day and worse night! If I could but get Anastasia to bear it with me. — But alone — alone — with such a dread pounding at my heart. — Why, Harry!"

She rushed at her husband; his hair was tossed back from a perturbed brow, yet his eyes gleamed with satisfaction. "Lucy, we must move — it has come," he spoke rapidly, scarcely pausing long enough to kiss her.

"Yes — yes," cried Lucy, clinging to him. She was all for action, too. "But when?"

"Now — to-night — this very moment we should be starting."

"*To-night — now!*" screamed the little woman. He clapped his hand over her mouth. "My dear!" he exclaimed reprovingly, "you forget yourself. My Lucy is ever apt to be discreet."

"Did you say to-night, Harry?" she asked, dropping her tones to an awestruck whisper; then she



started back, "Oh, my *dear!* how can I ever get ready?"

"I don't think we shall either of us find much trouble in getting ready," said her husband, grimly, "seeing we shan't be overburdened with our possessions. If we get off at all, we shall be lucky. We shall take nothing, only —"

"We are not to take our *things?*" gasped Mrs. Lucy, in dismay; "our clothes — my harpsichord — your books — my —"

"No, nothing," interrupted Mr. Knox, crisply, and stalking down the apartment in agitation.

She ran after him in great trepidation to link her arm in his.

"Let us go — let us go!" she cried. "But, Harry, why this haste?"

"Haste?" He almost roared it at her, but checked himself suddenly. "Think you I can stand idle here when all the country-side is pouring companies of minute-men into Cambridge? No, I must be there amongst them and take my place as a fighting man."

"Yes — yes," cried Lucy in pride, and standing on tiptoe to better regard her hero; "but why should we steal away, Harry?" How her soul did long for a pretentious departure befitting her Henry as a man, and a soldier in the militia.

"Hark ye, Lucy," he bent to her small ear; "go

we must to-night, and secretly. Governor Gage has laid a nice little plan to keep me here."

"Oh!" she squeezed his arm tightly with both hands; "he shall not—the horrid, wicked man!"

"I have already been offered every inducement to stay—a rank in the British army that would set you and me up, Lucy."

"Don't you touch it, Harry," cried little Mrs. Lucy, with sparkling eyes, and waving her small hands in aversion. "What did I marry you for, if so soon after you were to give up all those things that made me so proud of you, to follow those hateful old Britishers!"

"Did you for one instant think that I could, Lucy?" cried her husband, in hot amazement.

"No, of course not. I only say—don't do it. You couldn't—it wouldn't be like you in the least, Harry."

"Then spare me, my love," he said, cooling down, "all such reflections. But come—your cloak, your cloak!"

"What was the 'only,'—you said we wouldn't carry a thing only—what was it, Harry?" She darted after him, as he went to the clothespress for it.

"There is but one 'only,'" said the bookseller gravely, "after my wife, I mean, in all this world,

Lucy." He flung her cloak about her pretty shoulders. "My sword, love, my sword!"

"Of course," said his little wife, wrapping the big cloak well around her slight figure. "How dull I was! Well, put it on, Harry. Now that we are to go, I am impatient to be off."

"I can't wear it," said Mr. Knox, handling it with fond affection. "I should be detained at once, and General Gage would confiscate it." He laid it against his bronzed cheek, little Mrs. Lucy all of a sudden conceiving a violent fit of jealousy.

"You must kiss me now, Harry," she said, putting up her pretty lips; "your sword has been too near your mouth to suit my fancy."

"Silly child," he said, but being a man, he was well pleased to find himself the object of this adoration, so he gave her not only one but several kisses.

"No woman likes to see anything caressed by her husband's lips — even the sword of her country. I don't wonder that Anastasia fell out with Tom Horne —"

"Anastasia fell out with Tom Horne!" repeated Mr. Knox, nearly letting the sword slip from his fingers.

She put out a quick little hand to catch it. "Yes. — Oh, well, we ought to hurry. Now how are you going to carry it?"

"That's what troubles me," he said, wrinkling up his brow. "If it were anything but a sword, it might be concealed."

"Anything can be concealed," said Lucy, promptly, "if two people can only be smart enough to think it out—here, give it to me, under my cloak."

"You will surely drop it, Lucy," objected her husband, unwillingly relinquishing it, "and ruin us all."

"Nonsense!" She seized it and whipped it under her heavy cloak with a triumphant hand.

"Indeed, you must not carry it thus. I will not risk it in that fashion," cried her spouse.

"All right!" Lucy twitched away from him. "In the lining, then,—inside it, I say, Harry—"

"Zounds, that's the idea!" cried Harry. "It takes you, Lucy." He beamed at her in admiration.

"Get the housewife there—there on the table," she cried excitedly. "Here—take your sword a minute." Down she sat, first tumbling quickly out of the big cloak; then when he, with manlike clumsy fingers, picked out the scissors from the housewife, she fell to ripping and snipping till the lining fell neatly apart.

"Slip it in, Harry." She held the aperture wide with trembling fingers. "Oh, do hurry!"

"It isn't big enough," he said, viewing it with disfavor.



“IT IS THE SWORD OF YOUR COUNTRY THAT YOU ARE DESTINED TO WIELD IN SPLENDID DEFENCE OF HER.”—Page 417.



"You'll see," his little wife, enjoying full confidence in her own powers, smiled indulgently.

"Now, Harry," — how she loved to order him about, — "open my work table drawer and find a bit of linen cloth."

He brought her everything else but the linen cloth; then, as that was the only thing remaining, it finally came. She deftly tore off a long strip. "Now thread me some needles," she said, "and with strong thread."

"I never did such a thing in my life," he declared, standing chagrined before her.

"It is quite time you did, Harry," she said composedly. "I must see to it that you are better taught after this. And since it is the sword of your Country, that you are destined, I believe, to wield in splendid defence of her, it is quite time to begin."

After this pretty speech he could do nothing but begin. And selecting a needle from the housewife, he took it up gingerly and with many misgivings, and the piece of thread in the same way.

It was so long before he succeeded in finding the eye of the needle to begin with, and then to induce the thread to take a trip through it, that Mrs. Lucy laid down the strip of linen cloth which she had bound around the sword, holding it in place by thumb and finger. "O dear me, it is so strange that men

can be so big and splendid on most occasions, and so utterly useless in others. There, give me the needle, Harry, for mercy's sake!"

"It's a woman's implement," said her hot and perspiring husband, gladly seeing the hateful little steel instrument of his torture in her hands. "Verily, Lucy, I would rather serve a twelvemonth with a sword for my companion, than to consort with such a wretched little thing as that."

"See," Mrs. Lucy swung the big cloth cloak around her small person. "Would you, sir, did you not see me put it there, imagine for an instant that a Colonist's sword was concealed about me?" She pranced jubilantly about the room.

"Never — my dear!" cried her husband in a transport; "never! Oh, of all the best blessings that heaven ever sent, is a clever wife! Now, we must be off. When once we are established at the Colonial headquarters in Cambridge, we may find a way to get our goods thither. But I have my sword safe, at any rate."

"And if I could only tell Anastasia, I could go in better content," breathed his little wife, as they stole forth in the darkness of the night.

"Anastasia!" The mother, attracted by Simeon's groan of despair, rushed into the kitchen. He had



bounded to his feet and now flung himself down by her side; he grovelled there.

“She is dead — I know it.” Mrs. Tulley said it in a low, dispassionate tone, all the more frightful than any excitement could possibly be. “Simeon, we will lay her on my bed. Then do you search for her father — find him — oh, it will kill him to lose her!”

On the gay patched bedquilt they were laying Anastasia. “Dead — dead —” Mrs. Tulley kept saying over the waxen face.

“Yes,” said Anastasia, opening her eyes, “he is dead, truly, Mother.”

“Who?” cried Mrs. Tulley, starting back with eyes aghast. “Oh, my daughter — my daughter!”

“Tom — whom else could I mourn thus? Mother, Tom is dead. Simeon said so —” She lay quite still and looked at them with the calmness of utter despair.

“I never!” cried the boy, “an’ he wasn’t dead when I saw him.”

Anastasia sat quite erect. “Didn’t you say he sent me a message?” she gasped.

“Yes.”

“Tell it to me.”

“He said, ‘If I’m killed, say to her that I died loving her.’”

“And he wasn’t killed?”

“Not that I know of. He didn’t have time to be, he was so busy killing other folks.”

“Mother,” said Anastasia, slipping off from the bed, “I shall go and find Tom. He may be sick and wounded and need me.”

“Oh, my daughter, it is not seemly!” remonstrated Mrs. Tulley.

“Yes, Mother,” said Taisie, gravely “it is quite seemly. Tom loves me, Mother, he loves me. You don’t understand, — and he is willing to forgive me. I must find him. Hinder me not.”

“Anastasia, wait for your father,” begged Mrs. Tulley, in consternation.

“Simeon shall come with me,” said Anastasia. “Don’t be troubled, Mother; I am a Daughter of Liberty and my father’s daughter and yours, and all things shall be done in a seemly way. But I must find Tom. I feel that he is sick somewhere. He may die and never know the truth.” She went out to the kitchen, the mother and Simeon following, and tied on her hood and cloak.

“I’ll take my musket,” said Simeon, well pleased at the adventure, and running over to get it from the corner where his mother had propped it.

“No, — no, leave it here, Simeon,” said his mother; “this going forth with your sister needs no musket.”

Simeon opened his mouth to protest; then he veered off. "I am awfully hungry," he said, "you've got to wait, Taisie, till I've got something to eat."

"Where's Anastasia?" Job Tulley came in suddenly, wan and grimy. His eyes sought no one but his daughter. "I have come for you," he said.

"Father, I am going to find Tom."

"That's just it." He bowed his dishevelled head in approval. "Come, daughter —"

"No, Father — I will work for the Cause in any way, early and late, but I must first find Tom."

"That's just it. Come, daughter — say no more, but come."

"Father," cried Anastasia, hurrying to him, "I've been a wicked girl and gone against you and the Cause. I never will again, Father, as long as I live, only let me have a little time to find Tom — just a little, Father," she implored, with clasped hands and streaming eyes.

"That's just it," said her father; "so come along, Anastasia."

He took her hand and sought with some force to draw her along. She looked imploringly back at her mother.

"Oh, do tell father that he may die if I wait, — I feel that he is sick —"

"He is," said her father; "I think myself he is

going to die — that's why I have come for you. They brought him home to John Crane's — his arm was shot off."

Tom Horne turned his face away when she came in with them all. It was a dreadful surprise to him, for Job Tulley would never have carried the news to her had Tom known of any such intention. A man with one arm was dead in every sense so far as aspiring to a girl's affections — and such a girl as this little maid of Boston Town!

"I got your message, Tom," she said simply.

"It is different now — I have but one arm." He did not dare to look at her.

"You cannot be so cruel, Tom," and she knelt by the bed. "It is a dreadful thing for you to make me ask you to marry me — and now."

"I should be a villain," said Tom, hoarsely, "if I did ask you."

"You could die loving me, Tom, but I could live loving you."

"I am going to die, thank God!"

"No — I'll fight death — he shan't have you. You belong to me — you have no right to die!"

Tom turned his face. "You shall have your own, Taisie," he said; "you are right; maimed though I am, I do belong to you. Sim!"

Simeon, dreadfully scared, hopped over to the

bed. When he saw the face upon the pillow, he felt better.

"Can you run and get some minister?" asked Tom. Then he put his hand on Taisie's yellow hair and let it lie there softly. He had pulled it in the pinafore days — since then he had longed for nothing on earth so much as to have the right to just touch it.

"Yes, sir!" said Sim, "you bet I can!" Without thinking, — he was too nervous for that, "Dr. Byles is nearest — shall I —"

"Dr. Byles!" exclaimed Taisie, starting to her feet. "Father, won't you go? Don't let Simmy — nobody but dear, good Dr. Cooper, Father."

"I'm going myself," declared Simeon; "you shan't be married, Taisie, without my getting the minister. Tom asked me to go —"

"I did, but you seem to have little sense about it, Sim." Then Tom laughed. "When I get well," he said, "I'll take you in tow."

"I thought you were going to die," said Job Tulley, slowly, as Simeon dashed off.

"No," said Tom, "I think not."



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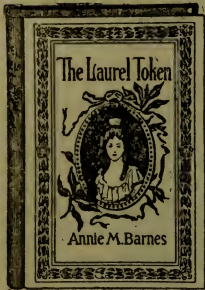
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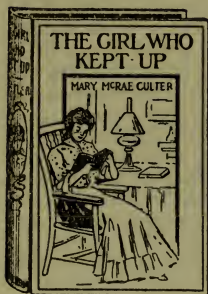
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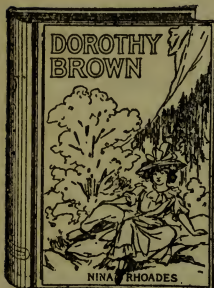
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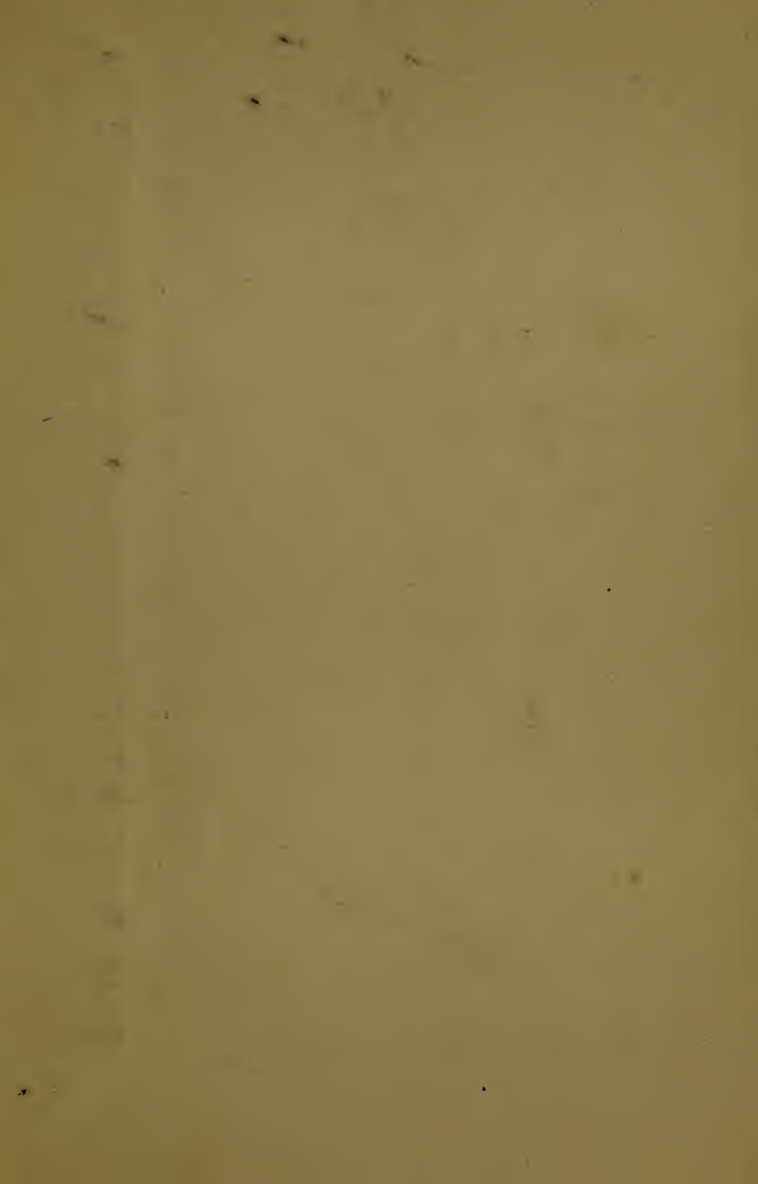
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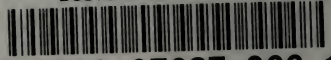


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